PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1981 $2.50

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

0 09 778848

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Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse International Ltd., 1707 H St. NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. *West Coast:* Penthouse International Ltd., 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., N.Y.

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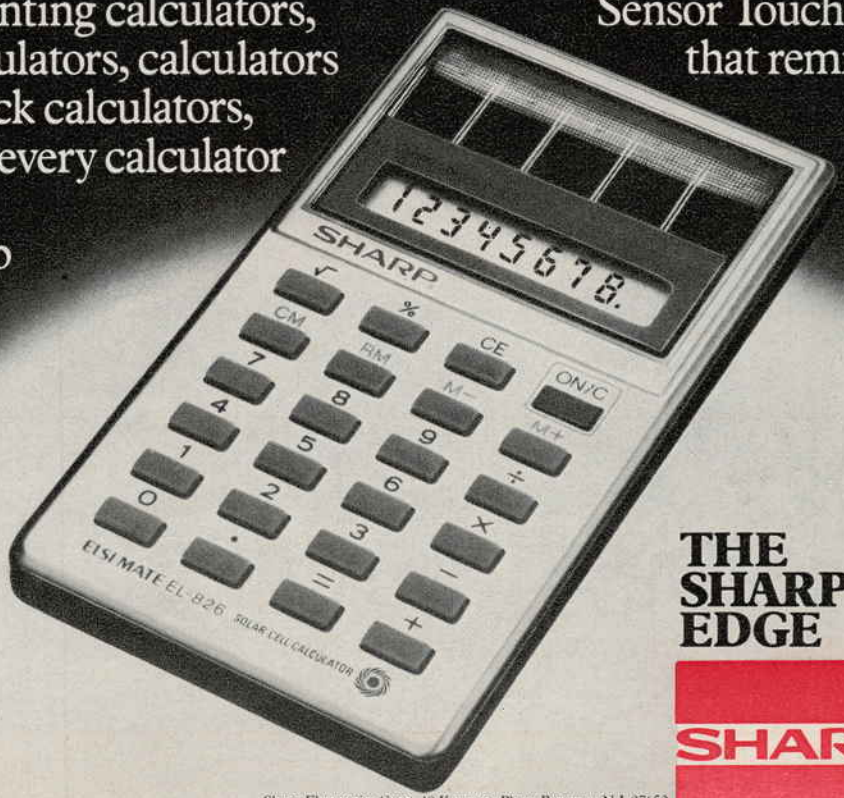

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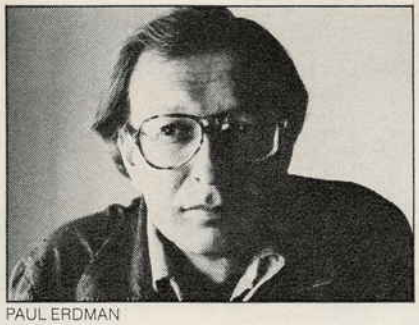

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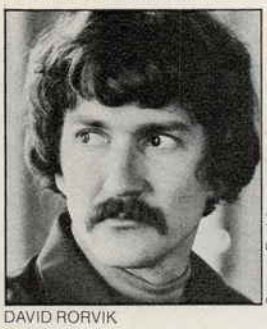

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HOUSECALL

This special Twelfth Anniversary issue is not simply a milestone in the extraordinary success story of *Penthouse* magazine–a story that has made magazine-publishing history. It is also tangible evidence of the qualities of excellence that have set us apart and that have been responsible for that achievement. In this issue you will find some of the most outstanding photography, reporting, fiction, photojournalism, and humor to be found anywhere in the world. We're very proud of this success, and we're equally proud and happy that millions of you share and contribute to it every month.

Our lead article is a chilling on-the-scene report from Guatemala. In "Latin America Holocaust" (page 52), **J. Michael Luhan** describes the incredible terror being inflicted on this poor country by a government that is determined to eliminate systematically anyone who dares oppose it. Luhan, who has spent several years in Guatemala working for the Peace Corps and whose articles on Latin America have appeared in several leading magazines and newspapers, writes that "since January 1979, at least 5,500 persons have been murdered for political motives," including the leaders of the opposition political parties. But the most horrifying part of Luhan's article is the description of what has happened to San Juan Comalapa, a peaceful, remote village of 8,000 Indians, where he was stationed in the Peace Corps. "The vacant stares hid terror so unrelenting that each day was nothing more than a brief respite from endless nights of mayhem and death." Looking for an old friend, Luhan is informed that he has been murdered and that his father has fled. His mother and her two young children now have to sleep in another house for protection. "Even the family photos had been taken down off the walls and hidden. The death squads made a habit of taking them during their raids in case they were needed to identify future victims."

Luhan's article is extremely pertinent right now, because President Reagan and Secretary of State Haig seem to be committed to supporting the government of Guatemala no matter how many people are murdered. Reagan's right-hand man, Mike Deaver, in fact, headed a public-relations firm until early this year that is a registered agent for Guatemala. Our entire policy toward countries like Guatemala needs to be reexamined, Luhan concludes. "How does one explain the paradoxes of a government that sends a Peace Corps volunteer to spread a few nuggets of goodwill and faith among the poor . . .and then proposes to refortify their executioners with weaponry and training?"

Our fiction this month is a thrilling preview of **Paul Erdman**'s latest book, *The Last Days of America*, soon to be published by Simon & Schuster (page 76). Erdman, whose previous prophetic best-sellers include *The Crash of '79*, *The Billion Dollar Sure Thing*, and *The Silver Bears*, describes a desperate grab for world domination by the Germans in 1985. Frank Rogers, the president of an American company, realizes that the Germans are secretly attempting to purchase deadly missiles. He decides to kill the deal by making it public, but before he does so, someone decides to kill him. You won't want to miss an electrifying look at one of this summer's blockbusters.

This month's interview is an exclusive conversation with one of America's most popular and most outspoken singers: **Waylon Jennings** (page 108). Jennings, who has ten gold albums and one triple-platinum to his credit, chose to give his first major interview in several years to *Penthouse* country-music expert **Chet Flippo**, whose Hank Williams biography, *Your Cheatin' Heart*, has just been published by Simon & Schuster. Jennings, writes Flippo, is "winning it all. His obsession with preserving country music's integrity *and* his own independence is finally turning in his favor." As Jennings says: "If I had a message for young entertainers, it would be this: there is always another way to do things, and that's *your* way, and you have the right to try it that way at least once, no matter what anybody tells you."

The bizarre and frightening girl gangs profiled by reporter **Robert Keating** on page 70 also believe in doing things their own way, which may, according to some criminal experts, be deadlier than that of their male counterparts. "Girl gangs are the untold story of New York City's outlaw streets," writes Keating. "Out of the same festering urban sores as their male colleagues–the rat-infested tenements, the rubble-strewn lots, the streets of drugs, guns, and death–they've carved themselves a proud niche in the shadow of respectability."

Demolition derbies, the subject of **Peter James Spielmann**'s "America at Its Leisure" report on page 132, provide a much more socially acceptable way to unleash one's anger and frustration. Spielmann entered a 1973 Pontiac Safari station wagon for *Penthouse* and proceeded to wreck it, gripped by "the glee of unrestrained anarchy." "America at Its Leisure" is a new series of *Penthouse* photojournalistic essays that will examine various aspects and experiences of life in America that are not generally known or accessible to the public.

Other important articles this month include contributing editor **David Rorvik**'s "Going Sane" (page 80), a report on a revolutionary new approach to mental illness, and **Nat Hentoff**'s "Advise and Dissent," "Abscam: A Wolf in Sheikh's Clothing" (page 106), a skeptical look at the government's "sting" operation to catch corrupt politicians. And to complete our special anniversary celebration, we've assembled a selection of September sirens guaranteed to enchant and delight.

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Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sisterly love

My boyfriend was reading your May issue and after reading the letters called "Wedding Party" and "Love in the Making," he decided we should write to you. Our story is similar but different enough to be interesting. Besides that, I think my boyfriend just wants to read about himself for a change. He has a big ego.

First I will tell you about myself. I am 20 years old, blond, 105 pounds, five feet six inches, 34-22-34. This whole story started last year in May 1980, when I came back home from college. I was sitting in the house one day when Tim, my sister's boyfriend, came over. I had never met him before. By the way, he is about six feet one inch, 170 pounds, 23 years old, and has dirty-blond hair. Tim started to talk to me and then began to do a double take. I realized that he thought I was my sister Marjorie, who is my identical twin. When Marjorie came into the room, she just laughed. She hadn't told him about me when I was away at school.

The next day Marjorie told me that Tim couldn't get over how we are identical twins. He had talked about it all evening. I began to see a lot of Tim after that, because he was always around the house. Sometimes the three of us would go out together to movies and things. Tim walked with an arm around each of us and really got off on having two girls to go out with. He kissed us both, and I didn't think he should, but Marjorie said she didn't mind and that I could go ahead and kiss him back. So I did. A couple of times I even went out with him alone when Marjorie couldn't make it. She didn't mind that either. When you are a twin, you sometimes just know these things.

One day, around June, I was out on my own. When I got home, I just had this feeling that Marjorie was in the living room and that I should go in, too. So I did. I was sure surprised!

Mom and Dad had gone away for a couple of days, and Marjorie and Tim were both naked. They were all sweaty, so I knew they had been screwing. I went a thousand shades of red, but Marjorie really didn't seem to mind and told me to come on in. I did, but I just couldn't take my eyes off them.

I hadn't even seen Tim in a bathing suit, but he had a nice body. He wasn't really a jock type, but he wasn't skinny either. He just sat there smiling at me, and his cock started to get hard. I wasn't a virgin or anything, but I had never seen a cock just as it was getting hard. I couldn't believe how it grew. I noticed Marjorie liked watching it, too.

Tim came up to me and started kissing me, and I was really turning on. I looked at Marjorie, but she just smiled, so I knew she didn't care. Pretty soon Tim was undoing my buttons, and I noticed that Marjorie was helping him undress me. When my sister pulled off my jeans, she could see how wet my panties were already, and she told Tim, "Fran's really juiced up for it."

Soon I was naked too, and Tim laid me down and started really giving me some deep soul kisses. I hadn't had a lot of experience, but I could tell by the way his hands touched me that this guy knew a thing or two. He kissed and sucked my nipples for ages, and then he went down on me. No guy had ever done that to me before. I thought I would go crazy. At first he just sucked the lips, but finally he got to my clit. He only licked it once, and I went off like a firecracker.

He started kissing his way back up my stomach and to my face, and then I felt his cock slip in to me. I looked over at Marjorie, who was just watching, and she gave my hand a squeeze and said, "You are really going to love this." Tim said, "So am I, 'cause she's so tight." That embarrassed me, but I didn't have time to think about it when he started screwing. I felt Marjorie grabbing my legs, and she pulled them up over Tim's shoulders. I couldn't believe how good that felt, and Tim and I both came in no time. By the way, that was the first time I ever came while screwing.

Tim kissed me then and told me I was a great lay. Marjorie kissed me on the cheek and said she really enjoyed watching me get off. She said that now she knew what she looked like when she was getting laid, and she couldn't believe how beautiful she looked. What a backhanded compliment!

Tim rolled over, and his cock was all soft and sorry-looking. Marjorie just smiled at me and started to kiss it all over. Soon it slowly started growing and stood up. Marjorie began to lick it and to suck Tim's balls, and then she put his cock in her mouth. I had never really thought much of blowjobs before and had never given anybody one, let alone watch somebody else do it. Like Marjorie said, I knew that I would look just like her when I did that. It was like watching a movie of myself.

Marjorie looked at me, smiling with her eyes, and I knew she enjoyed it. I decided to watch closely, because I wanted to be good at that, too. I could see Marjorie's

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cheeks move in and out as she sucked, and I loved it. Suddenly she gasped, and both of her hands grabbed the base of Tim's cock. I could see her throat moving quickly, and I knew she was swallowing his come. She couldn't keep up with it, and suddenly a little spurt slipped out the side of her mouth and rolled down her chin. When she finished, she wiped the come off her face with her finger and was going to put it in her mouth. I licked my lips at the thought of it, and she smiled and stuck her finger in my mouth. It was the first come I had ever tasted. I loved it.

Tim had to go after that, and later Marjorie told me that Tim had wanted to screw me from the first moment he saw me. I was surprised. Marjorie told me they had planned to have me catch them at it. I couldn't believe this. She said not to worry because nothing was too good for her sister. I asked her if she was sure she didn't mind. She said she didn't, especially if Tim liked it.

The next night Tim was over again, and soon we were all naked. I gave him a blowjob first and lost most of it out of my mouth but would soon improve. Then he screwed Marjorie, and I just loved watching her. I could just tell what she was feeling as it happened. We started doing this every night, and soon Tim sat back and watched as we both licked his cock together. That didn't work too well, because when it came, it splattered up over both of our faces, because neither of us had the tip in our mouth. Tim said he got off watching us lick each other's face clean.

One day Tim left us a copy of the *Penthouse* June 1980 issue, and told us to read it to see if we could come up with any new ideas. Marjorie read it and said it was great, but I didn't feel like it. When Tim came over again, he asked us what we thought of the magazine. Marjorie said it was the first time she had ever seen it, but she loved it. We had a great time screwing, and I came a couple of good times really hard. I was lying on the bed, and Tim asked me if I had read the magazine, and I said no. He stretched my arms up over my head and began kissing me the way I love. Marjorie then jumped up and tied my wrists to the bedpost while Tim held my arms. I started screaming, but soon they had my legs tied down, too. I was spread-eagled.

Tim said he was tired. He said I should have read *Penthouse*. Then he asked Marjorie what her favorite part of the magazine was. She said it was the two girls from *Caligula*. Then she kissed me. I didn't like being tied up, and so I started to fight it. Marjorie just said, "Haven't you ever wondered what you were like in bed? I want to make love to you, because it will be just like making love to myself."

That idea sort of appealed to me, too. She climbed on top of me and kissed me again. I could feel her nipples rubbing against mine, and I was turning on. Her boobs felt so soft against mine, too. When she started licking me, I was going crazy as her tongue flicked my nipples.

Finally she got between my legs. "Fran, the insides of your thighs are just like silk," she said. I felt her fingers gently smoothing back my fur as she got a good close look. She giggled and gently rubbed her cheek across my fur. She blew on me, and I started squirming. "Your cunny is so beautiful and so juicy," she said. I could then feel her fingers pulling back my lips, and then one slid into me. "So, so juicy and warm little cunny." She exposed my clit and sucked it into her mouth, and I just went wild. I came and came as she pushed her face into my cunny.

Marjorie crawled up beside me, and her face was wet with my cunny juice. I licked it off her and told her to untie me, because I knew I had to do her. After I was untied, I began kissing her but she pushed me down to her boobs. They were just so soft, but her normally pink nipples were hard and dark. I took one in my mouth and marveled at how hard it was. The little point was like a pencil eraser. I held it gently in my teeth and then flicked my tongue in the hole. I sucked hard and soft, and Marjorie loved it both ways.

Marjorie's thighs were like silk, too. Her fur was soft, and I had to play with it. I smiled at her and said, "Look who has the juicy cunny now." Her aroma was so strong, and her lips invited my mouth. Once I tasted her, I couldn't stop and soon she was coming. I kept sucking and licking, because I knew it would make her come again. I was right. When I felt her starting to come, I slipped her legs over my shoulders and quickly mashed my cunny to hers. I could feel her clit touching mine. I grabbed her boobs, and she reached around her thighs to grab mine. I told her that now I would really find out what it was like to screw her, and I began sliding my cunny against hers. She was so hot, sweaty, and red. I knew she was coming. Although I needed more, she came beautifully. I kept it up until I finally came while she watched me. We agreed this was great.

Well, a year later the three of us are still at it. I hope your readers like hearing about our experiences. It seems to me a lot of them would like to trade places with Tim. I thought they would like to discover what it is all like from the point of view of one of the twins they lust after. This year we may get into anal sex, so maybe you'll hear from us again.—*Name and address withheld*

"Won't you ever forget that you were a self-made man?"

Early to bed

I have a part-time job, working for a guy who repossesses cars, and we normally work in a team of two. Normally one of us drives the tow truck, and the other guy hooks up. Once in a while we have to hotwire and pop the ignition switch depending on the car, the neighborhood, and our chances of getting caught. Some of these

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owners of cars will come at you with a baseball bat, and in some instances they'll shoot you if they get a chance. Usually when a guy is behind on payments, he tries to hide his car sometimes a mile from where he lives and even further if there is a subway nearby. Some of them will even disconnect the wires from the spark plugs or take the rotor out of the distributor.

I have had some narrow escapes and harrowing experiences every once in a while, but two weeks ago I had a most unusual but extremely pleasant experience. Another guy was supposed to go with me, but we were shorthanded, and I was cruising one neighborhood, looking for a blue Caddy around 2:00 A.M., and I spotted it parked right next to an alley. I made a quick check to see if there was anyone moving along the street, and seeing no one, made a quick U-turn, backed up to the rear of the Caddy, and noted that the front wheels were straight. I had my hooker in under the rear in less than one minute, and I gunned my tow truck and got the hell out of there. The streets were deserted, and I made the five miles to the yard within seven or eight minutes. Someone had left the gate open, so I didn't even have to stop and just drove right on in.

I had no sooner lowered the rear end of the Caddy to the ground when the rear door of the Caddy opened, and there was a gorgeous light brown chick giving me hallelujah. She wanted to know what I was doing stealing her friend's car. I explained that I was only repossessing it for the finance company and that they had been looking for it for over three months, and there was nothing I could do about that. I asked her what she was doing in the car, and she explained that her ex-husband was in town and watching her apartment and that she was afraid to go home, so she was sleeping in the rear of her friend's car.

Then she looked at me and asked where she was going to spend the rest of the night and how she was going to get to work in the morning, because she didn't even know where she was. I told her that this was my week to spend every night in the yard and that she could come on inside if she wanted and that I could take her to work around 7:30 if that would be okay. She said that as long as she got to work by 8:00 A.M. it would be okay and that she would appreciate being able to get a little rest before she had to go to work, because she had gotten about five hours in the backseat of her friend's car.

I locked the gates to the yard, and we went into the garage area and upstairs, where there was a small apartment unit. I asked her if she was hungry and she said yes. So I beat up a dozen eggs, and we had some toast and coffee along with them. By the time she had finished eating, she was really quite friendly. I told her that I was going to take a hot shower and that I could sleep on the sofa in the living room and she could sleep in the bed. She just looked at me and said that it was my bed and that I should sleep in the bed and she'd take the sofa, but that if I had an extra towel she would appreciate being able to take a good hot shower, because she hadn't been able to get one for the past three days. I took my shower and got into bed, and I could hear her singing softly for nearly half an hour before I heard her turn the shower off.

I'm accustomed to being a very light sleeper, because we always have to listen for break-ins at the yard, so I was still half-awake when I heard her say, "Your bed is large enough for two. Don't you think that we could both sleep in the same bed together?" She got in on the far side of the bed, and we were just lying there talking when she said that she appreciated my being so nice to her in spite of the problems she was having. She found out that I was not going steady, and then she said that maybe we could both do something nice for one another, and just then I felt her hand touch my hip, and she reached down and felt my soft cock.

She murmured that she just knew that I slept in the raw, and as I rolled over and began kissing her lips and feeling a really great pair of tits, I discovered that she was completely nude, too, and my cock was suddenly rock-hard. I'm not sure which one of us was the most anxious, but as soon as my cock was completely inside

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her, she asked me to please take it slow and easy, because it felt so good. Funny thing! I had been tired ten minutes before, but suddenly I wasn't tired anymore when I felt her pussy gently massaging my cock as she held me close and kissed my neck and lips. Then she was saying that she knew that neither one of us was going to last long, because she could tell by the way my cock was beginning to throb. Less than five minutes later I was pounding my cock into her so hard that the bed was jumping. It was a good thing that no one lived downstairs.

We had rested for maybe 20 minutes when she said that she would like me to do that again, and she began playing with my cock. She wasn't bashful, and she knew what she wanted, and I was more than happy to oblige. I was slow in coming this next time, and she had two more orgasms. A little later we both washed up and got back into bed on the dry side, and this time I went off to sleep. I woke up as the sun was coming in the window about 6:00 A.M., and then all my movements woke her up, too. I was more pleased now that I was looking at her in the daylight. I knew that she was well built, but as I was looking at her beautiful, firm, and light brown body, my cock started getting hard and she smiled as she said that it looked like my cock was a glutton. Then she said that it was still early enough and with a half hour she could do something about that little glutton.

She went down on my cock and began sliding her mouth up and down my shaft and licking the tip of it until I thought that I was going to explode, and my cock nearly hurt and the tip was nearly blue, there was so much pressure in it. Just when I thought that I couldn't hold back any longer, she got up on top of me and slid her warm, luscious cunt completely down my shaft. She really was a beautiful woman! I savored every inch of my white cock as I watched it disappear inside of her with each stroke and watched and felt her beautifully firm tits up above me, occasionally arching my back and kissing and licking her nipples. She glanced over at the clock and said, "It's now twenty minutes to seven, so I think we'd better finish within the next five minutes."

Then she really began moving her cunt up and down my shaft, changing the motion to back and forth but getting faster and not missing a stroke or letting my cock slip out, even though she would slide up until I could see the base of the tip. Then she would ram her cunt down on me like you wouldn't believe. Suddenly she had me coming, and then she really went into superfast gear, and I felt that if she wasn't careful, she was going to break my cock off right inside of her, and I was nearly hoping that she would. It was just before 7:30 when we pulled out of the yard, and we grabbed coffee and rolls as I took her to work.

She asked me if I would mind her spending nights with me the rest of the week, and she was pleased when I answered that I would love it. We exchanged our work numbers and made arrangements where I could phone her during the evening in the event that we had to change meeting places. I was lucky the rest of the week, and what repossessions we had to do we managed to finish up by 9:00 P.M. Before 10:00 P.M. she and I would be in the apartment with the yard gates locked. The first thing we'd do was strip down and get right to fucking, after which we'd fix something to eat, watch some television, and then take a hot shower and get into bed for some fantastic loving. I would never have thought that I would ever eat so much brown sugar, but sixty-nining with her was wonderful. She looked at me toward the end of the week and said that she hated to see the week coming to an end, because she was just getting caught up from being so far behind on her loving, and I was beginning to think that maybe I might even be getting a little ahead on mine, because I'd never had so much fucking in one week before in my life. She said her place was not safe for me, and when I told her that within a month I was going to have a small apartment where there wouldn't be any problems, she said she couldn't wait.

The next week two of the other guys got caught while they were trying to repossess a car, and they got the hell beat out of them. Except for their getting beaten, I liked having to spend the balance of the week in the yard every night, because I've never enjoyed such wonderful fucking before. With a little luck I might get my new pad a little earlier. And in the meantime every other evening we go out for a drive, and she gives me fellatio, telling me that when I get my pad, she is going to make up for the lost time. There's nothing like a good clean bed with a beautiful, fun-loving woman with a fantastically hungry pussy. I really love my brown sugar, and I think that she loves my blond hair whenever it's between her legs, too.—*Name and address withheld*

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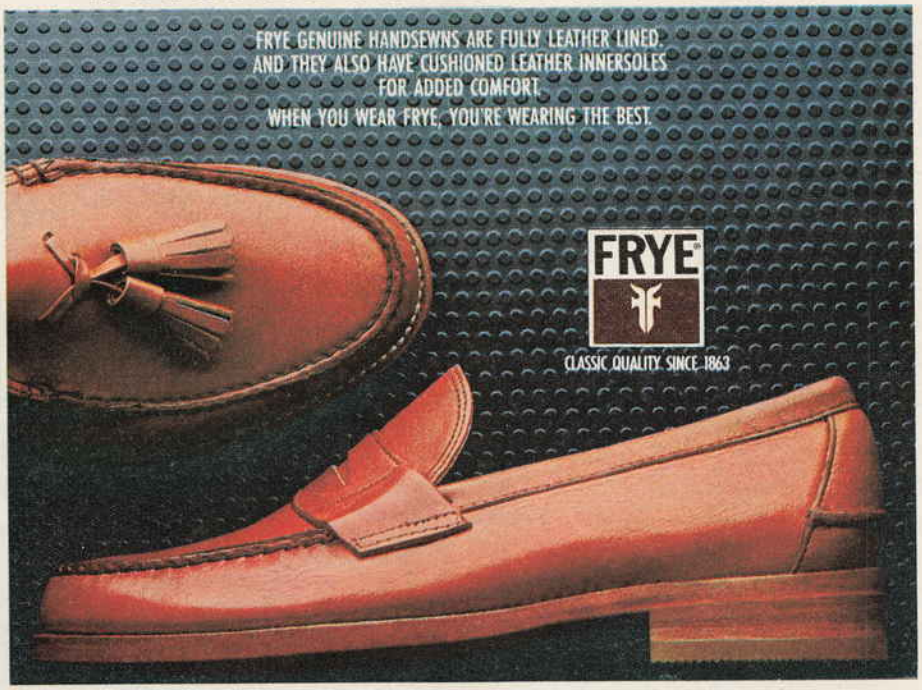
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Both sides of the story

This letter I am sending you is a two-part letter. The man I was with and I both wrote down our thoughts about a sexual experience we had together. After we read each other's letter, we decided to share them with the "Forum" readers. Maybe someday they can all have as great a sexual experience as we had.

His story:

I've always wanted to write to "Forum." I decided this adventure was a worthy contribution. I went to a beauty shop to get my hair done. There was this electricity between me and the girl doing my hair. I'm a

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member of a band. I asked her if she was going to come to the club that night. Yes, she was. On the breaks that night we would go out to my motor home. Then after work we got together for the night. We started out with some necking. She put her hands on my balls, stroking my cock very gently. I could see her naked body, the big tits, just pleading to be caressed. Her pubic hair so soft and waiting to be smothered by my face. I gently moved her head down, and I watched her mouth open wide and take my cock right in. Her head moved up and down, licking, sucking, kissing, as one hand held it straight up and the other hand felt my balls. I could feel it getting bigger, but her mouth kept taking it. I pulled it out just in time, and the thrills just kept on and on. I lay there and quivered. She put her head down on my stomach and licked the end of my cock, giving me more thrills.

I couldn't wait any longer. I had to suck her off. I pulled her up and made her spread her legs. I kissed her lips, ran my tongue all over her body. Down I went. What a clean-smelling pussy, I thought, and the hole was so small. Boy, I won't have problems with this one. My cock's gonna fit in like a glove. I sucked and licked, and the juices were so sweet it made my mouth water. Her body was shaking all over, her breathing was hard and strong, panting for each thrill. All of a sudden she grabbed my head and said, "Put it in. I want it in me." "Oh yeah! Okay. Here we go!" I said. She pulled me up and spread her legs even wider. I could feel it go into her cunt. I could feel the wet from my mouth around her pussy as I started to put it in. I don't know what she was doing, but it felt like my cock was miles long and took forever to hit bottom.

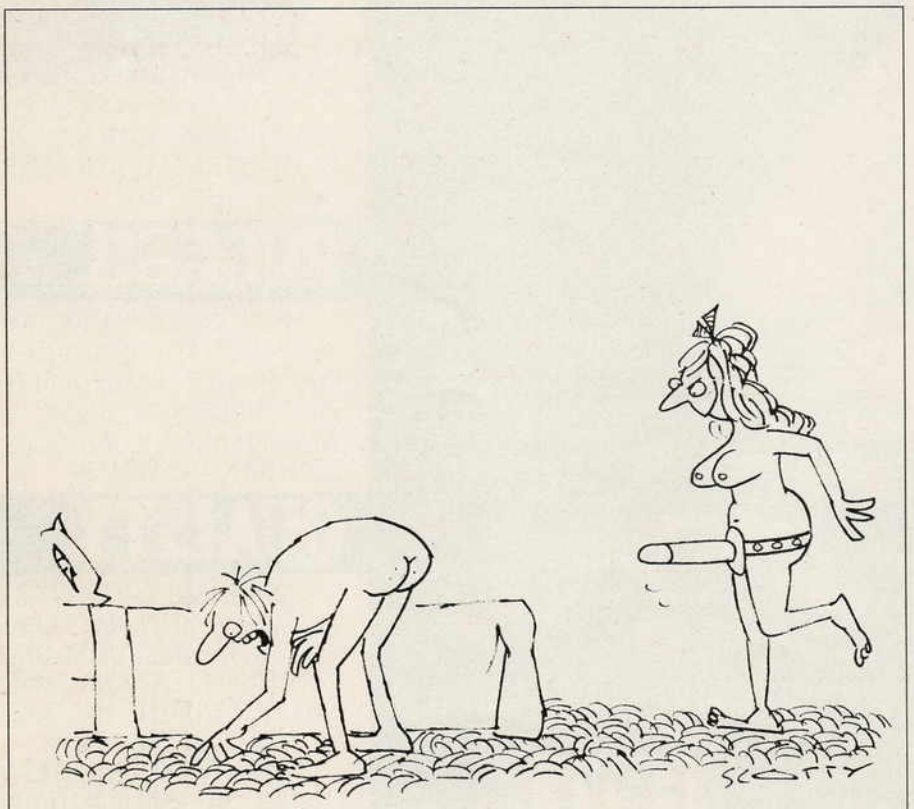
As I was pumping, she was panting heavier. That turned me on some more. All of a sudden, I felt like I was getting a blowjob. Wow! What a feeling! It's not every day you get to fuck a pussy and feel like you are fucking a mouth. I had to stop for a while. Then we tried it on the table in the RV. I laid her down on the table, with her legs up in the air. Now I could see her pussy, her big ass. I drove my cock in as far as it would go. I held her legs up and moved them back and forth. I pushed and pumped, rubbed her legs with my hands, up and down. I massaged her pussy with my thumb, getting it wet with her come juice. Then I sucked my thumb, getting to taste the sweetness of her come while pumping my cock harder and harder. Her body quivered with the thrills, her panting asking for more. I was going wild, crazy. I thought: *This is it. My cock is swelling, big and fat, ready for the kill. I can feel her pussy expanding, getting ready. I'm going to shoot my load. Here it comes. I can feel it all the way from the bottom of my ass hole. My eyes are going wild with lust. I pump faster. My legs are getting weaker. I can't take much more of this. I'm going to faint. Oh, God, now, come now.* Then the fucking table gave way. Down she went head first, and here's me, trying to hang onto her ass, trying to keep my cock in and come, but no way.

We sucked and fucked more that night. I don't know how long she fucked me, and I don't know how many times I came. Who cares when you're in seventh heaven? The next day she came over on her lunch break to wake me up. I awoke to feel my cock moist, and cold lips on it. I couldn't make it out at first. It took a few seconds to realize it was her. I didn't think she'd come. But she'd done it! I barely opened my eyes just enough to see her head going at my cock. Right there and then I decided I was going to shoot my load in her mouth. I just had to. I worked my legs so she'd be dead center, and wrapped them around her neck. If she would pull away, I'd grab her head and stop her from getting it out of her mouth. *I'm coming. Oh, Lord, she's getting hard and expanding. She's taking more and more of my cock. I can feel her throat. My cock is hitting her throat. Wow! Bang! She's not trying to pull away! She going to swallow it! There it goes! Oh, my gosh!* Then I fuck her before she goes back to work. She lies down on top of me and starts pumping. I could feel her muscles in her pussy work. Again a fuck and a blowjob all in one. Then, for the first time in my life, I felt like I was the woman and she the guy. She was pumping her cock into me. I can't explain it. I was literally getting fucked by my cock. That's what it felt like. Her panting became heavy with each pump, and the thrills came, one after another, until I could feel myself come. I couldn't feel my body. I couldn't think. I couldn't move. All I could feel was coming.

Well, she had her lunch and was getting ready to leave. We knew we'd get together again. She went back to work and told them she had Canadian sausage for lunch. She didn't know if she'd like it, but it grew on her. That night for supper I gave her a Texas blowjob. I dipped my cock in whiskey, and she sucked it off. She got two shots that night. I couldn't believe all of this fun came from me getting my hair done.

Her story:

I have just experienced four of the best sex-filled days of my life. It all started when an old friend came to town. He's a leader of a band. Well, he and one of his band members came to the shop to get their hair done. All day at work we'd been talking about sex. So I was really horny. When the guys got to the shop, I realized that I didn't want the band leader. I wanted the other guy, the shy one. I like the shy ones. He was nervous. It bothered him to be there. I wanted to stick one of my boobs in his face while I washed his hair. I wanted to put my leg between his and rub all the way up to his crotch, right up to his cock. But there were too many people in the



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shop. When they left, I hoped that I could get together with him, and I did.

That night I went to the club. He asked me to go to his RV. for a drink. Then later he asked me if I wanted to make it in the RV. Sure! Then he told me that he wanted to do three things. (1) Make it in the bed. (2) Make it on the table. (3) Eat me on the bunk with my ass on the edge and my legs in the air. After hearing that, I knew I wanted this man. Here was a man who wasn't inhibited, who wanted to fuck as bad as I did. Little did I know that it was going to be so good! The man drove me nuts. The first time I kissed him I knew I wanted it bad. When we finally got to bed, the anticipation alone got me excited. I knew he'd have a great cock. When I did go down on him, it was a great turn-on. He had such a smooth cock. It would slide into my mouth so easily.

When he went down on me, I got turned on right away. He really knew how to eat pussy, and mine was alive and hot. My cunt was ready for his big cock. My feet were burning. I was shaking. I could hardly breathe. I knew I was going to come. I was going crazy. It was fantastic! I had to pull him away. If he'd licked me any longer, I would have fainted. Now I had to have that cock in me. When he slid it into me, it felt like it was going clear up to my throat. It half hurt and felt good at the same time. It was great! Then we sucked some more. I came again. This time it was even greater. I felt like I was going to lose all control of my body. All that mattered was his tongue.

We never did made it to the bunk. We did it on the table. I lay on the table open for him. It was like going to the doctor for an exam, my ass on the edge of the table. My pussy was ready. When he slid into me, it felt like it was 12 inches long and 6 inches around. He was filling me. I thought he would come. But it had to wait. The damn table fell apart. But that didn't stop us. I climbed on him. I didn't want it to end. But it had to. I was going nuts. It felt like I was going to explode. Then I'd squeeze his cock with my muscles, milk it a little and know that I could stand a little more. It was such a great sensation. His cock would go in and out and feel as smooth as silk.

The next night we got together again for more of the same. I couldn't get enough of this man. I came again and again. This man was unreal. At work, the next day, they knew by the look on my face that I'd been ridden hard and put away wet. I left work for lunch to go wake him up. Yes, I was going out to eat. To eat a great cock. He was sleeping. I let myself in, told him to wake up, and then went down on him. He tasted great. He started growing in me. He got bigger and bigger. I took him deep in my throat. I knew he was going to come. I wanted him to. He was getting so excited shaking and moaning. His cock was so far in my throat that I felt like I could swallow it. I loved sliding it in and out of my mouth. I took his come. My God, I'm a pro. Then he wet my cunt with his tongue. Then I climbed on top. This time it was the best. It felt like he was in every pore of my body. How could I stand it! He got really worked up. His cock was growing inside me. I could feel it getting bigger. I squeezed it. He thrusted, and I squeezed. How much more could we take? He was moaning. I was going crazy. It was beautiful. As his cock got bigger, my insides were going nuts. It built and built. He couldn't keep still. I loved it. Then he came. What a beautiful sensuous feeling! While he was coming, I was having my own small inner orgasm, which was so greatly satisfying. Then I sucked his cock a little before I went back to work. I walked in the shop, and they all applauded. I did have a just-fucked look on my face.

The next two nights we did more of the same. We even did a Texas blowjob. He dipped his cock in whiskey, and I sucked it off. I never thought it possible to fuck yourself silly. But we did. I felt that I was on Fantasy Island for those four days. My fantasies came true!—*Names and addresses withheld*

"I really hope this sacrifice improves our gross earnings; you have no idea how difficult it was to find a virgin in the secretarial pool."

Mistaken impression

I am a junior at a liberal arts school in Ohio. Guys in our school tend to be undersexed because of the limited number of cute girls. I've been reading *Penthouse* for the past three years and find it a turn-on to read about the sexual adventures of other readers. Sometimes I get frustrated reading "Forum," though, knowing I'm having no such luck. But thanks to our last weekend before summer vacation my frustrations are temporarily over.

My roommate (I'll call him Bill) and I were at a keg party on our dorm floor. As we were checking over the crowd, two luscious dolls walked over and began to talk with us. We had seen them last semester but hadn't talked to them. They were two of the most beautiful girls on campus. After rapping with them for a few minutes, I looked over and noticed Bill's expressions conveyed the same thoughts I had. We asked them if they would like to drink some beer in our room. To our delight they said they would. Although other guys had said they were teases, we figured we had nothing to lose.

We got back to our room, and we all sat around and soaked up some beer. Bill and I couldn't help admiring their beauty as we drank. Annie was five feet eight inches, with blond hair, blue eyes, and a gorgeous body, complete with well-rounded tits and a cute ass. Donna was a little shorter, with brown hair. She had a beautiful smile and dimples, and one look at her shapely tits peering from her sheer blouse made us extra horny.

Everyone was getting pretty drunk, so I decided to break the ice and asked the girls if they would like to play strip poker. They agreed, and we played until the girls were clad in only panties and bras and we

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were only in underwear. Before we played the crucial hand, the girls whispered something to each other and suddenly stood up. To our astonishment they seductively moved their slender bodies and then released their bras and slowly removed their panties. Bill and I were flipping out, and at this point I decided the guys that said they were teases were full of shit.

When we were all naked, I pulled Annie near me and we engaged in a hot and wet French kiss. Bill was on the other bed, and Donna was soon bobbing her head up and down as she greedily sucked on his hardened member. I was too horny for foreplay, so I quickly mounted this beauty and placed my throbbing cock deep into her warm pussy. The warmth and motion were too much, and I shot gobs of hot sperm deep into her beautiful love nest. Annie had a long and wild orgasm herself, but she hadn't had enough. "Oh, fuck me in the ass. Please fuck me in the ass, big boy. I want you to take your dick and ram it in my tiny ass." This quickly got me hard again, and I had no trouble complying with her request as I plunged hard into her brown orifice. While all this was going on, I noticed that Bill was engaged in a furious 69 with Donna.

Just when I thought the evening was over, the girls decided to switch. I then put Donna softly on her back and slowly kissed my way down to her overflowing honey pot. As I began to eat her tasty pussy, Donna begged, "Eat my pussy. Eat my pussy till I can't move. Make me come hard and often. Oh, yes, that's beautiful." Bill was doing just as well as he fucked Annie like there was no tomorrow. They were making so much noise I thought they would awaken the whole town. He could not get enough of her perfect tits, and he fondled and sucked them after he and Annie exploded into long, hot orgasms.

After the girls left, Bill and I decided that if things were going to be this way next year, we hoped the summer would speed by so we could go back to school and find those two!—*Name and address withheld*

Strip Monopoly

I am an 18-year-old male and an avid reader of your "Forum" column. My story all began when I bought a Monopoly board and decided to have a small party.

The couple arrived at 8:00 P.M. on Monday. After a few bowls out of the U.S.S. *Enterprise* and a half hour of "M.A.S.H.," we got the board out. First I laid out the rules. Everyone received $750 and three properties. When a player lands on your property, he or she either pays or plays.

Now let me describe everyone. I am five feet eleven inches tall and have brown hair that matches my tan, a muscular build, and a hefty nine-inch cock. My girl friend, Amy, is five feet six inches tall and has brown hair, blue eyes, and a breathtaking 36-22-32-inch body. Hal is five feet ten inches tall and has blond hair, blue eyes, and is also very muscular. His girl friend, Mary, is five feet seven inches tall and has long-flowing blond hair, and a fantastic 34-22-34-inch body.

After we were all nude and pretty stoned, the game got rolling. Amy was the first to land on Hal's much-housed property. With not enough to pay, she had to play. I started the stopwatch while Hal and Amy headed to the bedroom to spend five lusty minutes in my king-size water bed. I lit up the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, and Mary and I smoked a couple of bowls while talking. When we were finished with the bowls, she buried her head in my lap and brought me to my first orgasm of the evening. Looking at the stopwatch, I saw it was time well spent. When we yelled for Hal and Amy, they returned, looking very well satisfied. Next it was my turn, and I landed on Hal's property and paid. Mary landed on my property and with a devious smile, said, "Play."

We went to the bedroom, and I set Mary at the edge of the water bed and began lapping up her hot, love juices to the beat of the strobe light. After a tremendous orgasm I placed her legs on my shoulders and entered her with one long stroke. After a few orgasms I turned her over, placed two pillows under her, and slowly put my swollen member in her tight ass. With my three fingers in her cunt and my other

hand working her clit, she began shaking violently and I shot my hot jism into her. By then our time was up, so we washed up and returned to the game.

It was then Hal's turn, and he landed on Mary's property, and they retired to the bedroom. Amy and I talked about her escapade with Hal. When Hal and Mary returned, it was Amy's turn. She landed on one of Hal's properties and paid. It was then my turn, and I landed on one of Hal's properties. Getting turned on, I said, "Play." We got into a 69 and began sucking each other furiously. I felt the sperm rise in his 11-inch cock and for the first time tasted the salty substance. I got up and Vaselined his cock and lay down with a couple of pillows under me. Hal slipped his large cock into me. There was pain at first, but it eased as time went on.

Within minutes he shot his wad, and we changed positions. When we returned, to our amazement we found the girls in a 69. After we cleaned up, we returned to the couch to watch them. After firing up the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, we began jerking each other off. Amy looked up and asked us to join them. I began fucking Mary's hot pussy and fingering her anus. Hal put a vibrator in Amy's love box and was getting sucked by Mary. After we all climaxed simultaneously, we jumped into the shower. Then we returned to the living room. After a few more bowls we said our good-byes and told them, "Same time next Monday."—*Name and address withheld*

Baby sister

I thought I knew my sister, having grown up with her and having spent so many hours together. I have always considered her beautiful, along with all other males who have laid eyes on her. She's got a beautiful baby face and long blond hair and has developed a fantastic and sexy figure in the last year or so.

So, when I left for college, I kissed my sweet "innocent" little sister good-bye. She was 17 then. I returned this spring, a little earlier than I was expected, and saw the real girl that she was at 18. I took the bus to within blocks of my home and walked the remainder of the way. I planned to surprise my parents and my sister, so I didn't enter the front door but made my way around the back to attempt to enter through my bedroom window. It was getting dark, and to my surprise the lights were on in the room. I slowly crept to the half-opened curtains and peeked inside. The scene on the bed made my heart stop and my cock stiffen.

There was my beautiful baby sister, smooth and tan and naked, and one of the best-looking young men I have ever seen. They were lying on the bed, kissing and fondling each other. He had on a pair of white cutoffs, with an incredibly big bulge behind the zipper. I was glued to the spot and began to unzip my own pants and release my straining cock. Soon the tan young guy stood up, and my sister's small hands began to unsnap and unzip his

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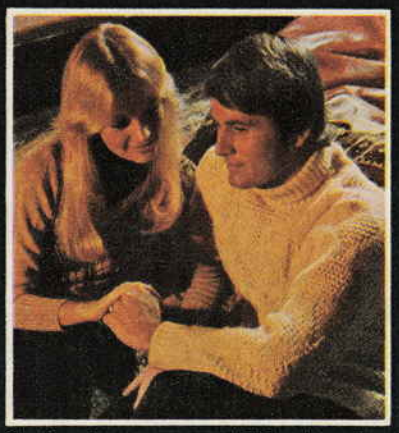

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shorts. She slowly pulled them past his hard-on, which had to be eight inches. His stiff cock curved slightly, and as her hands pumped up and down its thick length, drops of slippery fluid coated the mushroom head. This seemed to excite her, and with wide eyes, she lowered her wet young lips and sucked the head of his cock into her mouth.

His prick looked even thicker next to her small, cute face, but she managed to cram a few inches into her stretched mouth. His own hand wrapped around the remainder of his big cock, and he began to jack off as she licked and sucked on the swollen head. In a minute or two he was humping his groin into her beautiful face, his hand sliding up and down his shaft lubricated by the saliva that dripped from her mouth. I could see the lust in his eyes, and with a lurch he pulled his cock from her lips and with the tip just an inch from her mouth shot a big, white stream of come. The thick fluid hit her top lip and was followed by three more wads just as big. Her face was literally drenched with semen, and with her fingers she scooped up the slippery stuff and slid it into her mouth. Her eyes were shut, and she shuddered with orgasm as she gulped and licked the come from her own face.

By this time I was at the point of coming in the most intense orgasm of my life. I shot spurt after spurt of come into my waiting hand, and then wiped it up and down my spurting shaft. When I recovered, I made an entrance, this time by the front door. I met the boyfriend, who was as nice as he looked. So my sister is grown up, in more ways than one.—*Name and address withheld*

Life in the big city

I am just completing my freshman year at a large university in Chicago. I had previously lived all my life in a small town in South Dakota, and I don't need to explain the vast life-style and cultural differences between the two cities.

As soon as I arrived in Chicago, I found myself exposed to people and places that I had never dreamed of before. This was the first time I had been away from home alone, and although I did have a part-time boyfriend back home, my *real* sexual awakening occurred on a freezing night last February. I was shopping for groceries in a large supermarket and, because I'm only five foot two, could not reach an item that was placed high on a shelf. The article just happened to be a feminine hygiene deodorant. I looked around for assistance and saw that the only person in the aisle was a tall, black gentleman.

Here I was, 18 years old, and had never even *talked* to a black person before. I slowly worked up my courage and asked his help. He was more than happy to do so, and as he handed me the box, he looked at me, smiled, and said, "There's no way that such a sweet young lady would ever need this." I blushed like never before and smiled back at him. He was undressing me with his eyes, and I was becoming extremely aroused by his dark, handsome face and large, muscular body. I was frightened a little but *very* turned on. A conversation followed, and it wasn't long before he offered to carry my bags not only to my car but to my apartment as well. Without giving it much thought, I quickly abandoned my rigid conservative upbringing and agreed.

He followed me home in his car, carried my bags up to my apartment, and made himself comfortable on the couch, which also served as my bed. I sat down next to him, and we started talking. He told me that he was 35 and worked out regularly with weights (it showed!) and had a terrible weakness for pretty young blonds. With that, he gently picked up all 119 pounds of me and placed me in his lap, directly facing him. The dress that I was wearing was now up around my waist as my legs were wrapped around his waist, and I could feel his firm cock pressing between my legs. He brushed my hair away from my face and asked, "You ever made love with a soul brother before?" "I've never even met one before," I answered. I was nervous, yet full of anticipation of what was sure to soon happen.

As he kissed me, I thrust my tongue deep into his mouth and instantly felt my panties becoming soaking wet. He unhooked my bra and removed it and my blouse. He grinned widely as he first looked at my breasts with their erect nipples pointing directly at him. I stood up to allow him to free me from my dress, panty hose, and panties. He stood and removed his shirt to show me his huge, muscular chest, and when he got his pants off, he exposed the longest, thickest cock that I had ever seen. Visions of horses I'd seen came to my mind! I looked at it hungrily yet nervously. He saw this and held my face in his hands and said, "Now, sweet baby, you just leave things to me and don't worry your pretty head, and before you know what's happening, I'll have you sitting on all I've got and you'll be calling me your daddy."

He pulled out the bed and laid me down, got between my legs, and started licking my love nest, as he called it. The ecstasy of his tongue against me drove me wild as I clawed at the pillows with my fingernails. After two shuddering orgasms I was seated again in his lap with his hands around me just below my breasts. He lifted me up until I could feel just the very tip of his cock brushing against my pussy. "Does that sweet young pussy want some of this hard dick?" he asked. "Yes, yes, right now," I answered quickly. He very slowly started to lower and raise me on and off his swollen cock. My legs were locked around his waist, and my arms were wrapped tightly around his neck, leaving my drenched pussy easy prey for his powerful manhood. I could feel every fiber of his hot

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

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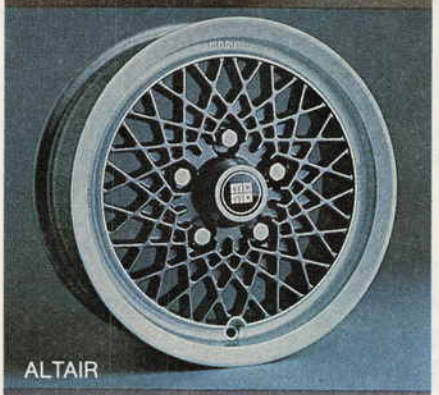
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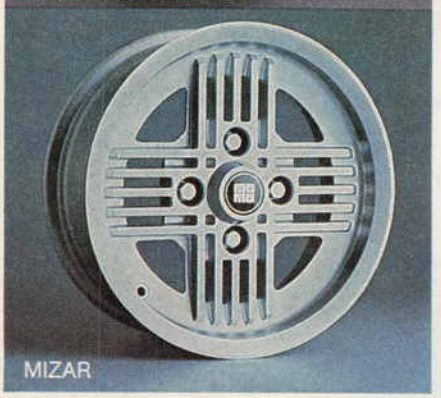
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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Scare tactics?

Congratulations to your courageous magazine for publishing such critical and conceivably unpopular information on U.S. political machinations in Tom Gervasi's brilliant "The Russians Are Not Coming" (March 1981). Whereas the Russian media present only the news that fits the cause of the Kremlin, the American mass media usually present only the news that serves the cause of their advertisers. In rare exceptions almost everything that is critical of American foreign policy is somehow censored. The result is that Americans are subjected to the same type of slanted propaganda that the Russians are, and both peoples feel equally lily-white and self-righteous.

Here, in Holland, we are privileged to receive nine international, noncommercial television stations (three German, one French, two Belgian, one English, and two Dutch). That, together with the wide availability of newspapers, ranging in scope from conservative through social democratic to Communist, supplies us with news and opinions from all colors of the political spectrum.

As a result, we are scared shitless by our erstwhile liberators clattering louder and louder with their arms. With over 10,000 nukes pointing our way, what other way should we feel? During the recent NATO exercise, "Carte Blanche," NATO troops launched 268 theoretical nuclear weapons against targets in West Germany, with an estimated power to cause the deaths of 3 million West Germans. Those weapons were meant to defend, not destroy, the Germans. Europe can no longer be defended; it can only be destroyed.

So we are very frightened by your groups of blindly indoctrinated Christian soldiers and by your generals—Haig, Weinberger, Reagan, and others—who are willing, it sometimes seems, to get us all killed out of fear that the Russians are coming to shut down your churches, steal the gold in Fort Knox, and violate Brooke Shields. What the hell makes you so sure the Russians have any intention of coming at all?

Forty years ago their entire country was destroyed, and tens of millions of their people were killed. Brezhnev not even in the wildest imagination even remotely resembles Hitler. He has never yet made any warlike or threatening speeches and has never expressed any interest in additional *lebensraum*. Neither does he get his followers in a frenzy, such as Hitler used to do. So what, you may ask, are they doing in Afghanistan? That operation must cost the Russians an awful lot of money, and it doesn't bring any in. As far as proximity to the Persian Gulf is concerned, their own Caucasus is closer than Afghanistan. That the Russians offer to supply any European nation with Russian oil for the next 30 years belies the idea that they need Arab oil. The only conceivable reason for their presence in Afghanistan is to prevent another mad ayatollah from taking power there and possibly causing the Russians' own gigantic Muslim population to switch their allegiance from communism to Islam.

Possibly, the top American echelon doesn't consider the danger of any Russian attack serious, but it keeps "scaring the hell out of the country," as Arthur Vandenberg suggested to Truman, to keep several large American companies making fortunes in armaments. Here in Europe the threat of being dead is much more real than the threat of being Red. We have lived through Hitler's holocaust to tell our children about it, but we won't be able to live through a nuclear holocaust.

Fortunately, besides being a country of tulips, windmills, wooden shoes, and Dutch dates, we are also a decisive factor in whether or not your genocidal Pershings (who would make that good general turn in his grave) and your so romantically named Cruise missiles will be based in Europe. Already our prime minister categorically has stated that they won't be allowed on the Netherlands' territory. Undoubtedly, Belgium will follow suit, and the Germans have declared that Germany's willingness to install your latest nuclear toys depends on their acceptance by Holland and Belgium.

In order to help matters along, I have mailed copies of Gervasi's article to our leading newspapers, magazines, members of government, prime minister, and all the television news programs. The results have been extremely positive. The producer of our most prestigious television news program has contacted me to say he was enormously impressed by the article. They are preparing a major program based on some of the information in the article.

Not that nuclear disarmament would be a panacea against a Third World War. And there is no reason to doubt that modern-day rockets with nonnuclear state-of-the-art warheads would be capable of taking many millions of lives.

It has always seemed incomprehensible that in a country as big as America,

with so many wise and erudite people, a great, messianic figure has never emerged. A man with a vision who can break the networks' stranglehold on the news; who, through a major overhaul of the school system, will cause Americans to grow up beyond their immature materialism; and who will replace your respect for wealth and technology with more idealistic values, such as respect for human lives, your own and others'.

It is the highest time that America and Russia find a way to work together to prevent the nuclear pretenders from starting a nuclear bonfire that will permanently destroy the entire European civilization plus that of America and Russia. Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*. It may help save our lives as well as your own.—*B. D. V., Amsterdam, Holland*

Cities and suburbia

Concerning Fred Powledge's essay "Let's Bulldoze the Suburbs" (June 1981), I can see why Mr. Powledge is a *former* reporter for the *New York Times*. He should consider quitting writing altogether and doing some reading on the subject of "reality." The only support Mr. Powledge offers for his illogical, yet "obvious," conclusions is the contradictions of his text.

He begins by complaining of an urban-renewal program that forced poor families from their inner-city dwellings and left "renewed" downtowns that "have become cold, juiceless mausoleums," which suburbanites are forced to pass through. In the same few paragraphs he states that the "poor and black and despised are still in the central cities" and that the suburbanites like to "come downtown to collect their paychecks, take advantage of the cultural offerings, cruise for interracial sex, and go to ballgames." He further states that suburbia "has no great museums or libraries of its own, and so its residents must go to the cities to keep their brains from ossifying." He implies that the white middle class has done the poor blacks a grave injustice by leaving them in an economically poor but culturally rich urban environment, but he condemns the suburbs for being "culturally dead, and physically, socially, politically, intellectually, and emotionally ugly."

His solution offers yet another contradiction. He proposes to level the suburbs and offer relocation incentives for suburbanites to move to the inner city. This would obviously force property values, taxes, and rents of already scarce urban land upward, forcing poor blacks out of their homes, with nowhere to go, as his plan has restored suburbs to forests and pastures. This would also put the white middle class, which he seemingly so despises (and is a member of himself), right in the middle of his neighborhood.

Please, Mr. Powledge, leave my beautiful city alone. I like it just the way it is.—*Tom Suhor, white middle class, downtown New Orleans, La.*

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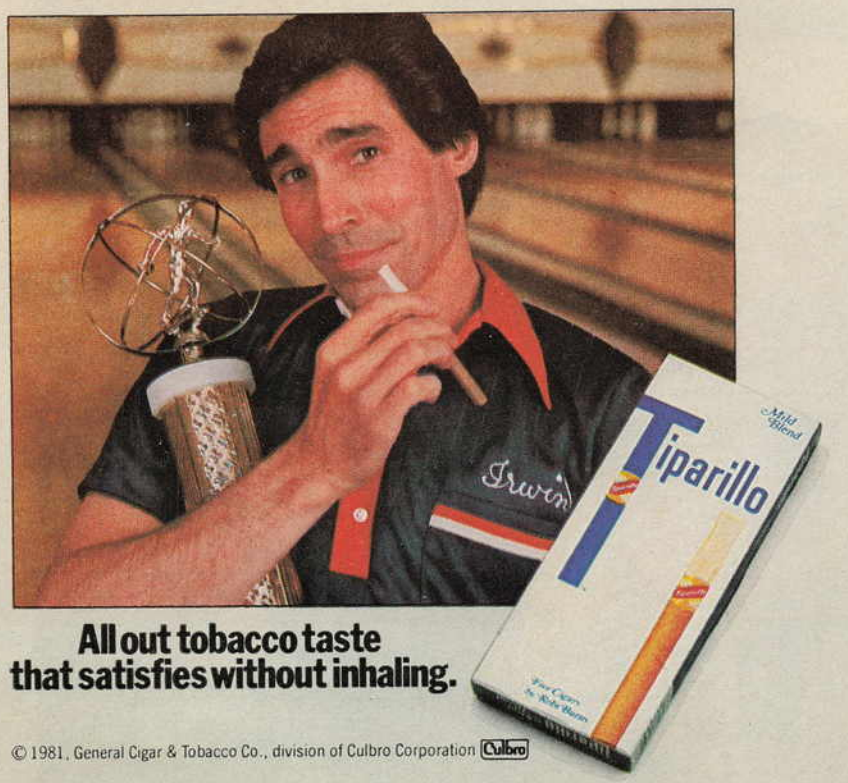

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Who the hell does Fred Powledge think he's kidding with his wounded attitude about the suburbs? He's trying to sell "scum city," as any entrepreneur would who gets his living by promoting the scabby capital of the world, New York City.

After living in that miserable city for 45 years, anything else is heaven compared with that cruddy excrescence which passes itself off as a center of culture. The only culture it ever produced was its disease-breeding piles of garbage as its civil "servants" defecated on its taxpayers. Most of that city's residents' only idea of how to cut down on noise pollution is to turn their loud stereos or radios to the open window. Anything, I repeat, *anything* is better than supporting scum city with my tax dollars, and I'd glady pay admission to see Old Gotham sink below the waters of polluted New York Harbor.

The day when they start bulldozing the suburbs of New York will be the day I take off by shank's mare, if need be, to avoid supporting the cesspool called The Big Apple. It is the bane of the taxpayers' existence—a catchall for criminality, the capital of crudity, and the temple of terrorist activity. Indeed, friend Powledge has miserable tastes, to say the least.—*C. J. Hallett, Babylon, N.Y.*

While reading the June *Penthouse*, I came across Fred Powledge's article on the suburbs. I couldn't agree with Mr. Powledge less, with his apparently scant knowledge of life in the suburbs. It seems to me that the people who are determined to escape the city must do so for a reason and should be able to enjoy the conveniences offered in the suburbs, among other things, without someone telling us where we should live.

I lived in the suburbs all my life and now live on a large lake on an island west of Minneapolis, with a marina access and shopping malls close by. Cities like Minneapolis are very nice to visit, but I find city dwellers colder than the ice we accumulate all winter. On two different occasions I have seen people fall down on the city's sidewalk because of a stroke or heart problem. As I have moved to help the victims, I literally saw people step over them as if they didn't exist.

Yes, the cities are a great place—to get away from.—*Mark Edward, Stillwater, Minn.*

What's missing?

Congratulations on a marvelous piece by Emily Prager. Just by chance I happened to read the "View from the Top" section of *Penthouse*, and now I realize what I've been missing by focusing on the photographs. Her essay "You Didn't Miss Anything" (June 1981) was written with a lot of style. I'm glad someone has the intelligence to actually sit back and see how it really is—from Iran news coverage to Brooke Shields's crotch. If your publication stays this good, I might reorder for next year!—*K. D. Diodati, Jacksonville, Fla.*

Emily Prager's "You Didn't Miss Anything" was apparently researched haphazardly. Take it from a certified criminal, Emily—that's *sinsemilla* marijuana, *not* San Simeon.

In view of my own incarceration in the Texas Department of Corrections, whether justified or not, the idea that the hostages may have missed something interests me not at all. Leon Spenkelink and Gary Gilmore are missing a lot more than Cimino's new film and Calvin Klein's jeans. Only in America . . .—*Ruby Leah Richardson, Huntsville, Tex.*

Bad taste

I was very disappointed with Frank Donegan's May 1981 psychograph, "Do You Have Taste?" It would have been more appropriately entitled "Are You Upper Class?" Some of the questions were absurd!

The question concerning the ownership of another residence was the one I found most appalling. Not every tasteful person in these times can afford ownership of one home, much less two! The question that asked "Do you still go to discos?" was equally out of character. Does a person who likes to dance, at a disco or wherever, show tasteless characteristics? The question about middle names was a real laugher. Having an old family name shows breeding, not taste. I feel my given names are noteworthy and regal.

I could go on, but I feel that I have gotten my point across. Frankly, I enjoyed your "Couples" section more.—*A very tasteful gentleman, Richard Edward Huggins, Hicksville, N.Y.*

The May psychograph concerning taste was obviously written by that world-famous Harvard-educated military physician, Maj. Charles Emerson Winchester III—though the name "Frank Donegan" was appended. All literate Americans will see through the guise, even though the editors made a feeble attempt at disguising the real author's identity by adding at the end a paragraph mentioning "normal people."

Let me be the first to congratulate you on publishing the 4077's finest gentleman's views. Major Winchester and a tiny group of others of similar background serve all America well by their example and prove that there can be *real* class and *genuine* good taste even in this jungle world of conflicting social values.—*Edward Ellis, Elko, Nev.*

Fan mail

I have just purchased the June 1981 issue of *Penthouse* magazine, and I would like to commend the staff for producing such an excellent publication. I have been a devoted reader since the premiere issue,

and over the years you get better and better.

In my opinion the June issue is superb. The photo layout of the Pet of the Month, Angela Giovanni, is the most perfectly photographed I have ever seen in any men's magazine. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Thank you, and keep up the good work.—*Name and address withheld*

Waste not

Ernest Volkman's "The Colossus of Waste" (May 1981) should be required reading for all those concerned with rising energy costs and governmental waste.

And while it is true that "industry has reduced energy consumption . . . because it is good business," industry for the most part is still woefully ignorant of the savings in energy and related costs that can be achieved through the efforts of employees involved in a well-planned energy-conservation program.

Clearly, the Department of Energy can't possibly begin to think in terms of administering employee energy-conservation programs, but then one also wonders whether industry has a responsible feel for the energy savings employees can contribute. This point is driven home when one discovers that several energy directors of some Fortune 500 corporations don't even know their companies' annual energy bills.

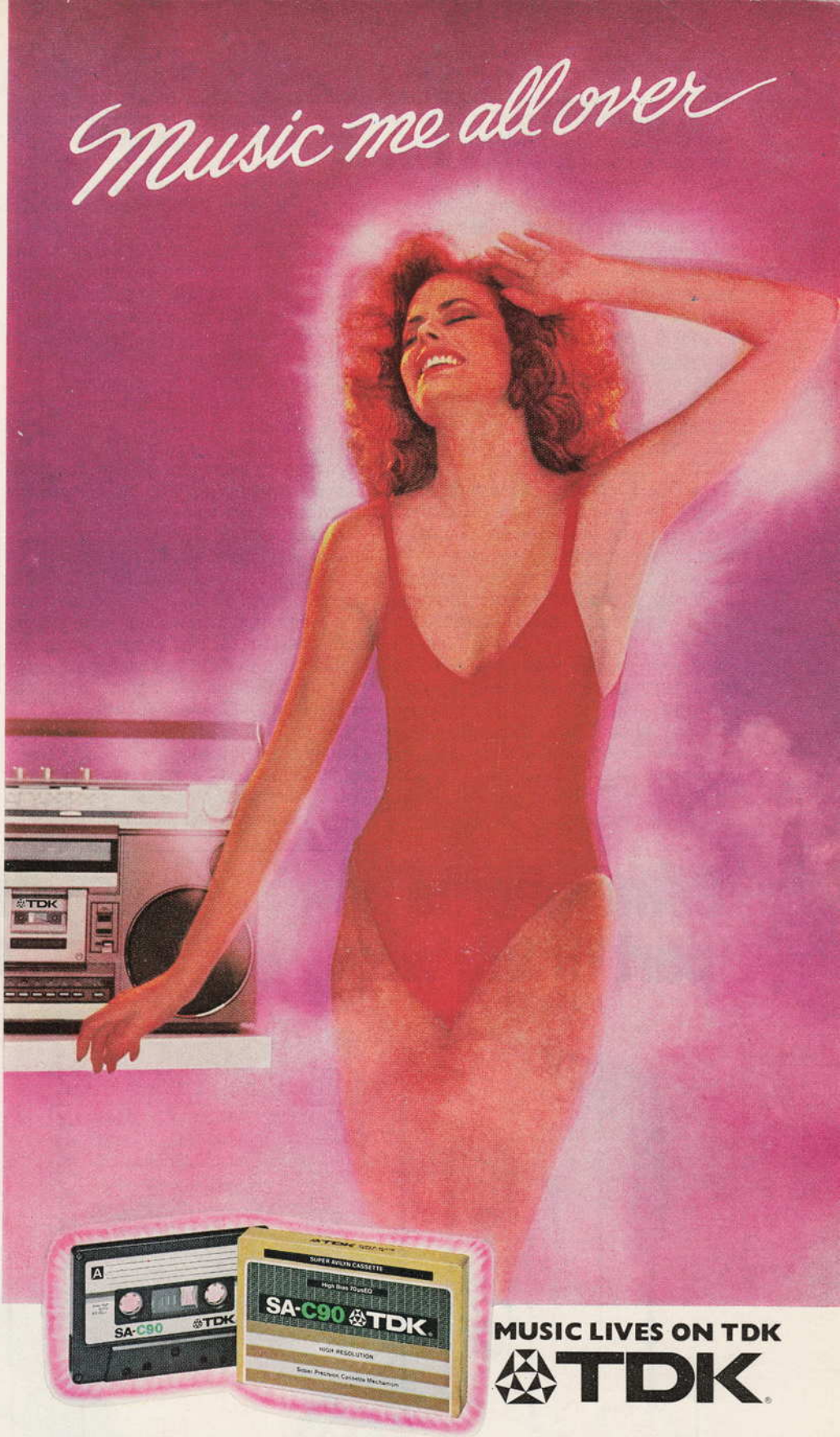
We recommend a sensible reorganization of the Department of Energy or abolishment as soon as possible. It is suggested that industry do its part to conserve energy (and perhaps cut oil imports in half by 1990) by utilizing the most important resource it has—its employees.

No large technical investment would be required. It is worth noting that this energy-conservation approach is the only form of efficiency that can be put into place quickly enough to result in meaningful energy-usage reductions and significant dollar savings.—*Jon S. Hiltunen, Senior Vice-President, Long Ridge Communications, Stamford, Conn.*

I read Ernest Volkman's "The Colossus of Waste" and agree with him about the "ignominious failure" of the Department of Energy. However, while I read, I wondered how the DOE came to be the way it is and I found Volkman's article did not satisfactorily answer this question. I did some research and would like to offer some ideas explaining the DOE's errors that I feel should have been included in the article.

We all know that the people of the United States depend upon great amounts of energy to maintain the standard of living in our modern society. Based upon these needs, the DOE was created to "provide a clear focus within the executive branch on energy policy and programs and the necessary central staff capability to analyze a wide range of energy issues" with, one hopes, good efficiency and good policy.

However, creating an effective energy



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policy from the complex network of resources and political rules that exist in our country and around the world is a tremendous task. Errors in such policy, as Volkman pointed out, are easy to detect, as they can and do affect many thousands, even millions, of people. Yet, finding out why the DOE has bungled is not so apparent to many, the reasons being complex and interwoven. I realize that, in the interests of space, I cannot go into great detail, but I will attempt to give a general line of reasoning behind the DOE's failure. For readers wishing greater detail, the specific reasons can be found in a government report called "Oversight of the Structure and Management of the Department of Energy," which was published in December 1980.

The DOE's failure began with its inception by the Carter administration in 1977. The department was formed by combining several weakly related departments: the Federal Energy Administration, the Energy Research and Development Administration, and the Federal Power Commission. All functions of the FEA and the ERDA were vested in the energy secretary, while those of the FPC were vested in part in the energy secretary and a five-person, independent Federal Energy Regulatory Commission established within the department. The DOE Act also "provides the Secretary with broad discretion to establish, alter, consolidate, or discontinue [various parts of its field structure] and to maintain such state, regional, district, or other field offices as he may deem to be necessary to carry out functions vested in him."

This power gives the secretary large control of about 20,000 employees and their jobs. The congressional provisions call for eight assistant secretaries and specify the functions to be carried out but do not assign them to specific assistant secretaries: the president is to give the assignments of specific functions when an assistant secretary is nominated.

In general, the DOE Act allowed for a very loosely structured Department of Energy, because it kept the three original agencies much the same as they were before the act; each had its own way of administering its tasks, and the functions of each agency did not overlap the others too much, if at all. Therefore, integration of the original agencies into one department was sloppy, to say the least, and this looseness in the department, coupled with the wide range of powers given to the single position of the energy secretary, caused the evolution of major problems within the department, leading to its poor administration of energy policy.

A 1979 managerial audit by the firm of Coopers and Lybrand described several of the department's major problems during the first year of the DOE's existence. First, it found that the division of responsibilities among the secretary, the deputy secretary, and the under secretary was "largely ineffective." Secretary Schlesinger had used the powers of his position to redefine the roles of the deputy and under secretaries, clearly making the undersecretary position subordinate, which caused then Under Secretary Dale Meyers to resign. This upsetting organizational change just added to the traumas of the transitional period for the DOE. If the roles of the heads of the department were not well defined during this period, then effective administration of the entire department, which is dependent upon the leadership of these people, would be lacking. Secretary Schlesinger did not have the qualities of leadership needed, as was evidenced in 1979, when one top energy official said, " . . . He [Schlesinger] does not get along well with anyone except the president and some Armed Services Committee types like [Sen.] Henry Jackson. His personality was his own greatest enemy in this job, and a lot of our problems stemmed from that." Even after Schlesinger resigned in the fall of 1979, with Charles W. Duncan, Jr., taking over, the department was in such poor condition from Schlesinger's rule that even the powerful administrative capabilities of Duncan could not do much to improve the department.

The most serious deficiency the investigative firm found in the DOE was "an ab-

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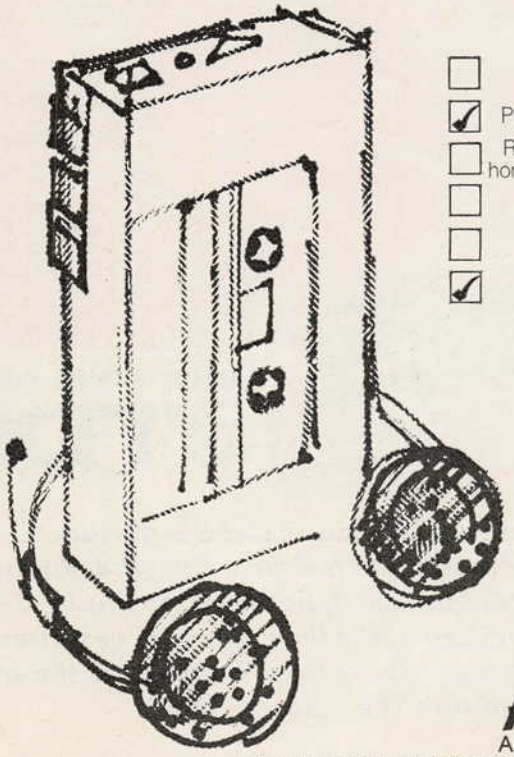

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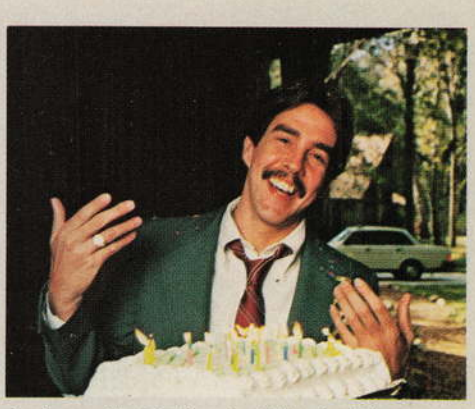

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sence of an adequately functioning policy development and planning process, which was in part due to external circumstances of the department's first year." A variety of laws concerning the department's policy, such as the Public Utilities Regulatory Policy Act, the Energy Tax Act, and a host of related enactments, were in debate during that time, problems that "required considerable involvement of DOE top management." An aide to then Deputy John O'Leary explained that "the political infighting, the long hours, the constant verbal battles with congressmen, heads of interest groups, and officials . . . in the department were just too much." Because of the absence of a structured planning process, the department lacks an adequate policy framework for judging or rationalizing specific policies and programs. DOE's deficient policymaking approach has led to "internal inconsistency, inadequate analysis, and unsatisfactory policy discipline." This could easily have helped create many of the department's backward and seemingly unfair policies.

More of the DOE's basic problems consist of "poor internal communications with other executive-branch agencies, the Congress, special constituencies, and the general public, and division of line and staff responsibilities." Some of its communications problems in the past were due to the fact that it had subagencies in 21 different buildings. For the DOE to produce good energy policy, it would need a good communications network between its subagencies so that they can work together as a unit to form such policy. This network would need people interacting closely with each other in a coordinated effort to achieve the DOE's intended goals. Being as spread out as the DOE has been isolates these people to some extent and reduces effective policymaking. Poor internal communication leads to confusion and a lack of coordinated information. Such weaknesses have eroded the DOE's purpose of informing the government, the public, and its own employees on matters of U.S. energy problems and on possible solutions to these problems. No wonder the DOE has made such a mess.

My findings on the DOE and its failings are quite general but offer more substantial reasons for the DOE's downfall than do those included in Mr. Volkman's article. I wish that he had found the information, as I did, and had better informed the readers of the DOE's failure rather than its failings. I think that if more people knew the reasons for the DOE's failure, we could help prevent our government from creating such a mistake again in the future.—*Douglas Woolley, University Park, Pa.*

Ernest Volkman replies:
Mr. Woolley's analysis of the Department of Energy's management failures is interesting, but I'm afraid that ascribing the department's uselessness solely to management ineptitude makes the error of failing to see the woods for the trees. I'm aware of the government report mentioned by Mr. Woolley—there are some even more devastating government critiques, by the way—and no management expert even remotely connected with the energy problem claims that the DOE's failures are strictly managerial. To be sure, the DOE management is a mess, just as everything else connected with that department seems to be a mess. However, I'm afraid that the DOE's failure in the face of the energy crisis stems from several different causes, poor management being only one of them. As events have demonstrated, the plain fact is that the DOE can't do anything right, much less manage itself. I wish I could be as sanguine as Mr. Woolley when he says that management reform will forestall a repetition of the DOE fiasco. Has he looked at the U.S. Postal Service lately? Or the Defense Department?

Another view

I feel I must write to you and express my opinion of your publication. I believe your type of magazine helps weaken America's moral fiber. Our nation was founded upon a principle of strong moral convictions, with the Ten Commandments of God used for our foundation. America al-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

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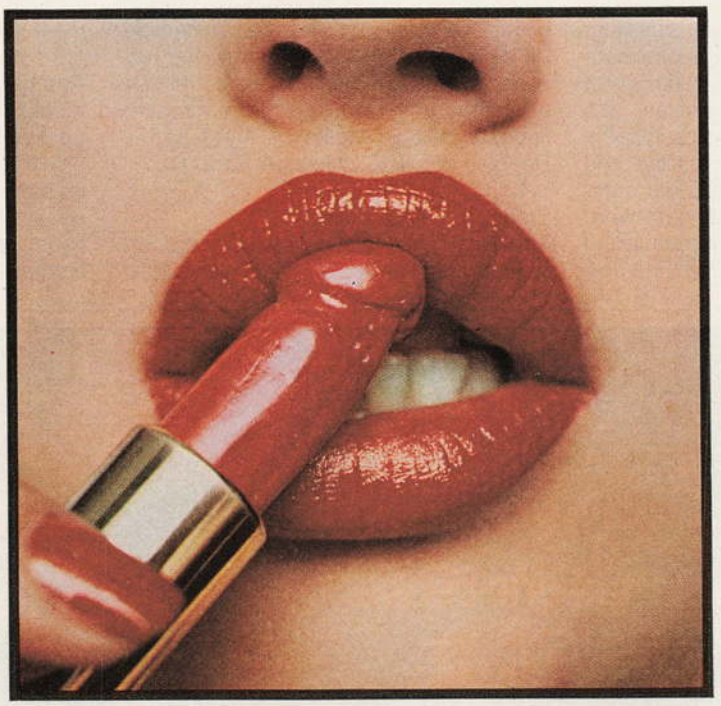
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am going through the most emotional experience of my life, and to vent these emotions, I want to share it with someone. I'm 18 years old, five feet six inches, have auburn hair, and hope to be a successful model. My parents are Catholic, and I grew up in a very religious atmosphere. I have had many boyfriends but never went further than heavy petting; I always thought I would be a virgin until I married.



It all started when John invited me to a party. I met him at one of the model's agencies, and, though he was not my type, I thought I could learn a lot about the business from him. I drank quite a bit and tried grass for the first time at the party. One thing lead to another and I found myself on the couch with John, kissing heavily. He slid his hand under my dress and was rubbing me in just the right way. John said we should go upstairs, but I knew I should be getting home. I was so stoned and drunk I didn't think I could make it home, so I decided to go with him and sleep for a while. I'd give him some excuse.

I lay down on the double bed in the guest room as John unbuttoned his shirt. He began undoing my dress, and I told him I was tired and was not "that kind of girl." My head was spinning from the booze and grass when suddenly his mouth was on one of my breasts. I shivered all over and tried pushing him away, but my arms went limp when John touched my nipple with his tongue. I was embarrassed, but I could tell I was wet, and I loved what he was doing to me. He began rubbing my clitoris and slowly pulled my panties down to my ankles. My face flushed, and I could hear myself breathing heavily. The most unbelievable sensation happened when he moved his head between my legs and touched my clitoris with his tongue. I shivered all over and bit my lip to keep from screaming. I tried weakly to push him away, and I whispered to him to stop, but my hips started moving back and forth against his mouth. My breasts were burning as he squeezed my nipples, and I could feel my ears pounding with each heart beat. Then, suddenly, my body started to convulse, and John put his tongue into my vagina. I came immediately and started screaming as his tongue rode my clitoris for what seemed like forever.

When I had calmed down, I felt John get up and saw him take his pants off. His cock was really very pretty, so I reached out and touched it. It was hard and throbbing. I felt safe, because I knew he could never get it into me. He crawled onto the bed and placed his hips over my face and put his head again between my legs and licked. I was so turned on I decided I'd try another new experience and started licking his penis. I could feel it throb in my mouth, and I kept swallowing his salty come in order to breathe. I couldn't believe I was giving my first blowjob.

John got off me and kissed me all over. He then moved so that his penis was against the lips of my soaking vagina. He slowly pushed himself into me, and it hurt a little at first, but the pleasure I was feeling made my fears dissolve. He kept pushing in and out, deeper and deeper with each thrust, and my hips again started to move with him. I could feel him get bigger inside me. I shuddered for what seemed like minutes, and finally he shot his warm come in me. He slowly got off me and began stroking my body.

My mind was just a cloud of sensation now, and I can remember only bits and pieces. I do, however, recall other people in the room, and I felt other hands caressing me. Someone started licking my clitoris again, and I responded again just as strongly. He also put his penis inside me. All I remember is coming and com-

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ing. After him there must have been a few others.

I woke up at 4:00 in the morning, and there were five men, all of whom I had met at the party earlier, sleeping around me. I was sore all over and very embarrassed. I tried sneaking out, but two of them woke up and offered me a drink and a joint. I told them I had to get home, but they just kept laughing and pushing me on my back. Before I knew it, I was having sex with all five of them. I finally left later that morning, with some offers to model in the nude and even an offer to be in an X-rated movie.

Since then John has demanded that I have sex with him and his friends almost every weekend or he will tell my parents what I have been doing. I love having sex, but I'm afraid my parents will eventually find out. What can I do?—D.J.O.

You may have been a beginner sexually, but you sure sound as if you enjoyed your debut! I understand your concern about your parents' being told about your sexual activity, but the simplest solution would be to tell them yourself and scoff at John's threats. If you just can't face your parents with this, I suggest you face John with some heavy blackmail of your own. Tell him that you will report him to the police for rape if he continues to threaten you. (You would explain to them that you didn't come forward earlier because you were being blackmailed.) A possible rape charge is usually enough to cool men like John. Good Luck.

STUDISTICS

I am a woman in my junior year at a large midwestern university known for its men; they outnumber the women three to one. This is perfect for me, since I have an unquenchable appetite for men.

I started reading Penthouse *when I was 18 and have always been fascinated by the size of the cocks that are mentioned in the letters. I have slept with a lot of guys, but I have never seen a cock that was more than seven inches in length.*

I belong to a very wild sorority at school, and I got to discussing this with some of the other girls one night. Most of them had made observations similar to mine. We decided that we would conduct our own study of the subject. We agreed to let no man make love to us unless he allowed us to measure his fully erect cock first. A few resisted but most complied willingly. A year later we had accumulated 500 measurements and compiled the results.

We discovered that about 200 were less than six inches long and 300 were six inches or longer. The big, huge rods we read about in Penthouse *were quite rare and, we guess, are often a figment of someone's imagination. We thought you might enjoy hearing about our study. How does it compare with your observations?*—J.T.

You girls should be awarded a government grant to finance your research. After all, an accurate survey taken now and, let's say, in another ten years may tell us how changes in diet or social habits effects the size of the American penis. On the other hand, we may not learn anything, but it would be fun working on the problem.

In reply to your inquiry, I agree with your findings. For the North American male, an average size seems to be in the six-to-seven-inch range.

AIRING A PROBLEM

My friend and I have a bet, and only your printed professional and unbiased answer will decide the matter. Does a woman's pussy fart? I know it does. My friend says to turn her over.—M.H.

While you are fucking, air sometimes gets sucked into a woman's cunt; and when it is expelled, it sounds like a fart. Similarly, air trapped between a woman's breasts can also give a good, rousing noise. Don't try blowing up your lady's pussy in order to get the effect, as this can be dangerous.

SEX WITH A SAX

I wanted to share with you and your readers a very titillating sexual experience between myself and a nationally known rock band.

I was very lonely one night, after recently splitting with my boyfriend, and decided to visit my favorite nightclub to get drunk and console myself.

By the time the band started playing, my body was very warm and tingly from the liquor I had consumed. The sight of these six musicians was too much for me to handle. They came out in the tightest pants I have ever seen, leaving little to my imagination! You could see the outline of their cocks and balls, and it made my twat so hot I got hot flashes up and down my moistened slit. During the concert I actually began stroking my throbbing clit—the place was dark, so I assumed no one noticed. But I was wrong: following the band's first set I was approached by the band's saxophone player, who told me I looked like I needed some tender loving care. I agreed, and he gave me the key to his hotel room, which was right across the street from the club.

I went to the hotel right after the show, and the sax player opened the door stark naked, with this gorgeous beaver-poker staring me in the face. He said, "Hey, come on in, sweetheart!" There were three more guys from the band lounging around, watching television. The sax player, whom I'll call "Creamy," grabbed me and rubbed my back while he kissed me, his warm, moist tongue searching my mouth and eventually traveling down between my tits. He unbuttoned my blouse and let it drop to the floor. The other guys looked on in interest while the singer scooped me up in his arms and carried me to the bed. Soon he was on top of me. He

asked me if I'd like four guys to work on me. "Well, hell," I said, "sure!"

So there I was with all four of them lying there in the buff, playing finger and hand games. Before I knew it, I felt a tongue licking inside my thighs and finally landing on my love button. He started sucking it with such force that my love juices flowed like a river. Then I felt a cock in each of my hands. I stroked each until I reached over and started sucking one of the pricks. He kept ramming it in and out of my mouth, and the masculine scent of his genitals made me come with such violence as to make the whole bed shake. Then I engulfed another cock whose owner sat on my chest facing me. Watching my teeth and tongue working on him was making him so excited that when he came, he grunted loudly and his come spurted all over my face. But I was really freaked out when another guy licked the come off my face—wow!

I fucked each of them any way he wanted—which was usually in my ass. I did it while rubbing my clit and had the most fantastic orgasms I have ever had.

After we all had our orgasms, the three other band members left and it was just Creamy and I left in the room. I masturbated in front of him, and he loved watching my fingers dig into my moistened area of pleasure. We then rubbed each other with baby oil, and it was really fun trying to get down to some serious fucking while sliding all over each other! My twat and asshole hurt, but the pain was combined with pleasure.

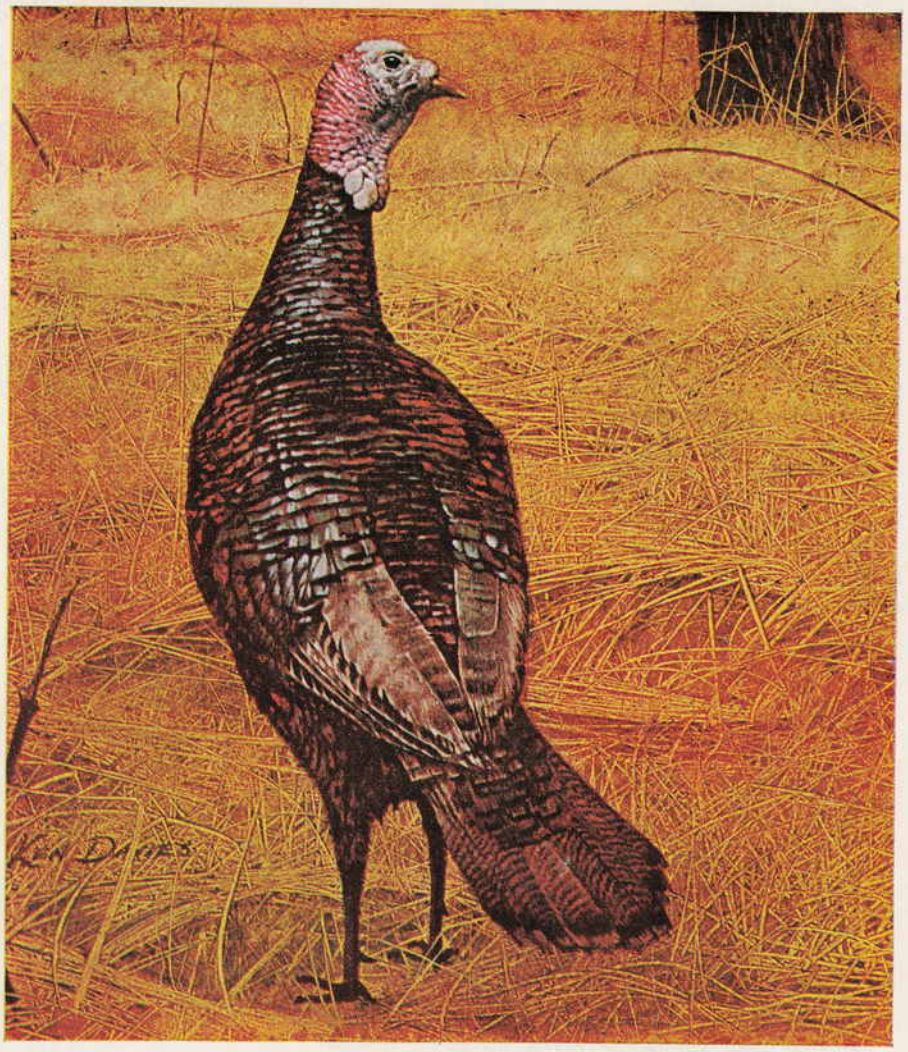
Xaviera, since my wild orgy, Creamy and I have kept in touch, and I believe I'm in love with him for reasons other than his sexual prowess. He's not with the band anymore, and he lives out west. I'm in Illinois. I want to go see him, but after being hurt so badly in other relationships, I'm a little hesitant. I want him, but I'm afraid of being hurt.—D.M.

You started sex with a sax and ended as swinger with the singer! You should know better than anyone whether you are in love with Creamy. It may not work out between you, but if you don't take the chance, you'll never know. If you really think you love him, go see him. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

SOLE DESIRE

I would like to think of myself as being perfectly normal as far as sexual tendencies go, but sometimes I have problems that cause guilt and feelings of inferiority. I have normal sexual relations with women, and I'm confident, through their compliments, that I'm good in bed. I crave eating good pussy, and I especially love to be sucked off by a good-looking woman. But, you see, I have a terrible foot fetish. I am simply crazy about women's feet.

It is not easy to ask a woman to make you come with her feet. Usually, I make do with just kissing and licking a woman's feet, sucking her toes and then giving the



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same loving treatment to her legs before feasting on her pussy. I always use this approach prior to a good fuck. But if the woman is very good-looking or has very nice feet, my fetish surfaces and my only desire is to curl up and make love to her feet, kissing and licking one while rubbing off on the other. Without adequate release of my rather strong desires, I have to masturbate while fantasizing about feet. I hope this is not damaging. I do know it only increases my desire for women's feet.

Sometimes I'll wait for a lover to fall asleep and then uncover her feet to make love to them, kissing and worshipping one foot while I jerk off on the other. I feel very guilty about it afterward, and I can't imagine what would happen if a woman woke up while I was doing this.

The first time I did this was when my 16-year-old baby-sitter was sleeping on the couch and I had gotten up to get some water. I had always fantasized about her feet, and that night I couldn't help noticing her feet sticking out from under the blanket. I knelt down and studied every curve and magnificent contour of her feet. They were cool and had a slight scent. I must have kissed and licked them for about 15 minutes while stroking my erection, and I experienced my first orgasm with another person. I also can recall doing it a number of times to my brother's girl friend. They would come home drunk, and my brother would sleep on the couch downstairs while Yvonne, his girl friend, slept in his bed upstairs. Once she was asleep, I would sneak into the room and pull off her pants and make love to her ass, legs, and feet. I would stay in there for up to two hours, having as many orgasms as I could.

When I got my own girl friend, I abstained from this kind of behavior for a few years. Then, when I was 17, I went steady with a girl for two years who did not take to having her feet kissed at all. Then I went out with a girl who had a foot fetish as well, but her feet were ugly, and for that reason we broke up.

I'm sure that it is unwise to be a fetishist exclusively, but until I find a woman who will fulfill my foot fantasies, I know I will continue to jerk off from just thinking about them. One of my fantasies is to be tied up, spread-eagle style, with arms and legs outstretched, while a girl sits in a chair over me, caressing my body with her feet and toes: massaging my navel, chest, shoulders, and neck with them, rubbing them on my face, then stroking my penis with one foot while I suck the other. Tell me, Xaviera, am I out of it or what? Could you elaborate a little on the effects of such fantasies and masturbating over them?—B.K.

Fetishism often results when a person is denied access to the sex organs of a partner or denied gratification of his desire through handling certain parts of the body. The individual is then likely to become fix-

It can find its way

TS-107 KP-6500

ated on some other part of the body; it becomes the focus of sexual desire. It is possible that at a young age you were unable to satisfy some childish sexual desire because you were unable to touch or even look at the feet of women who attracted you.

Since you are capable of normal sexual activity and you enjoy it, your fetishism, whatever its origins, seems to be under control.

A TOUCH OF LASS

I am an attractive (and very horny) 20-year-old woman who wants very much to taste the fruits of lesbian love. I have always enjoyed sex with men, but my greatest fantasies are about women.

Since I was very young, I have masturbated while looking at pictures of nude women. Penthouse *is very good for this, as it frequently features pictorials with two women making love. I lie back, stroking my hot little pussy, imagining my fingers are the tongue of a pretty young girl. I lick the juices from my fingers wishing that I were licking a woman's steaming-hot cunt. Mmmmm . . .*

I have had mouths on my pussy, but they've all been men's mouths. I know a woman's soft lips and tongue could tease me and please me in a way a man's never could.

And oh, how I could eat pussy! I long to kiss and lick and stroke a woman's body until she trembles and the nectar runs freely down her silky thighs. How eagerly, yet tenderly, I would lick up every drop, until she could feel my hot breath on her throbbing clit! I would linger with my lips inches from her cunt, teasing myself as well as her, as long as I could stand it. Then, ever so softly, I would bring my lips down to meet her eager pussy. I would plant there the softest, most loving kisses imaginable. I would trace the length of her throbbing little clit, just barely touching it. Then I'd softly suck it, delighting in its smooth wetness. And then I would suck in earnest, devouring that beautiful, splendid, delicious pussy.

As my fantasies show, I want very much to love women but have no idea how to initiate this. I am very shy and could never go to a gay bar. I could never approach any of the women I know unless one of them were to show an interest in me first. This has never happened. Is there some way of contacting women with similar desires discreetly? Please help me. If I don't fulfill my fantasy soon, and have a real-life experience, I think I'll explode.—Loves Pussy

Why don't you place an ad in the personal columns of one of the more liberal magazines? I am sure you can think of some suitable wording. How about this: "My apartment is no cathouse, but I could sure do with another pussy." I'd be very interested to hear how this approach works out for you.

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IF IT FEELS GOOD

I don't think I've ever seen this problem in your column before, and some men might not consider it a problem. I'm a 35-year-old accountant, and I look like one. I am slender, wear horn-rimmed glasses, and, simply put, am not the Clint Eastwood type. My love life has not been all that exciting. I seldom dated during school, and it was not until several years afterward that my love life got going.

After I was graduated from college, I found that my organ had grown, and on a couple of occasions call girls I had engaged for the evening commented on its size. One told me that mine was the biggest one she'd ever seen. When I dated a girl I had met on an audit, she told me the same thing but I didn't take it too seriously. A lifetime of being rejected by girls has made me skeptical. That affair ended, and I began dating another girl last summer. Her name is Robyn, and she's a waitress at a local bar. We started making love on the second date. She's a beautiful brunette with a great figure and perfect legs. She's taught me a lot about sex and has also told me that I have a big cock.

Robyn especially likes to have me lie on my back while she lowers herself onto me. That way, she says, my cock gets all the way inside her. Sometimes we do it in a chair or recliner, with me sitting and Robyn on me, her legs hooked around my back. When she has the evening off, we sometimes do it three or four times a night.

A couple of months ago I was at her apartment, waiting for Robyn to come home. She called to say she'd be a few hours late, so I began passing the time with her roommate, Anne, a very good-looking blonde. She was wearing cutoffs and a T-shirt that showed off her figure. She started flirting, and after a while it got very intense. I kissed her to see what her reaction would be, and she responded passionately. To make a long story short, we made love until Robyn returned—we managed to get dressed just as she got out of the car. Robyn and I made love a couple of times that evening, and by the time we went to sleep, I was bushed.

I saw Anne a few times after that, and she told me that Robyn had bragged about me to her. She had wanted to see for herself if my cock was as big as Robyn said it was. And Anne, too, said I have the biggest cock she had ever seen.

I wasn't sure how Robyn would feel if she found out I was balling Anne, but two weeks ago Robyn told me that she and Anne had set up the whole thing. She then called Anne and invited her over. We had a very wild evening. I took turns with each one until I was exhausted. We've done a threesome once since then, and I see each of them on her day off.

I wish this had happened to me when I was younger. At 35, I wonder if I should be doing all this. I really like both of these girls, and I don't want to give them up, but I'm worried about my health. Do you know of anything I might do to safeguard my health? Is all this sex bad for me? I sleep very well after making love with one or both of these girls, and so far the trysts have not affected my work. I wonder what effect prolonged activity such as this will have.—P.R.

Sex is a healthy, natural activity. Unless your work starts slipping or you don't feel well, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. If it feels good and you feel good, do it.

By the way, if too much sex is the biggest problem you've got, you're right. You are boring.

A STAINED RELATIONSHIP

Most of your letters seem to come from younger readers, and I thought that your readers might be interested in what happened to one who is a little older. I'm 53 and have been married for 30 years. My wife and I still have a very adequate sex life, one that continues to improve over time. Until very recently I'd never thought of "cheating," but then . . .

Several months ago Julie started working in our office as a secretary. She is young, supple, and beautiful. She dresses in the modern style, wearing slit skirts that reveal tanned thighs, and I'm sure that she is braless under many of her outfits. To see her in slacks is to view what must be one of the world's most perfect asses, and one day, when she wore white slacks, I could see the crack of her ass above her bikini panties.

Back when I was young, she'd have been known, I'm sure, as a prick-tease, but today she seems to be a young woman who is comfortable with her body and not ashamed of anyone knowing it. She doesn't have occasion to come to my office very often, nor do I go by hers. However, anytime she came into my office, she would lean over my desk with the papers she was delivering and let me view her frilly bras or most of her small breasts. When she would sit to wait for a reply, she would always expose a great deal of thigh. My cock would harden instantly as I looked at her, and I'm sure that she could see the bulge in my pants, and I was always quite embarrassed.

During the past few months, when I was making love to my wife, I'd find my mind thinking about Julie and had some of my most intense orgasms when I was fantasizing about fucking Julie. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that there would ever be more than a fantasy for me, and that fantasy alone would have been more than enough.

One Saturday morning I went to the office to finish some work and heard some typing down the hall. After about an hour the security guard said hello on his rounds, and I went back to work. I turned in my chair to get some papers and saw Julie standing in the doorway to my office. She was wearing white shorts and a halter top. Her long legs looked like they would never end. She said hello, and we en-

gaged in some small talk. My prick started to harden, as she was standing in a very provocative manner. She asked me if I'd help her with something she was working on, and we headed for her office, but she went into the conference room instead. She had papers spread out all over the table and we looked at a table of figures. As I leaned down to look at the problem, Julie leaned beside me. Her breast pressed into my arm, and her thigh was rubbing mine. Despite this distraction I found the mistake and turned to explain it to her, but looking at her face, something came over me. I leaned over to kiss her. She met me halfway, and we stumbled into each other's arms.

I put my arms around her and slid my hand down to cup her ass and pull her tight against me. I slid her shorts and panties down and touched that soft, satiny skin. After I undid her halter top, she was naked, and I stepped back to just look. Julie is a brunette, but her mound was covered with a very light down. Her tits were small but firm and capped by little raspberry nipples. I was going crazy with excitement and pulled her to me, and we slid to the carpeted floor. Her tongue was moving rapierlike in my mouth, and my fingers found her slit, wet and hot, and I couldn't wait to kiss her there.

Her aroma was exotic and her taste delectable. I could have licked her pussy forever, but I sensed that Julie was ready for more. Her clit was easy to find and very sensitive to the touch of my tongue. Her hips started bouncing, and she cried out. One, two, three quick orgasms, and I couldn't wait any longer. My cock was aching and ready to explode. I started to undo my slacks and stood up to get them off. Once I got them off I knelt down, and my excitement kept growing. Julie reached down to guide my cock into her pussy. All of a sudden my cock started twitching, and I knew that I couldn't possibly hold off any longer. Come started squirting out of my cock, and I can't remember ever coming as much. Most of it ended up on Julie's belly, and she started stroking me rapidly as soon as she saw what was happening.

I was very embarrassed, but Julie's actions told me she wasn't bothered. She rolled over and started sucking my withered shaft. She really knew what she was doing and had me hard in ten minutes. (I've never made it in less than an hour on the infrequent times my wife and I made it twice). Her tongue licked my whole crotch area, and she nibbled on my balls before literally swallowing my prick. Once I was hard, Julie rolled on top of me and guided my shaft into her waiting, willing pussy. If there is sex in the hereafter, it couldn't be any better than the things that she did to me. Such a tight cunt—wonderful muscular control! I just lay there and let her fly. It was beautiful to feel the come pulled from my cock.

Julie lowered herself to my chest and whispered in my ear, "Please eat me again. You're so good!" I don't know how true it was, but it sure did wonders for my ego.

It was really enjoyable to return my attentions to her pussy. I licked her thighs and into the crack of her ass before finding her clit. I never knew a woman could have so much pleasure or that I could give that much. I didn't want to stop, but Julie finally said she didn't have enough energy to go on.

Later, when she rolled over to get her shorts, she was on her knees and her puffy slit was visible between her legs. Pictures like those in Penthouse *drive me wild. (I still get hard every time I look at certain pictures in the second* Caligula *spread.) I told her how much it turned me on and asked her if she would stay there for a minute and just let me look and then, as my cock hardened, let me put it in her again. She turned her head and smiled and spread her legs wider. Julie's cunt was even tighter this way, and the sensations were wonderful, even though I didn't come again.*

We dressed and went our separate ways for the rest of the afternoon. We've never talked about what happened between us, and Julie is still her usually flirtatious self. We do, however, exchange knowing glances each time we go into the conference room and see the stain on the carpet.—A.L.

It must have been very exciting, after all these years, to "cheat" on your wife. I imagine it was also quite an ego boost, and I have to give you both credit. Neither you nor the young lady is getting carried away with your hot sex by thinking you're madly, passionately in love with one another. Not falling in love is the best way, after all, of approaching extramarital affairs. Your wife obviously means more to you than some lightweight sex.

LET THEM EAT CAKE

I would like to tell you about an experience I had while working as a secretary for my brother-in-law, Gary. Gary is in the catering and photography business. He works mostly on weddings. He can set up an entire wedding, including cake, reception hall, entertainment, food, photographers, limos, invitations, and flowers. He will also arrange reservations and tickets for the honeymoon and set up the bachelor party. If requested, he will even supply a girl to pop out of a cake and strip or even have sex with the groom-to-be and members of the party.

Gary normally has three girls he uses for such parties, but at the particular time I'm talking about, he was working on a very large wedding for some very rich people. He had a stag party set up for the night before the wedding, but the girl who was to perform broke her leg two days before the party. One of the other girls was also in the hospital, and the third was in Europe on vacation.

Gary asked me if I knew any girls who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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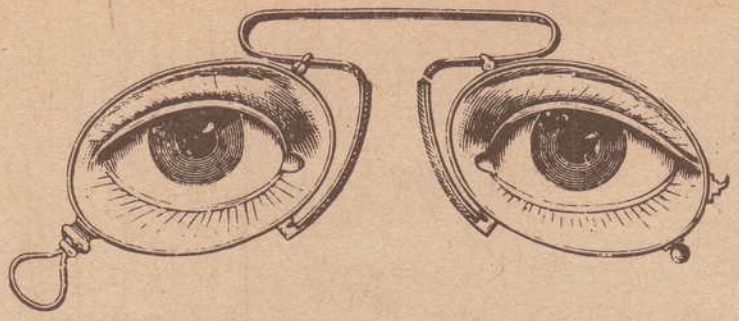


VIEW FROM THE TOP

PLAYING GOD

BY EMILY PRAGER

I find it hard to believe that it's 1981 and we are still arguing over abortion rights. Don't you? Didn't you think by 1981 some progress might have been made, a few things sorted out in the area of human relations? I did. And so it surprises me, like the fact that the Ku Klux Klan still menaces blacks surprises me. Or that there are still recruits for the American Nazi party. Not that I believe that people are good at heart or anything—oh, no, nothing so visionary. It's just that these styles and attitudes seem so old hat. The Moral Majority reminds me of 1954. Frank Sinatra's serenading Nancy Reagan on television underscored this, don't you think? I thought there'd be something new by now. It's 1981. Where's that time machine we heard so much about? Where's that matter transformer?

Take abortion, please. What I say to the Moral Majority about it is this: anyone who could murder an unborn fetus certainly shouldn't be forced to mother a child. It's only logical. And speaking of Mother Theresa, I love it when a celibate woman speaks her mind on birth control and motherhood. It's so helpful. I'm glad she takes the infants off the ash heaps in India; somebody's got to. But what about the ones she overlooks, slowly dying of starvation, filth, maggots? Wouldn't it have been better if they'd never . . . oh, nothing.

Pro-Choice versus Pro-Life is old hat, too. Pro-Choice was okay in 1972, before women's lib became a joke word. Now it seems rather weak, doesn't it? Of course, I agree with the sentiment "If I don't wish to incubate, no one should be able to force me." But this is no argument against (Organ Music) *life*. And Pro-Life is rather Dickensian, don't you think? When the average person would as soon kill you as look at you, I find it hard to believe in the sanctity of life at any cost. The human body does not believe in life at any cost. When a female goes below a certain body weight, she stops having her period. And God created ovaries. . . .

If we must rehash this issue now, in 1981, let us at least do so with some intelligence. The argument over abortion rights is one between modern science and religion and always has been. Actually, abortion is only a tiny aspect of this continuing dialectic, but of course the question of what constitutes death is always more exciting than that of life and gets far more publicity. If you don't believe me, ask Karen Anne Quinlan's parents.

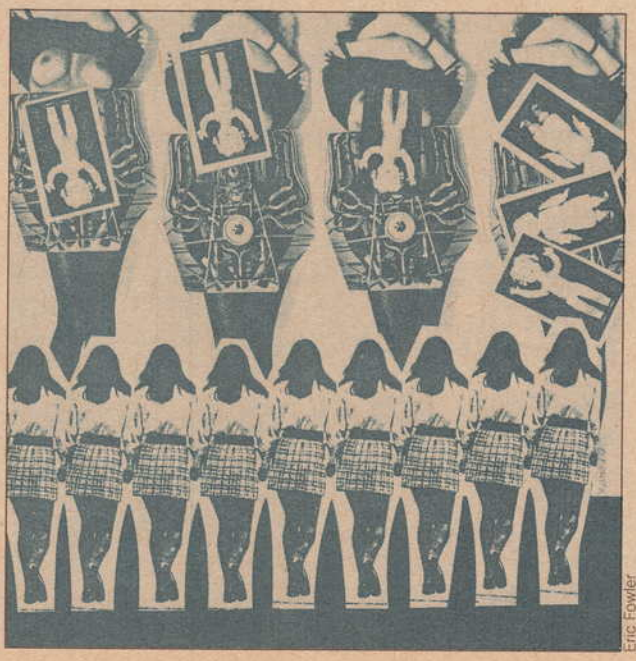
The real issue is this: do you or do you not want a cure for cancer? Because if you do, then you will have to sanction genetic engineering, fooling with DNA, and the creation of life within the laboratory solely for experimentation. Life that may be dosed with—let's say, for the sake of argument—muscular dystrophy. When you watch that telethon for muscular dystrophy, aren't you being asked to give money for research, disease research? And what is disease research? It is the creation, manipulation, and, often, destruction of cellular life within the laboratory.

Okay, let's go further. When a couple who can't have children hire a scientist to unite their sperm and egg in a test tube, is that not tampering with life? My point is this: there is no difference, evangelistically speaking, between the crimes of creating and destroying Life. The two are equally heinous. Both constitute "playing God." Beyond that, it is simply a value judgment and good press to claim that one is worse than the other.

If the Moral Majority is (Organ Music) Pro-Life, then those of us who in the early 1970s were Pro-Choice must now be Pro-*Real* Life, because we are. It is an ugly, vicious battle between the witch-hunters and the scientists, between the rich and poor, between the tight-assed and the merciful. I can't believe it's happening again.

There are many things I could rail about here. Why in 1981 are there still inadequate and dangerous birth control procedures? For years women have been told that the testing of new devices and systems by the FDA takes time. How much time? As much time as tampon testing?

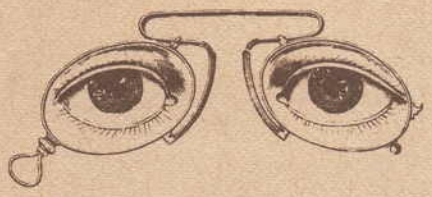
And let me put this in print once and for all: no one, not even the most hard-bitten bitch on earth, *likes* having an abortion. No one. It has never been an alternative to birth control and never will be. So why do women do it? Well, it has to do with Real Life.



Eric Fowler

Scientists now know that there is, in fact, a correlation between a child's environment and his emotional development. So it is the most moronic of arguments in this day and age to insist that a woman must care more about a wad of cellular tissue in her womb than she does about the effect on a fully developed human being of the environment and nurturing she can offer him/her. It is also ridiculous to believe that in 1981 a mother, any mother, can have that much effect on a child. In Salem, Mass., in 1632, she could, definitely. But nowadays there is simply a lot of other input besides mother love available to any child.

Abortion is women's Prohibition, and making it illegal after nine years of legality is a stupid and volatile thing to do. When men decided liquor would be legal, the temperance people—yes, oddly enough, the same conservatives who are



now trying to outlaw abortion—passed the amendment against it. What happened? Anarchy. And why? Because men felt it was their God-given right to have a cocktail in the evening after working all day to support their families.

Well, it is 1981, the year of Real Life, the modern world, and in this world of interferon, outer-space exploration, and the computer bar, women have the right not to incubate. As equal participants in the modern world, they have earned this right. And if this freedom is taken away, as with Prohibition, you will see a lot of women—women who didn't even know they cared about abortion but who always kept it at the back of their minds, just in case they were up against the wall—suddenly get militant. As liquor is primarily a man's freedom, so abortion is a woman's freedom. And, sadly, perhaps, it must be taken away before we fully understand how important it truly is.

In closing, let me reiterate: the issue is between modern science and religion. Do not let the Moral Majority cloud the issue with their cleanliness-fetish politics. When you play God, you go to hell; everybody knows that. But modern life is not ruled by religion. How can it be? How many things do you do every day that are grounds for going to hell? It is 1981. I cannot deny, nor do I wish to, that abortion is the destruction of cellular life within the womb. It is. But I can say with complete security that, in 1981, human beings are no longer a form of wealth to be bandied about, like draft animals, according to the strength of their backs. In modern American society, our care should be for the health and security of the individual personality and not for existence per se. I call this progress and a triumph over ignorance.

A law can force women to have children, but a law cannot force women to want to have children. And it is the rage and hopelessness of the unwanted and the unloved, the abandoned and the abused, that have convinced me that some kinds of life on this planet are worse than no life at all.

SCENES

THE BARBARIAN SYNDROME

Scaly-skinned, fire-breathing dragons, their heaving lungs rasping loudly enough to make you shiver, dine on filet of nubile virgin. Aged sorcerers in pointed hats conjure up horrible armies of the living dead. Beardless boys use enchanted weapons to combat obscenely macho adversaries. Knights in shining armor joust for honor, fame, and the love of fair maidens. The sword-and-sorcery film trend is upon us, backed by over $300 million worth of actors, elaborate costumes, extravagant sets, and special effects designed to convert even the most unimaginative moviegoer into a fantasy fanatic.

Taking their inspiration from such diverse sources as *Star Wars*, J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, the Arthurian legends, the Greek myths, the films of Walt Disney, and *Heavy Metal* magazine, these pictures weave tales of mystery, magic, adventure, and romance, abetted by the high-powered special effects and technological know-how of the 1980s. The result, movie companies hope, will be a trend to outearn and outlive the outer-space "hardware films" that followed *Star Wars*.

Already released are *Excalibur*, *Knightriders*, *Heavy Metal*, *Clash of the Titans*, *The Last Unicorn*, and television's *Fugitive from the Empire*, but this spate of films was just the first wave to hit the theaters. Another group of sword-and-sorcery epics is in production: *Conan*, *Krull*, *Sword of the Sorcerers*, *The Sword*, *The Dark Crystal*, and *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. And if they are successful, more are sure to follow.

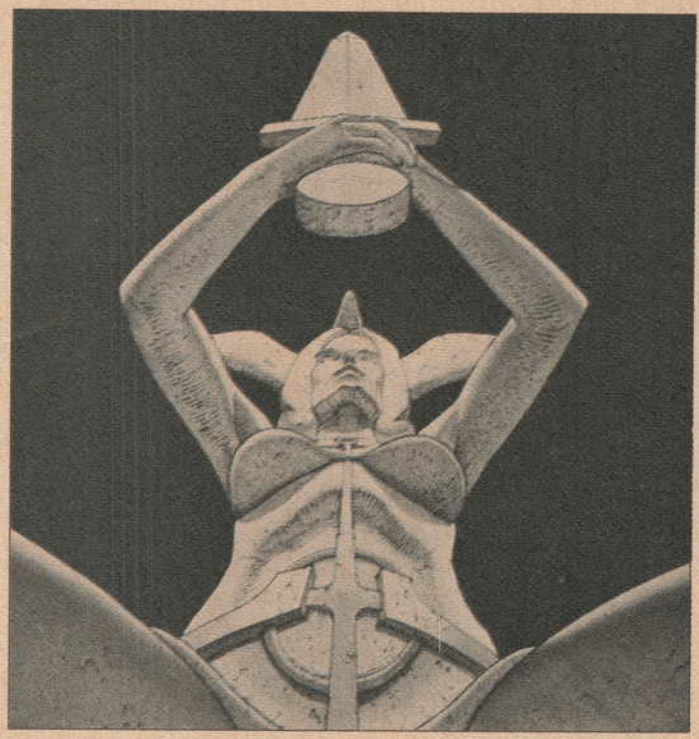
Film trends are infectious in Hollywood. If one movie company makes a certain type of picture that turns a healthy profit, the others will copy that success with similar projects of their own. This was the case in 1977, when *Star Wars* launched a science-fiction boom that spawned over a hundred pictures, ranging from the good (*Alien*, *The Empire Strikes Back*) to the execrable (*Saturn 3*, *Message from Space*).

But the Hollywood establishment only pounced on the most obvious elements of *Star Wars* for further exploitation: the special effects and robots, the pseudo-scientific technology that was lying on the surface. Missed entirely were its delightful sense of humor, its believable characters, and, above all, its almost medieval story line of a boy's quest for justice, with its numerous similarities to the legends surrounding King Arthur.

What the movie companies overlooked, however, was appreciated by a number of filmmakers whose own love for fantasy led them to the conclusion that the time was finally right to sell projects that some of them had been trying to get produced for years.

"I had wanted to do *Lord of the Rings* since the mid-sixties," says animator Ralph Bakshi, who made a successful cartoon version of it in 1978. "When I first tried to convince people to do Tolkien's trilogy, nobody thought it would make any money. The studios just didn't know what sword-and-sorcery was. And if you're not into sword-and-sorcery, it's hard to define at a meeting. So, out of frustration at not being able to do *Lord of the Rings*, I did a simple little sword-and-sorcery film called *Wizards* [released in February 1977,

Clash of the Titans *with Harry Hamlin: heroic myths and legends.*



Heavy Metal: *sword-and-sorcery for the fantasy audience.*

four months before *Star Wars*]. I kept it simple, because audiences had to be brought along, had to be allowed to catch up to the genre, just the way it's taken Hollywood a long time to do it. *Wizards* was an introduction to the genre, and it did very well at first. It would have done better if Mr. Lucas hadn't decided to release his film."

Sword-and-sorcery was forgotten until Bakshi returned in late 1978 with his animated version of *Lord of the Rings*, but because there were no follow-ups to that either, the genre lay dormant for another two and a half years.

Director John Boorman, whose *Excalibur* became one of the few commercial hits of the past spring, was one of the first to see the trend coming. "A case can be made that *Star Wars* was, in fact, a sword-and-sorcery picture," he says, "but I don't know that the movie studios would agree. I certainly feel that the pictures being made in this fantasy cycle are more accurate reflections of the true meaning of George Lucas's film, because it was firmly rooted in mythic archetype. How far that was a conscious decision is hard to say, but the real strength of it lay in its roots." According to Boorman, Luke Skywalker can be seen as a King Arthur figure, Princess Leia as Guinevere, Han Solo as Lancelot, and Obi Wan Kenobi as Merlin.

Whether this was apparent to anyone else is questionable, but while the science-fiction trend had started with the success of *Star Wars*, there were no precedents other than the Bakshi pictures for the sword-and-scorcery films. Though the Bakshi movies were popular, none was close to being as successful as one would expect a trend-starting film to be. "It was a studio-designed push," says Verna Fields, Oscar-winning editor of *Jaws* and now a vice-president at Universal. "I don't know where this trend came from, other than the search for something connected in some way to the magic of *Star Wars*. Obviously that was enough, however."

Ray Harryhausen, the master of stop-motion special effects, whose fantasy films (*Jason and the Argonauts*, *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*, *Mighty Joe Young*) have proven successful through several generations of filmmakers and audiences, believes the new wave of sword-and-sorcery pictures will prove successful because of their positive point of view toward life. "In times of stress such as this, people like to turn to imaginary things, like the heroes of the past. The antihero reigned for a number of years, but audiences are fed up with his beating up women and taking lollipops away from children. The heroic myths and legends have lasted for two thousand years. There must be a reason."

In Harryhausen's *Clash of the Titans*, based on the myth of Perseus, heroes, heroines, and villains behave as they are expected to. For a 1981 film audience—which wants heroes desperately, whether real, like the pilots of the space shuttle, or imaginary, like the hostages returned from Iran—the sword-and-sorcery film offers an easily identifiable set of characters with clearly defined motives. Like the films about knights in shining armor made in the 1950s, the new trend offers hope, justice, and easy answers to otherwise complex issues.

"A lot of filmmakers are remaking the movies they saw as kids," says John Carpenter, director of *Halloween*, *Escape from New York*, and the upcoming remake of *The Thing*. "We were happy seeing those films and want to convey that same feeling to the audience today."

"It's the same thing with me," said George Romero, director of *Night of the Living Dead* and—his entry into the sword-and-sorcery field—*Knightriders*. "I was weaned on movies like *Ivanhoe* and *Prince Valiant*, so *Knightriders* was a throwback to them. But it also came out of what I was reading and observing about how many people were getting into the Dungeons and Dragons type of game, longing for the vicarious life-style of bygone days."

A recent phenomenon and a pastime practiced mostly by teenagers and college students, Dungeons and Dragons is a complex game in which each player assumes the identity of a fictitious character, such as a wizard, a warrior, an elf, or a dwarf. He is granted a certain number of human and superhuman traits and abilities, such as fighting strength or the power to cast spells, and competes with the other players in moving through a fantasy world, questing for a set goal.

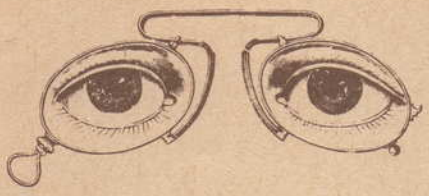
"Every town has a fantasy book store, and the major cities have a number of them," says Joe Medjuck, associate producer on *Heavy Metal*. "There are science-fiction fans, Tolkien fans, fantasy fans, and of course the Dungeons and Dragons players, who are multiplying like rabbits. That's a well-informed fantasy audience, and they've been waiting for films like these for years."

But what may turn some people off to the sword-and-sorcery movies has been their lack of humor. Tom Wilhite, vice-president for creative affairs at the Disney studio, agrees. "Because filmmakers have gone with the hard-core feel

Nicol Williamson in Excalibur.

of epic drama and mythology of the past, they've lost some of the fun that made *Cinderella*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice' sequence in *Fantasia* enjoyable. Some moviemakers forget that even imaginary characters have a sense of humor. Happily, that didn't happen with *Dragonslayer*."

"I know our film's being included in this sword-and-sorcery trend,"

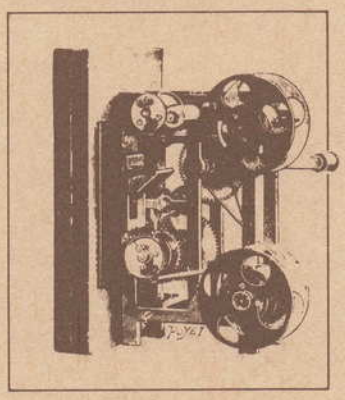


said *Dragonslayer* producer and cowriter Hal Barwood, "but our picture leans a lot more towards the sorcery than the sword. It doesn't have any knights. *Dragonslayer* doesn't have any courtly love, and it doesn't have any damsels in distress. The essence of that field is *Conan*, where heroism is the quintessential characteristic of the story. He does by force of arms what he can't do by other means, using his sword to solve his problems. Basically, we've got a lot of people with their knees knocking together, scared to death of a dragon."

Grouping any assortment of pictures into a neat cubbyhole is relatively simple if they have certain elements in common, and with the sword-and-sorcery phenomenon it is easy to do so. Practically every film is set in the time between the fall of Rome and the Renaissance, a period most audiences view as "the Middle Ages," regardless of other considerations. In addition, sorcery plays an important part in most of the films, as do honor, action, adventure, and religion.

"Sword-and-sorcery is here to stay," says Ralph Bakshi, "though the film business may take a beating in educating the audience as to what it is." "I don't think the cycle will last," says Disney's Wilhite, "because whenever you get into something new, there are too many bad versions. It doesn't take long before low-budget, poorly made pictures turn the audience off to a type of film, as happened with science fiction." "I hope the current crop of films hasn't missed the boat," Romero says. "Unless they're fun, adventurous, filled with the good humor and mystical elements that made *Star Wars* great, they'll wind up as fond memories for the people who made them and little else." "I think there's a hunger for this kind of film," insists *Heavy Metal*'s Medjuck. "There's more of an audience than any film executive can imagine. And if this film, or the next, or even the next, doesn't tap into it properly, there'll eventually be a *Star Wars* of sword-and-sorcery that'll come along. It's only a matter of time."—*James Delson*

FILMS



OUTER SPACES

I can't pinpoint the exact moment when the taut drama behind ***Outland*** begins looking soft and silly. Maybe it comes when the camera starts noticing so many electronic signs counting down the hours, minutes, seconds, to the arrival of the weekly space shuttle at the titanium-mining station on Io, one of the moons of Jupiter. That's when the parallels between Peter Hyams's science-fiction *Outland* and Fred Zinnemann's 1952 "adult" western, *High Noon*, become too numerous to ignore. And that's when this enterprising imitation, which is generally more interesting than its original, begins to resemble the mechanical working out of a plot. The shuttle, you see, carries a pair of hired guns sent to eliminate Marshall Bill O'Neil, the only fearless, uncorruptible lawman left on Io. And by the time they arrive, even the entrance to the company cafeteria has taken on the aspect of swinging saloon doors, while the harsh light striking O'Neil's shoes looks for all the world like the rays of the desert sun just before noon.

There may be some higher reason for this, though I doubt it. More likely it's a series of lower temptations. The parallels at best feed nothing but their own continuance. At worst, when they've established their authority in our minds, they tend to drain attention from everything else.

Io really isn't your traditional old mining town. It's really a space station sustaining life at one-sixth Earth's gravity, and a break in any pressure seal explodes people into messy globs of flesh and blood. This is how most of the folks on Io have been dying recently, in large numbers: suicides without apparent reason and definitely without the autopsies that would reveal the powerful drug in their bodies, a stimulant that increases a worker's productivity until it drives him crazy. The mine boss, Sheppard (Peter Boyle), has been smuggling the stuff in, earning bonuses for his foremen, winning friends, leaving O'Neil with no support except from the woman good, offbeat science-fiction movie, *Capricorn One*, and who here, so long as he is able, balances technology with melodrama to achieve a very nice degree of heart-pounding tension. In his hands the various dials, gadgets, television monitors, and computer terminals on Io seem actually to perform functions. He presents his quite considerable gore without either too much relish or too many tricky evasions—though the sight of a dead man's blood silently dripping *upward* in that weightless space promotes a certain thrill. His outer space is a complex environment that is strange and yet powerfully familiar. So the film's first big climax, O'Neil's pursuit of the drug-pusher Spota (Marc Boyle) through dormitories, down corridors, ending in the company kitchen in front of the mashed-potato machine, is in one sense a very good realization of the usual running chase. But in another sense it seems to belong nowhere in this world. With its eerie succession of echoing sounds, the chase feels like a new sensory discovery rather than a revitalized old cliché. That's the sort of thing *Outland* is full of, until it flattens under the weight of *High Noon*.

Outland with Sean Connery: a futureworld western.

Lazarus (Frances Sternhagen). She isn't the love interest. In terms of this futureworld western, she's the drunk but dedicated town doctor.

As a fairly sophisticated, serious parody at just that level, *Outland* works very well. Tough-talking and funny Frances Sternhagen helps. She plays especially well with Sean Connery as O'Neil, an actor with whom everyone plays well because he manages so handsomely to understate both the more obtrusive conventions of his role and his own commanding presence. He has been humanizing outsized roles ever since his days in the early James Bond films. In *Outland* he fits in with the approach of his director Peter Hyams, who previously made a

The title ***S.O.B.*** stands for "Standard Operational Bullshit," and if that revelation bothers you, as it does me, for being at once too in-

S.O.B.: *a savage revenge that's not savage enough.*

sistent and insufficiently precise, you'll have some clue about what keeps going wrong with Blake Edwards's new movie. After his success with the hilarious and graceful *"10,"* this is Edwards's savage revenge on Hollywood. It fails, partly, from not being savage enough.

Four aging good guys stand at its center. They are veteran director Tim Culley (William Holden), veteran agent Ben Cogen (Robert Webber), Irving Finegarten (Robert Preston), veteran physician to the stars, and Felix Farmer (Richard Mulligan), a filmmaker whose latest musical extravaganza, *Night Wind*, has disastrously bombed. With a lot of hoopla along the way, *S.O.B.* is essentially the story of Felix's death and his gallant friends' despair. Despite the fact that it is filled with—largely slapstick—comedy, it offers no hope at all.

It doesn't offer many laughs either, a more nagging problem. On paper, I like the film's premise: the idea of tricking the vultures who run the studio and reshooting *Night Wind* as an erotic fantasy starring Felix's actress wife (Julie Andrews). But I don't much like the way it works out in practice.

Blake Edwards has a long and rather lovely screen relationship with his wife, Miss Andrews, going back through *"10"* to *The Tamarind Seed* to *Darling Lili*, and of course her squeaky-clean star image is remembered still. But to make "Julie Andrews undresses" the centerpiece of a Hollywood satire at this stage of her life and her career seems a miscalculation, especially since she plays her great, revealing production number with the unyielding dignity of a rich and beautiful matron having to audition for Joan of Arc in a see-through nightie.

Almost everyone else plays as if no line in the script could bear delivering and no stage direction could survive without hamming. As a result, half the film sounds thrown away and the other half looks pummeled into frantically unfunny exaggeration. Richard Mulligan is the worst offender, stressing lunatic mugging rather than the sense of a good man gone sour. But nobody else sustains a mood either, and so there isn't any mood, and there isn't any of the feeling for a rational center that satire needs as its point of departure.

You keep looking to the relatively serious people—Robert Vaughn as the principal studio heavy, Julie Andrews when she's not undressing on camera, and especially the unflappable William Holden. But there isn't enough of them, or for them, and *S.O.B.* fizzles out in this trail of lightweight performances. None of the principals is a comedian—and going back just one Blake Edwards movie, how I miss Dudley Moore, or Dudley Moore's dentist, or the little old lady who serves the tea in *"10"!*

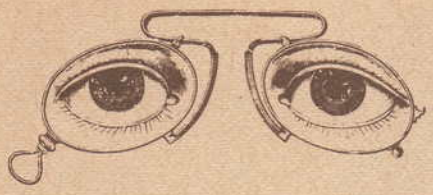
The feature-film career of the Swiss director Alain Tanner spans not much more than a decade, but some have already classed him a has-been, with word of mouth citing his latest movie, ***Messidor,*** as evidence. Well, after some delay, *Messidor* finally has opened, and word of mouth turns out once again to be wrong. It may even be Tanner's best film—though best only in the very specialized context of an artist whose theme seems always the same, no matter what the story he's telling.

Messidor has two heroines and no heroes. A middle-class and a working-class young woman (Clémintine Amouroux and Catherine Rétoré) individually decide to drop out from their settled lives and take off on their own. Early on they meet and join forces, and when one decides not to return to her mother's house, they enter a life of aimless wandering. When they run out of money, they steal a gun and begin a series of amateur holdups—for food—that make them minor celebrities on local television. Without papers, they can't cross the border. And so they encounter the curious problem of trying to run away inside Switzerland, where no matter how far you go it isn't very far and where you are always stumbling onto a highway that takes you home.

Alain Tanner's Messidor: *the problem with Switzerland.*

The girls share a usual run of adventures—near-rape, some friendship, a period of homoeroticism, and much lousy middle-aged advice. But the point isn't their adventures; it's their alienation. This is a point that Tanner has been making, often with disaffected heroines (*La Salamandre*, 1972; the beautiful *The Middle of the World*, 1974), in film after film. There are political implications suggesting that a sterile society produces its particular outcasts, who can hardly choose between staying or leaving, acquiescing to monotony or privately rebelling with no particular end in view. The girls in *Messidor* end by feeling nothing except their hunger and the ridiculousness of the world around them, on the streets, in cafés, where everyone else goes about his business.

I don't buy what I know of Alain Tanner's politics, a form of intellectual Marxism. But I'm fascinated by his vision, which is elegiac rather than militant, and by the spare, clear, deliberate way he constructs his films. *Messidor* protests the traditional virtues of Switzerland. But it would be unthinkable without those virtues: the economy, the prosperity, the prettiness, the sense of order. The film's limitations are the source of its strength. A poetry of small gestures grows larger in a world where nothing really disappears and where escape is only a way of discovering a different relation to the whole.—*Roger Greenspun*



WORDS

AMERICAN ORIGINALS

America used to be modest about its madmen. But not any longer. In recent years America's eccentrics have become much more flamboyant at flaunting their crimes, obsessions, and perversions. And as a further sign of the changing times, America's journalists have become more adept at marketing their colorful escapades for retail consumption.

This season alone, enough biographies on American originals have appeared in print to constitute a separate subgenre of the publishing industry. Maybe we're not actually sinning with any more style, but today's sinners are certainly getting the best press of their careers.

For all of Lynn Haney's obvious respect and admiration for Josephine Baker, her biography of the Nefertiti of the Jazz Age, ***Naked at the Feast*** (Dodd, Mead), reveals a genuine looney-tune. Much as Haney labors to discover the legitimate performing talent beneath her wild on- and off-stage antics, La Bakaire comes across as a ferociously ambitious no-talent who was shrewd enough to package her exotic looks and gaudy tastes into a passable substitute for talent. The dancer's flashy love affairs (which were rumored to have extended to the likes of Mussolini, Perón, Castro, and Tito), publicity tricks (walking wild animals up the Champs Elysées always stopped the natives in their tracks), and raging megalomaniac life-style (her fifteenth-century French castle was her dream of creating "a village of the world") are all vividly chronicled in this overly admiring but smartly written biography.

There was plenty of extravagance, too, in the lives of the celebrated Barrymore acting family, but James Kotsilibas-Davis's sober portrait ***The Barrymores*** (Crown) puts it in proper perspective. Davis does full justice to the careers of elegant Ethel and old warhorse Lionel, as well as to the history of the young film industry they helped launch. But his prose rises to its full height when he gets to the raffish Jack, whose abuse of his great talent was once likened to the act of a Roman emperor at an orgy, "casting golden plates into the river." Beloved for the very curse that ruined him—his boozy elegance, extravagant tastes, and flamboyant temper—John Barrymore remains an unsettling reminder of the self-destructiveness behind so much celebrity eccentricity.

Musicians are the only serious rivals to actors in the celebrity-crazies sweepstakes. (Dancers and athletes seem to break or mutilate vital performing parts when they cut up). Hank Williams, country music's first superstar, is revealed in Chet Flippo's ***Your Cheatin' Heart*** (Simon & Schuster) to have been a worthy model for today's music-star burnouts. According to Flippo (who'd better use a good cover when he visits Nashville), the legendary divinity of country-music folklore was actually a primitive oaf who read nothing but comic books and bought many of his best "original" songs from ghostwriters. A gun nut and a notorious womanizer, Hank Williams became an alcoholic in his teens and checked out a drug addict at age 29.

Marge Crumbaker and Gabe Tucker's ***Up and Down with Elvis Presley*** (Putnam) just might send the star's fans into the honky-tonks to get drunk and forget the whole thing. Aside from its barely discussing the man's music, this purported "insider's account" by publicist Tucker trashes Elvis in a manner that is both unfair and ugly. Without allowing any accredited voices in the rock-music field

Wide World Photos

Hank Williams: star burnout.

to argue Elvis's defense, the authors present a one-sided picture of him as the puppet-creation of his powerful manager, Tom ("Colonel") Parker, here glorified as a bona fide genius and a mighty nice guy beneath his ghoulish exterior. Whenever they can tear their eyes away from the dazzling Colonel and focus on Elvis, the authors present him in a devastating light: violent, dumb, crude, egotistical, petty, infantile, and cruel. A couple of chapters of this bilge and it's back to the honky-tonks for sure.

Kathy Cronkite's ***On the Edge of the Spotlight*** (Morrow), on the other hand, will send you screaming into the milk bars. The terribly earnest daughter of Walter Cronkite interviewed 26 children of celebrities for her nonbook, asking them how they felt about their parents and about their own upbringing. Not surprising, the results are very positive and supportive. (Too bad she didn't get to Scott Newman before he overdosed.) Most of these celebrity offspring speak more of and seem to admire more their famous parent than their "civilian" parent. And, like John Drew Barrymore, some of them appear wistfully attracted to the romantic vices and sinful excesses of their

The Bettmann Archive

Roman emperor at an orgy: John Barrymore as Hamlet on Broadway.

famous relatives, even as they condemn such crazy overindulgences for their wholesome selves.

Judging from two recent books, ***Texas Rich*** (W. W. Norton) and ***The Tycoons*** (Simon & Schuster), a similar diminishment seems to have taken place between the early, colorful captains of industry and their contemporary counterparts. *Texas Rich*, a meticulously researched and gossipy biography by Harry Hurt III, chronicles the saga of oil billionaire H. L. Hunt. A gen-u-ine American original, Hunt began his career as a professional poker player, struck it rich in the 1920s as an oil wildcatter, and went on to amass his huge fortune by combining his shrewd business sense with his gambler's instinct. Hunt's reactionary political dealings are almost as legendary as his fire-breathing business tactics, but neither is as bizarre as his private life. The old dog bigamously sired three separate families, who fought for control of Daddy's vast fortune in true "Dallas" style when Hunt passed on at 85.

By way of contrast, the business executives adulated by Arthur M. Louis in *The Tycoons* are cellophane-wrapped white bread. Although David Mahoney, the money-mad head of Norton Simon, Inc., sounds vaguely interesting, most of those modern-day tycoons appear to be mechanical marvels. In their off-time these guys play golf, go sailing with their families, and do charity work. If they rape, plunder, and pillage in the style of their professional ancestors, they sure do it quietly.

While not obviously congenital, then, oddity is also not confined to the high and the mighty. Given the proper nurturing, the most unexceptional wimps can blossom into true weirdness. Butch DeFeo was an anonymous punk until, at age 23, he up and murdered six members of his family in a pre-dawn bloodbath. Already sensationalized in *The Amityville Horror* (and the subsequent movie), the suburban tragedy has been given a more stolid treatment in ***High Hopes*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), by Harvey Aronson and Gerard Sullivan. For all its grinding procedural detail, the book turns out not to be the expected study of a pyschotic personality, or even a quasi mystery, but rather a shameless, blow-your-own-horn testimonial record of the prosecuting attorney's case of a lifetime. In the bald statement of coauthor Sullivan (said prosecuting attorney): "I wanted to prosecute the man who had blasted away six lives. I wanted a piece of that case." You've got it, mister.

Shock is too tame a word for the horror of the Jonestown massacre, although "crazy" does seem to be exactly right for the infamous Jim Jones, the subject of a flock of current books. The best of the lot is James Reston, Jr.'s ***Our Father Who Art in Hell*** (Times Books), which makes a sincere effort to analyze the spacy philosophy and psychosexual influence that gave Jones such deitylike power that

Wide World Photos

H. L. Hunt: wild in Texas.

913 people obeyed his command to kill themselves for his fanatical cause. Although not in Reston's league, Ethan Feinsod's ***Awake in a Nightmare*** (Norton) offers eyewitness testimony from a Jonestown survivor that can't be beat for its on-the-spot immediacy.

Curious thing about craziness: when it doesn't intrude upon the wits and well-being of other people even the most bizarre behavior is either romanticized for its dramatic value or dismissed as harmless. Roger Bruns's ***Knights of the Road*** (Methuen), for example, is a typically romanticized "hobo history" of homeless men. Citing the rebellious individualism of such legendary hoboes as Frisco Jack, Sparky Smith, and Steam Train Maury Graham, Bruns makes the compelling case that what appears to be impoverished rootlessness is actually fierce independence.

Ann Marie Rousseau makes a game attempt to discredit this colorful myth with ***Shopping Bag Ladies*** (Pilgrim Press), a bleak collection of photographs of homeless women. Between the grim pictorials and the often incoherent interviews with their pathetic subjects, Rousseau throws some icy water on the notion that those ragged bundles of humanity crawling along city streets are really socially chic and amusing critics of the urban culture.

And then there's the genre of American Crazy that *does* fight for the right to dig its own grave. Kim Chapin practically salivates with fearful admiration over one such subcultural group in ***Fast As White Lightning*** (Dial Press). An account of the history and heroes of southern stockcar racing (that begins ominously with the funeral of Tiny Lund), this offbeat chronicle of craziness on wheels captures the terrifying romance of America's peculiar infatuation with cars and speed and killing ourselves. Such folk-heroes as Pops Turner and Fireball Roberts are fascinating and their jargon is as colorful as a rainbow over the southern mountains, where many racers began their careers running whiskey. Far from denying the danger of their breakneck sport, the drivers embrace it in their typically rough fashion. In the immortal words of Pete Hamilton, "Putting your balls on the table—that's what racing's all about, isn't it?"

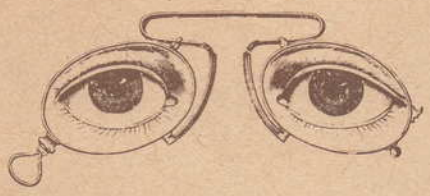
By comparison, California's professional wackiness seems pallid but fun. ***California Crazy*** (Chronicle Books), by Jim Heimann and Rip Georges, captures the delightful dizziness of ego run rampant with its priceless shots of such wacky "vernacular architecture" as Aztec-styled hotels, chili-bowl eateries, and cafés shaped like dogs. Only—thank God—in America.—*Marilyn Stasio*

SOUNDS

NEVILLES OF NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans's streets are alive with a funky, loping rhythm that's partly Latin, partly dixieland syncopation, and 100 percent soul. In some of the black neighborhoods you sometimes hear men drumming on empty wastebaskets, using chair legs for sticks, or groups of men beating tambourines, combs on Coke bottles, or anything else that's handy. In the clubs the funk and disco bands play a refined version of these street rhythms that sounds almost Afro-Cuban, and in fact New Orleans is as close as mainland America gets to the culture of a still heavily African Caribbean island. With its narrow streets, elaborate iron grillwork, and interior courtyards, all legacies of the French and Spanish regimes, New Orleans even looks like a Caribbean capital. You turn a corner, hear distant drumming, and for a moment you could swear you're in downtown Havana.

The ***Neville Brothers*** grew up in the New Orleans streets and have spent most of their lives playing in the city's nightclubs. They learned the street's rhythms firsthand from their uncle, George Landry, a masterful percussionist who was also leader of one of the city's black Mardi Gras societies. They helped create the music that's heard in New Orleans's nightclubs today. Art, who at 43 is the oldest of the four Nevilles, made his first record in 1954 as a member of a teenage band, the Hawketts. It was called "Mardi



Syndey Byrd

The Neville Brothers: superior pop and pure New Orleans voodoo.

Gras Mambo," and it still sells briskly around New Orleans at carnival time. Later, in the 1960s and early 1970s, he was a founder, guiding force, and keyboard player for the Meters—the celebrated New Orleans band that made a number of successful albums—recorded behind Dr. John and other New Orleans artists, and toured Europe and America with the Rolling Stones.

Aaron Neville, who is 40, is an intense, brooding mystic who may well possess the finest male voice in contemporary popular music. His earliest records, made for the local Minit label at the beginning of the 1960s, are prized by collectors, but it wasn't until the end of that decade that he tasted pop success with an indelible soul ballad, "Tell It like It Is." You can still hear the record, a perennial favorite, on juke boxes all over America. More recently, Aaron sang the theme song to *Heartbeat*, the film biography of Beat novelist Jack Kerouac.

Art and Aaron have one thing in common besides being brothers: they have seen very little money during all their years in music. Aaron was working as a longshoreman to support his family when "Tell It like It Is" was topping the charts, and the Meters never scored the one really big hit that would have enabled Art to ensure security for his brood. He says that to this day he has not received a penny in royalties from the Hawkettes' "Mardi Gras Mambo."

During the sixties and seventies, while Art and Aaron Neville were experiencing hard times at home, their younger brother Charles was traveling: first as a backup musician for B. B. King, Bobby "Blue" Bland, and other bluesmen; then as an instructor at Goddard College in Vermont: and then as a modern-jazz saxophonist in New York. By the time Charles had returned to New Orleans, in 1977, the youngest Neville brother, Cyril, who is now 32, was working with his older siblings as a songwriter, arranger, singer, and percussionist. The four brothers decided it was time to pool their talents and sink or swim together. Art left the Meters, and they formed the Neville Brothers Band.

Locally, the group immediately built a fanatically loyal following with a remarkable repertoire that ranged from fifties-style doo-wop to chants adapted from street music to modern funk to Aaron's timeless ballad singing. They were the great hope of New Orleans music, the one contemporary band with enough talent and sheer determination to help restore the city's dimmed musical luster—for part of the Nevilles's "problem" all along had been their loyalty to the tricky rhythms and rich local dialect of their native city. New Orleans music had been wildly popular in the fifties and early sixties, when Fats Domino, Little Richard, and many other rock-'n'-roll stars recorded there, using New Orleans backup bands. Later, in the mid-sixties, soul singers like Ernie K-Doe ("Mother-In-Law") and Chris Kenner ("Land of 1000 Dances") had enjoyed locally recorded hits under the tutelage of the city's masterful young record producer Allen Toussaint. But by the beginning of the seventies, very few records were being made in New Orleans; even Toussaint's hit records were few and far between.

The Neville Brothers went to Los Angeles to record their first album in 1978. It was a disaster. In an attempt to find commercial success they allowed producer Jack Nitzsche to homogenize their sound, and the result pleased almost nobody. But the Nevilles are made of strong stuff. "We've survived," Art says simply, "and things are finally coming together for us."

Last year, Grammy-winning producer Joel Dorn approached the brothers about making an album. Around the same time, Bette Midler paid a visit to New Orleans, was taken to see the Neville Brothers at a funky local club, heard Aaron glide into falsetto and croon like an angel as only he can, and literally fell off her barstool in amazement. Dorn and Midler both called A&M records about the brothers, and last January they began recording their second album, which the company recently released as "Fiyo on the Bayou." This time the Nevilles didn't miss. With the sympathetic Dorn, a lifelong fan of their music, shepherding the project along and the brilliant New Orleans arranger Wardell Quezerque (pronounced "kuh—ZERK") contributing horn and string parts, the brothers and their crack New Orleans backup musicians made an album that's superior pop, accessible dance music, irresistible funk, and pure New Orleans voodoo.

Everything the Nevilles do is represented on the record. The fifties doo-wop standard "The Ten Commandments of Love" gets an affectionate, idiomatic treatment. The brothers revive the Meters classic "Fire on the Bayou" and actually improve on the original. They turn the street chants taught them by their uncle into a vibrant carnival celebration. But Aaron contributes the LP's most heart-stopping moment, an utterly romantic version of the standard "Mona Lisa" that's captivating enough to rival Nat ("King") Cole's original hit.

Early last summer the Nevilles performed in New Orleans with a full horn section, extra rhythm players, and Leo Nocentelli, the incendiary guitarist from the Meters. The show was a nonstop triumph, and it would have won over an arenaful of fans as easily as it captivated the smaller crowd that packed the downtown theater on two consecutive nights. The evidence is in: the Neville Brothers, older, wiser, and better than ever, are ready for the big time. And no matter what commercial fate awaits "Fiyo on the Bayou," the album has at least recaptured some of the indomitable spirit that originally made New Orleans music great.—*Robert Palmer*

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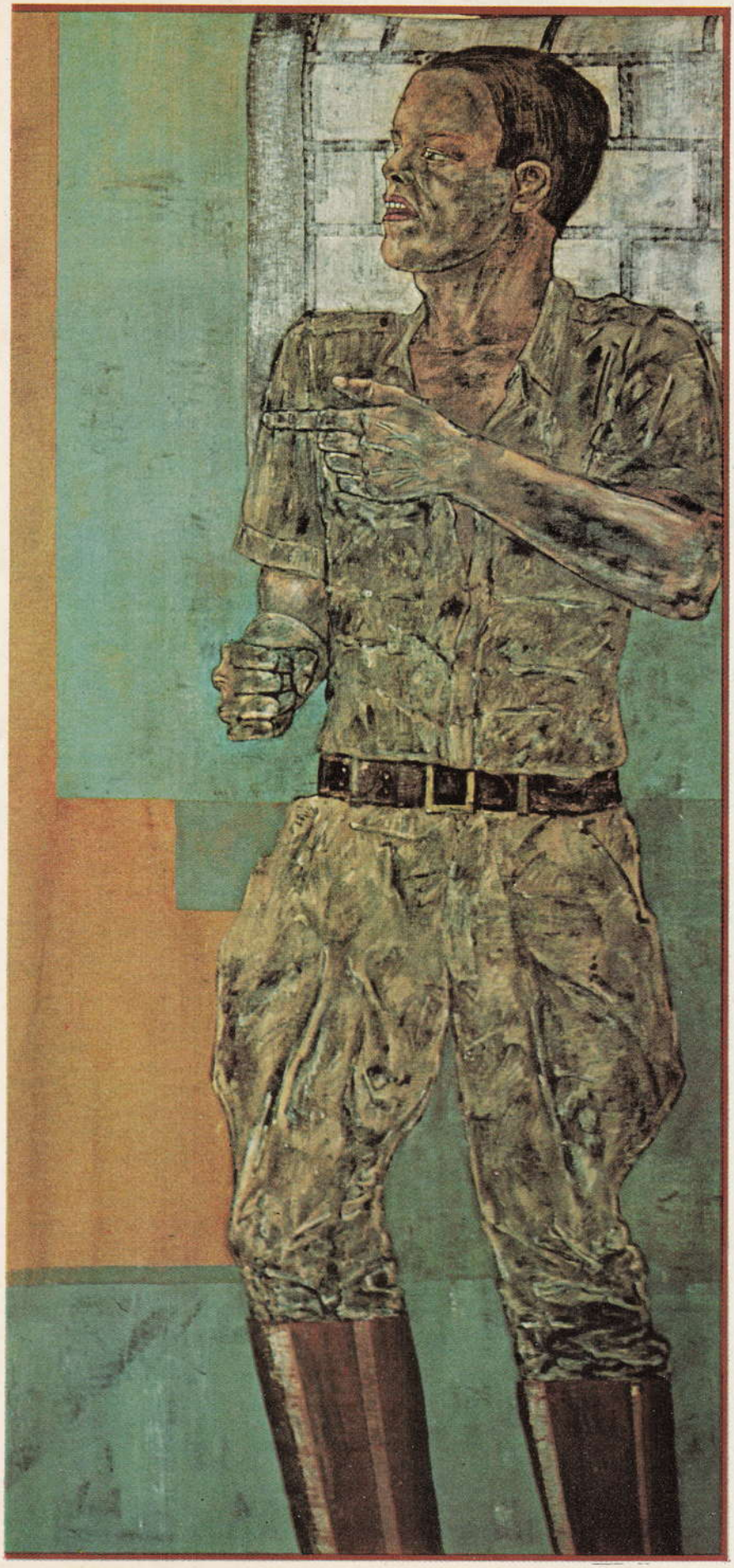

The incredibly brutal dictatorship of Guatemala is systematically murdering anyone who dares oppose its power. This shocking on-the-scene report describes the terror and atrocities committed by a government that the Reagan administration is determined to support.

LATIN AMERICA HOLOCAUST

BY J. MICHAEL LUHAN

We are the great majority
Who want to live and work in peace.
Let us unite with Guatemala and work for peace . . .
—Paid media announcement of the Guatemalan presidency

The gay little jingle seemed to blare from tinny AM radios in every house I passed as I made my way earlier this year down the dusty main street of San Juan Comalapa, a remote village of 8,000 Indians in the western highlands of Guatemala.

The joy-filled tune, which extolled the government's struggle against the Communists who were suddenly cropping up everywhere in Guatemala and Central America, was very much at odds with the mood of the people studying my course. As a Peace Corps volunteer working in Comalapa 18 months earlier, I had often walked this road from my house to the market in the central park—greeting friends, making purchases in the dry-goods shops, stopping for coffee in the corner café. Though many townspeople still recognized me as I retraced the route, few expressed anything beyond a silent, suspicious nod.

The buoyancy and the charm of the village that I had known so well were gone. The colorful processions and gala weddings of the San Juan Catholic church had been replaced by patrols of soldiers made up in camouflage fatigues and bulletproof vests, fingering

PAINTING BY LEON GOLUB

well-oiled submachine guns. Gone, too, was the Spanish priest, Father Angel, who had worked tirelessly to raise funds for the new church, the new school, virtually the new everything that had needed reconstructing in the wake of the 1976 earthquake. He had finally received one death threat too many for allegedly aiding *los comunistas* through his work, and he had fled to Spain.

Meetings and work sessions had ceased in the cooperative where I had applied my B.S. in business administration as an adviser; they had been banned as "clandestine activities" by the local military commander, along with meetings of school PTAs, church groups, the municipal council, other cooperatives, and even the local chapter of the Alcoholics Anonymous. The only gathering of three persons or more not requiring special permission was the daily market, which today, as every day, was closely watched by a squad of soldiers.

But the fearful glances of the people hurriedly brushing by me communicated best the utter absence of gaiety and the dwindling hope in Comalapa. The vacant stares hid terror so unrelenting that each day was nothing more than a brief respite from endless nights of mayhem and death. They silently testified that the radio announcement proclaiming peace at that moment was only a cruel mockery of the obvious: Guatemala was at war, and Comalapa had become one of her tortured victims.

Maj. Francisco D'jalma Dominguez, the public-relations director for the Guatemalan Armed Forces, stood before a map of Guatemala on his office wall. Well-groomed and smartly dressed in his olive green uniform, he looked every bit the professional soldier.

Gesturing toward the eastern seaboard, he proudly recounted the army's exploits there a decade ago under the leadership of Col. Carlos Arana Osorio, the "Jackal of Zacapa" of Guatemalan lore, in putting down an uprising led by a young Marxist university student named Yon Sosa. The undiluted praise for Arana's splendid work, for which he was anointed president in 1970 by Guatemala's political bosses, didn't include mention of the estimated 15,000 civilians killed during the five-year campaign or the helping hand given by counterinsurgency "advisers" of the U.S. Southern Command in Panama.

"The problem today," the major continued, sweeping his hand leftward over the western highlands, "is that Communists are trying to stir up the Indians. But the army, I assure you, will protect them from these damned extremists." With that, he excused himself to attend to a phone call, giving me pause to reflect on this alarming state of affairs.

During my 33 months of working in the highlands I had been under the impression that poverty, not the importation of foreign ideologies, was the root of widespread disenchantment with the nation's political system among Guatemala's nearly 4 million Indians. Illiteracy, malnutrition, and racial discrimination defined their lives; as farmers and laborers, Indians earn less than $300 yearly and their children suffer mortality rates exceeding 50 percent in some regions.

The lack of interest and knowledge I had encountered just 18 months earlier among Indians toward the small Marxist guerrilla groups operating in the northern hinterlands was matched only by their scorn and cynicism for the country's electoral system, which offered a ballot of generals and colonels as presidential candidates every four years. (Barely 8 percent of adult Guatemalans elected the newest general-president in 1978, Romeo Lucas García.) Neither the guerrillas nor the polls seemed to offer them what they really wanted—sufficient land to enable them to feed themselves properly. Could this be, I thought to ask the major, the lingering cause of the latest unrest?

> Ten to 12 men lined themselves along the wall opposite the screaming mother and her six children and unleashed a hail of gunfire.

But discussion has never been the preferred way for seeking solutions to problems in Guatemala, and even less so since General Lucas inherited power. In fact, he and the generals backing him seem to be convinced that peasants and workers are discontent with their miserable plight only when reminded of it by an array of loosely described "Communists." So the generals have commenced with the physical elimination of these irritants; since January 1979 at least 5,500 persons have been murdered for political motives, including scores of union and cooperative officials, six priests, more than 300 professors and students, and the leadership cores of the Christian and Social Democrat parties. Elias Barahona y Barahona, the exiled former press secretary to the Guatemalan interior minister, described in a September 1980 press conference in Panama how the chiefs of the Presidential Staff and Military Intelligence met regularly with top officials of the Ministries of Defense and the Interior to decide on the "definitive lists" of assassination victims, culled in part from information contributed by the Department of Trade Unions of the Labor Ministry. The meetings were held and the operations coordinated under the roof of the decorously titled "Presidential Special Services for Communications."

The government's traditional method of dealing with political opponents has once again become manifest to the rural population as well, after a lull in rural violence during which the earthquake reconstruction kept the government distracted. When dozens of Indian families gathered in the village of Panzos on May 29, 1978, to air complaints about large landowners encroaching on their small farm plots, they were met with a barrage of gunfire from army troops that left more than 100 men, women, and children dead in the central square. Lest that lesson be forgotten, 23 Indians from the department of El Quiché and 7 university students were burned alive by police units after they peacefully occupied the Spanish Embassy in Guatemala City to demand an international investigation into alleged atrocities committed by the army in several Quiché villages. President Lucas expressed his contrition for the incident by accusing the Spanish ambassador, who had repeatedly told the police to stay away from the embassy compound, of "complicity with leftist terrorists" and by asking indemnification from Spain for the deaths of two high-ranking Guatemalan officials who were visiting the embassy at the time of the blaze.

It is not surprising, then, that the major wasn't so much interested in discussing these probable reasons for the simmering unrest in Guatemala as he was in detailing the army's shopping list of new military hardware to control it, which would soon be submitted to the incoming Reagan administration. Helicopters, troop carriers, infrared equipment, short-takeoff and -landing aircraft—all, he said adamantly, were needed to root out the guerrillas infesting the countryside. I thanked him for this information, shook hands, and set out for Comalapa, one of many sites of this new threat perceived by the major.

When I left Comalapa in May 1979, the local arm of the *Comité de Unidad Campesina* (CUC) was a small group of educated townspeople who met on occasion to deliberate on highbrow topics like Pan-Indianism (a concept imported through contacts with North American organizations) and *concientización*, "consciousness-raising." CUC's long-term goals were to overcome the centuries of suspicion and divisiveness that had characterized Guatemala's 22 ethnic Indian groups, to mold racial and class solidarity, and thereby enhance their economic and political power. For conventional wisdom had long held that if the Indians ever were effectively organized, the nation's political structure, which is dominated by *ladinos*, persons of Spanish origin and culture, would crumble. In addition to composing more than half the population, Indians are the backbone of the work force for the export-agriculture sector, the source of

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roughly 75 percent of Guatemala's yearly foreign-exchange earnings, and in recent years they had invaded urban industry. So the 600,000 Indians forced to migrate from their highland homes to the Pacific south coast to labor on the sprawling sugar cane, cotton, and coffee farms for a dollar a day became logical targets of CUC organizers.

Strikes mounted by CUC among sugar cane cutters and coffee pickers in 1980 resulted in congressional legislation increasing minimum daily wages to $3.20. Though the law was largely ignored by most landowners, the strikes nevertheless demonstrated CUC's ability to disrupt production and thus, in the eyes of the government, had to be curbed.

Meanwhile, events elsewhere in Central America had so skewed political perceptions in Guatemala that all basic reforms—social, political, and economic—came to be viewed by the power brokers in Guatemala as irreversible steps toward Moscow.

"There are progressive elements in the army who were influential in bringing about certain reforms and a degree of liberalization under [ex-President Kjell] Langerud," commented Gonzalo Yurrita, former secretary of Lucas's own Revolutionary party. "Since the fall of Nicaragua and with what's happening in El Salvador now, they've all shut up. The conservatives have completely taken over, and now we're seeing the result."

Yurrita, who resigned from the party in early 1980 to protest its lurch to the radical right, was assassinated several weeks after our discussion.

On the night of March 12, 1980, a team of armed and masked thugs kidnapped a reputed CUC activist in Comalapa named Nehemias Cumez while he was returning home with his nephew from the local office of the National Reconstruction program he had headed for four years: he has failed to reappear. Three weeks later an armored unit of 80 soldiers stationed itself on a wooded hill overlooking the main access road into Comalapa several kilometers from the village perimeter.

The army's "protection," as the major had promised, had begun in earnest.

I gazed through the coffin window at the grimacing face of Juan Mux, a bricklayer who had been a close friend. White linen neatly shrouded the deep knife wound in his throat and the dozen or so bullet holes in his chest. Two nights earlier six masked men with submachine guns had broken into his home and dragged him away after they beat his wife and eldest son, who had clung to him, begging for his life.

It was past midnight on October 5, 1980. More than 200 townspeople had waited since eight o'clock that evening in Juan's home, when word first arrived that his corpse had been found in a popular recreation site called Los Aposentos, 40 miles away. He was the sixth murder victim in Comalapa in four months. Shortly after Cumez's disappearance, another team of men had broken into his office and stolen the files listing his coworkers and committee leaders. Four of those leaders were now dead, including Juan and three others dragged from a bus by soldiers.

The next morning I sat drinking coffee with a friend and his elderly father and talked with them about the violence.

"It's very bad," the son sighed, slouching his shoulders. "Why is this happening to us? What have we done to deserve this?" Comalapa, his father noted, hadn't had a murder in 40 years before this. I asked what the townspeople were going to do to stop the violence.

"What can we do?" the son shot back. "They come with machine guns, and we have sticks and machetes. If we try to do anything, there will only be a massacre."

The massacre, however, had already begun, although in piecemeal fashion. In October four more men were kidnapped, tortured, and killed, and three of the bodies were left lying on the outskirts of town. The fourth, that of Roque Salazar, was apparently taken to one of the detention centers in Guatemala City where police interrogate prisoners; the corpse was recovered in a slum trash heap. As if turning the page of a torturer's handbook, the young intern at San Juan de Dios hospital peeled the white sheet from the body so it could be identified by relatives: skin melted like candle wax by a blowtorch, a mouth with no teeth, eye sockets without eyes, a groin with no penis.

> A public-relations firm, headed until January 14, 1981, by Michael Deaver, one of Reagan's chief aides, has been a registered agent of Guatemala since 1977.

In November the body count escalated to 16, in December to 31, and by January to 51, all following the nightly kidnap-torture-murder routine. Less than half were ever reported in the national press, and these were invariably blamed, as in all cases of official violence, on "unknowns." Though the majority were men and teenage boys, the list of victims also included a gray-haired bread-woman, several teenage girls, and a three-day-old baby. And the town's indignation grew.

"Why are they killing us?" a father of seven asked me. He had narrowly escaped assassination days before by hiding under his bed as armed men beat down the door to his home. They killed his brother-in-law instead.

"I am a good, hard worker . . . all Comalapans are. We don't have anything to do with anything!" He glanced behind him at his daughter, seated on the edge of the ragged bed. "I have three sons and two daughters. I ask you, do I have time to be getting involved with these people they call guerrillas?" I listened in silence, for despite my college degree, for which he so much admired me, my ability to read books and newspapers, my grasp of what the world meant beyond the mountains ringing Comalapa, I had no answer for him.

By February the terror had become so pervasive, so stultifying, that families ceased even discussing it in their homes; preachers continued to remain silent about it on their pulpits. The butcher explained the reason to me one day as he looked nervously out the screened window of his shop.

"You must be very careful. There's a lot of this around," he warned, tugging on his earlobe.

Orejas, or "ears," were said to be everywhere—informers coerced by the army into supplying the name of anyone who had ever been involved with CUC or known anyone in CUC or even mentioned the acronym in a drunken conversation. It was said that if an informer was unable to meet his quota of names with actual CUC collaborators, he simply substituted those of his personal enemies, thereby confirming his loyalty to the government and assuring for the moment his own protection. The names were then integrated into the notorious *lista negra*, the local directory of victims distributed to the assassins by army intelligence, G-2.

I received a personal introduction to the raw terror and helplessness of Comalapans while I was riding the bus one morning to Comalapa from Guatemala City. As the old Ford jostled around a bend in the road several kilometers from town at a point directly below the army camp, it was abruptly halted by a roadblock. Conversations immediately ceased as the passengers filed out to have their documents checked. Fumbling with my passport and a cigarette stubbornly lodged in my shirt pocket, I descended from the bus to find myself, along with the crowd of nervous Indians, staring into the eyes of our potential executioners.

Here was the missing link between the government's pious claims of maintaining order amidst the "extremist violence" in the country and the army's position at the very helm of it. Here was the unique hybrid of the Guatemalan security state—soldiers with the standard fatigues and Israeli-made Galil rifles of the Guatemalan Armed Forces but, to betray identification, bereft of any insignia indicative of rank or unit. The black hoods masking their faces on this pleasantly warm February morning, the same *gorros* worn by the men who came in the night to beat down doors and

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drag people into waiting vehicles with no license plates, were actually woolen helmet liners. Here was a paramilitary death squad.

As one soldier trained his rifle on the line of men strung with their arms held high along one side of the road, another wordlessly examined the identification of each. A third soldier, the leader of the squad—judging by the deference shown him—observed the procedure while clutching a sheet of paper he had extracted from his field jacket against which the passengers' documents were checked. When my turn came, I explained wanly that I was a tourist visiting a Peace Corps Volunteer, who, incredibly, actually had remained in Comalapa during the months of terrorism. (I often wondered how forthright the Peace Corps had been in informing her family of the conditions under which she was living.) My answer was met with a hard stare but reluctant acceptance, and either no names had appeared on the *lista negra* that morning or the death squad was too unsettled by the presence of an American tourist to conduct its work. All the passengers were permitted to reboard the bus and continue into Comalapa.

Three days before, I was told, a 20-year-old youth had not been so lucky and was detained during a similar registration. Passengers who witnessed the incident informed his mother-in-law, Marie Isabel Tuyuc; she immediately gathered the family's available cash and set out on foot for the army camp to bargain for the youth's life.

"They told her they had no knowledge of his whereabouts," a friend of Marie's told me later. "She came back to Comalapa and borrowed more money from relatives and friends and went back the next day, but the soldiers only made fun of her. She got mad and called them evil men."

That same evening Marie Isabel was to make headlines. As she stood in the presence of her six children making corn tortillas over a simple wood-burning stove, from 10 to 12 men arrived at her door in two sedans. They broke through the thin plywood door, lined themselves along the wall opposite the screaming mother and children, and unleashed a hail of gunfire that shook the entire village and left the seven in a shredded heap on the earthen floor. Quietly, unhurriedly, the men reentered the waiting vehicles and drove away as terrified neighbors peered through darkened windows.

Two days later, on February 11, 1981, the daily *El Imparcial* reported the family "massacred by unknowns."

The colonel listening in silence had served for 18 months in Vietnam and was now a member of the Military Group of the U.S. Embassy in Guatemala City.

"They're making all the same mistakes that were made in Vietnam," he commented after hearing my account of the slaughter in Comalapa, which only confirmed reports of similar atrocities in other highland villages. The South Vietnamese government had become excessively brutal also, he said, and its indiscriminate zeal in trying to dislodge Vietcong from small rural villages had eventually cost it whatever popular support it had enjoyed among the peasantry. Was he seeing history repeat itself and the Guatemalan government creating enough enemies to someday destroy it?

The colonel lamented, of course, the deaths of 58 Comalapans, but more visibly distressing was the prospect of another domino falling because of the ineptness of another American-sponsored army. Since the CIA–backed overthrow of the reformist government of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954, the United States had given more than $40 million in military aid to Guatemala and trained more than 3,000 officers of the army and police. Fringe benefits were included from time to time, such as funds from the Alliance for Progress and AID for the hiring and training of special police, and Lyndon Johnson had generously offered a task force of counterinsurgency experts in the late 1960s.

> Twenty-three Indians and seven university students were burned alive after they peacefully occupied the Spanish Embassy to demand an investigation into atrocities.

Indeed, the newest chain of upheavals in Central America was following a disturbing pattern. First Nicaragua fell, then El Salvador and Guatemala became embattled, and now even Honduras was feeling the rumblings of militant opposition to established rule—all the countries in the region, in fact, that historically had had the closest ties with the United States and had received the largest doses of military aid.

The military money well finally had run dry for Guatemala during the Carter administration, when the State Department started taking seriously a report by Sol Linowitz, urging that human rights be made an integral element of U.S. foreign policy. The new tack persuaded Carter gradually to reduce the arms flow to Guatemala as evidence accumulated of massive human-rights violations by the Langerud and Lucas regimes. In a flourish of proud statesmanship, Lucas ultimately volunteered to refuse any further aid, huffing that *los gringos* weren't about to teach Guatemalans about democracy and indicting Carter, Linowitz, and every State Department official left of Curtis LeMay in an international Communist plot to undermine his "constitutional government."

As predictably happens to Central American dictators who lose U.S. support, things rapidly began to worsen. Guatemala's traditional policy of forced pacification of the peasantry and repression of labor gave way under Lucas to a gloves-off war of extermination of all opponents, militant and nonmilitant alike. Guerrilla groups, bolstered by a growing stream of Indians fleeing army terrorism in dozens of villages, stepped up their raids on police and army garrisons, kidnappings of wealthy civilians for ransom, and occasional executions of landowners identified as participants in the murders of their workers. The generalized violence soon took its toll on the economy: in two years foreign reserves fell from more than $800 million to about $325 million. The Central Bank reported capital flight at $250 million in 1980 alone, a single-year record. Tourists, put off by international boycotts against the government's repression and the unfavorable press reports leaking out on the situation, cut back their expenditures by at least 30 percent last year.

The reward for which the government has paid this hefty price is an insurgency movement which, rather than diminishing from the repression, is feeding itself and becoming a genuine threat, according to officials of the U.S. Embassy.

"If it's going to be a long war of attrition, the army's going to lose," said a U.S. development specialist with 13 years' experience in Guatemala. "These people are rapists, thieves, butchers. You can't win an antiguerrilla war without the sympathy of the people, and the army doesn't have it anymore."

He related an incident typifying the army's crude tactics. When guerrillas entered the village of Joyabaj in January 1981, they held a town meeting, freed some prisoners from the municipal jail, and set fire to the police station. Hours later the army arrived, promptly arrested eight "suspects," whom they tortured in the mayor's office, and left the corpses strung along the road out of town.

"People say the guerrillas aren't a problem," he continued, "but the army says they are and begins all the kidnaps and murders. So the attitude among a lot of people is 'Well, at least the guerrillas didn't kill anybody.' "

Oftentimes, as with Comalapa, no provocation is needed to incur the army's wrath, which operates on the theory that a dose of prevention is far more effective than a reactive cure.

"It's very simple," explained an ex-Maryknoll priest who still lives in the highlands on his old site. "The soldiers go into a town, maul it, and say, 'This is what you get for not doing anything. Now try something."

The official body count from the mayhem in 1980 was 4,000, as documented

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by human-rights groups, but it might have been substantially higher if Comalapa was at all representative. Of the 58 deaths I was able personally to confirm in Comalapa for the 12-month period following the disappearance of Nehemias Cumez, 20 were reported in the press. The other deaths will probably never be heard about, unless the bodies turn up in one of the mass graves occasionally discovered in the ravines cutting through the mountainous countryside.

The panic sown by the army and its paramilitary appendages, such as the Death Squad, Eye for an Eye, the Secret Anti-Communist Army, and the White Hand (founded by Mario Sandoval Alarcón, who will be a presidential candidate in the forthcoming 1982 election), has created a combination of destabilizing circumstances that may persist for years to come. (See "The White Hand," by Ernest Volkman and John Cummings, *Penthouse*, June 1979.) Nearly half the adult and adolescent males in Comalapa have fled for their lives, leaving their families shorthanded in tending to the vital corn, bean, and wheat crops that guarantee survival. To provide emergency income, many families consequently have rented or sold large portions of their land. In areas of El Quiché, serious hunger is already affecting some villages where migration has been rampant.

"There is a tremendous rural-urban migration that is worse than anyone wants to admit," said a Guatemalan agricultural extensionist. "Slums in Guatemala City are jammed with *Quicheleños*—unemployed but too afraid to go back."

A stroll down Sixth Avenue in Guatemala City provides ample supporting evidence. Dozens of Indians wander along the broken sidewalks, peering through plate-glass windows at twentieth-century goods, enjoying their newfound anonymity. Their families will continue to grow hungry as their unemployment lingers on, until they will be left with two choices: running the risk of extermination by returning to their villages or joining the guerrillas, who at least can offer food and protection.

Perhaps no outsiders are more alarmed by the deteriorating situation than the Reagan State Department is. Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr., has already issued apocalypic warnings of Communist "hit lists" that have been drawn up for Central America. But intervening militarily to get a grip on the accelerating chaos in Guatemala, which seems to be the intention of the new administration, will require considerable diplomatic agility and will test Haig's capacity for self-delusion to the fullest.

He should be equal to the task if El Salvador is a reliable signal. After all, Salvadoran security forces could murder four American churchwomen and yet have their arms increased *fivefold* by the understanding Reagan administration. Who is to say, then, that a few thousand dead Guatemalans and some slips of Lucas's blustery tongue should stand between old friends?

The patching of ties actually was in progress before the November elections, when close Reagan aides made junkets to Guatemala to assure businessmen and government officials that "things would be changing" in the event of a Reagan victory. Those gestures were warmly reciprocated with illegal campaign contributions to the Reagan campaign by wealthy Guatemalan citizens, according to taped conversations published in an October report by the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs. Roger Fontaine, the ultraright Latin American expert nominated by Reagan to the National Security Council, told the *Miami Herald* in a July 1980 interview that it was "pretty clear that Guatemalans will be given what aid they needed in order to defend themselves against an armed minority aided and abetted by Cuba" should Reagan win.

His position has since been strongly seconded by U.N. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, who stoutly believes that U.S. support for "moderately repressive authoritarian governments," as Guatemala's has been defined, should always be preferable to supporting "totalitarian" regimes, that is, Nicaragua's, however benign. Notwithstanding the question Guatemala's classification raises as to what is necessary to qualify as an unsupportable "fascist" state, the message here is that a government can butcher and plunder its citizens all it wishes and count on U.S. aid to further it along, as long as it does so under the aegis of free enterprise.

> Since January 1979 at least 5,500 persons have been murdered for political motives, including union officials, priests, professors, and the leaders of the opposition political parties.

However, the professed sympathies of the new administration for the beleaguered Guatemalans is not only philosophical but also tinged with personal and professional overtones. Deaver and Hannaford—a Washington-and-Los-Angeles-based public-relations firm headed until January 14, 1981, by Michael Deaver, one of Reagan's chief aides—has been a registered agent of Guatemala since 1977. The firm has received at least $125,000 thus far from a right-wing Guatemalan lobby group, the Amigos del Pais, in order to further the reestablishment of close ties between the two governments.

Explaining how Reagan and Haig fit together with the concepts about the United States of my friends in Comalapa proved a formidable task, especially when they asked me if I could go to the U.S. Embassy and tell what was happening in Comalapa. I arranged for a few Comalapans to meet with an embassy official and describe their experiences. This meeting seemed to inspire my friends with a glimmer of hope. They were assured that a "thorough report" would be prepared and forwarded to the appropriate offices in Washington.

But how does one explain the paradoxes of a government, a society, that sends a Peace Corps volunteer to spread a few nuggets of goodwill and faith among the poor and to love them in their poverty and then proposes to refortify their executioners with weaponry and training? Was it simply the same enormous self-delusion and conceit that enabled the Guatemalan government to play gay little jingles of peace and love while conducting a willful policy of genocide against its citizens?

The thought troubled me as I rambled down the dusty street in Comalapa and ducked into my favorite café, *La Posada*, to inquire about an old friend.

"Juanito? He's not here anymore," said the young girl serving tables. Only later did the real meaning of that harmless answer become clear, when the butcher somewhat whimsically clasped his palms together in altar-boy fashion and glanced skyward: "Oh, he's with the little angels."

I continued down the road, past the deserted house of Nehemias Cumez and the graveyard with its fresh mounds of dirt, past the abandoned parish house and the market with its vigilant guard, and arrived at the house of a family of close friends.

The mother sat inside on the bare concrete floor, scraping kernels of corn from the cob and letting them fall into an old straw basket. The house had been empty for some time, ever since the father fled and the mother and young children had begun sleeping together with two other families in another house for protection. A small bed pressed into a corner was the only remaining piece of furniture; scraps of old calendars and other debris on the floor enhanced the feeling of barrenness. "It's gotten so dirty, since no one stays here anymore," she apologized.

Even the family photos had been taken down off the walls and hidden. The death squads, she explained, made a habit of taking them during their raids in case they were needed to identify future victims.

I said good-bye quickly, with the awkwardness that accompanies farewells with uncertain futures. We didn't know whether she would be alive when I returned to Guatemala, or any of them for that matter. We also didn't know if I would ever be able to return.

Regardless, she consoled me, the story must be told.

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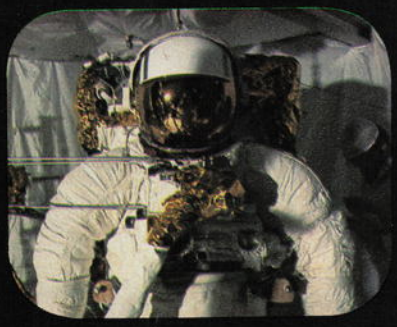

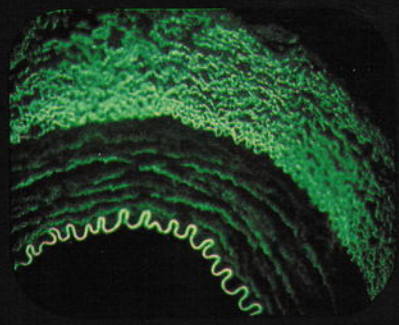

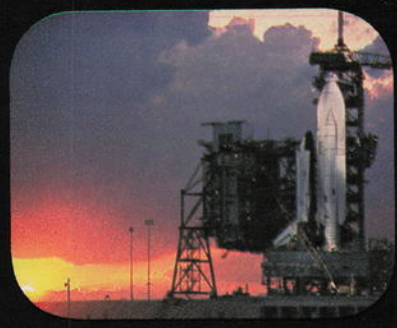

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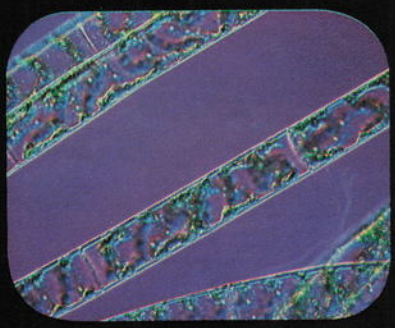

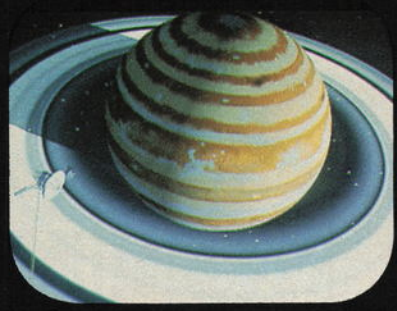

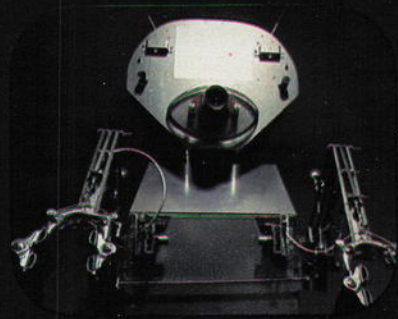

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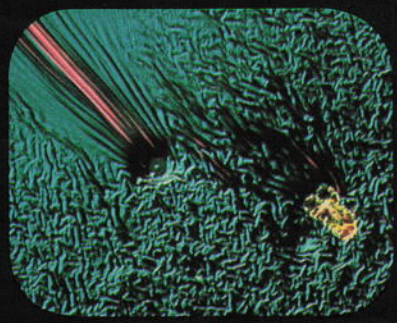
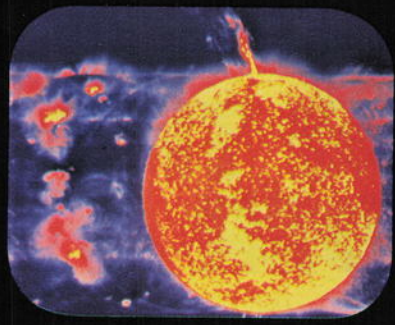
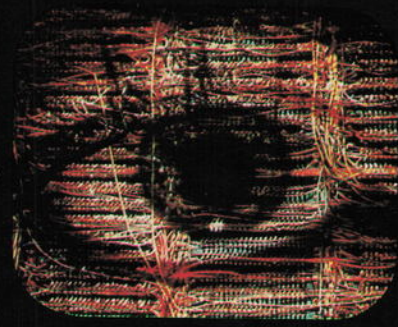


WITH A BREATHTAKING WEEKLY LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.





INTO FANTASTIC NEW WORLDS BEYOND THE HORIZON.

OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER. COMING IN SEPTEMBER.

OMNI

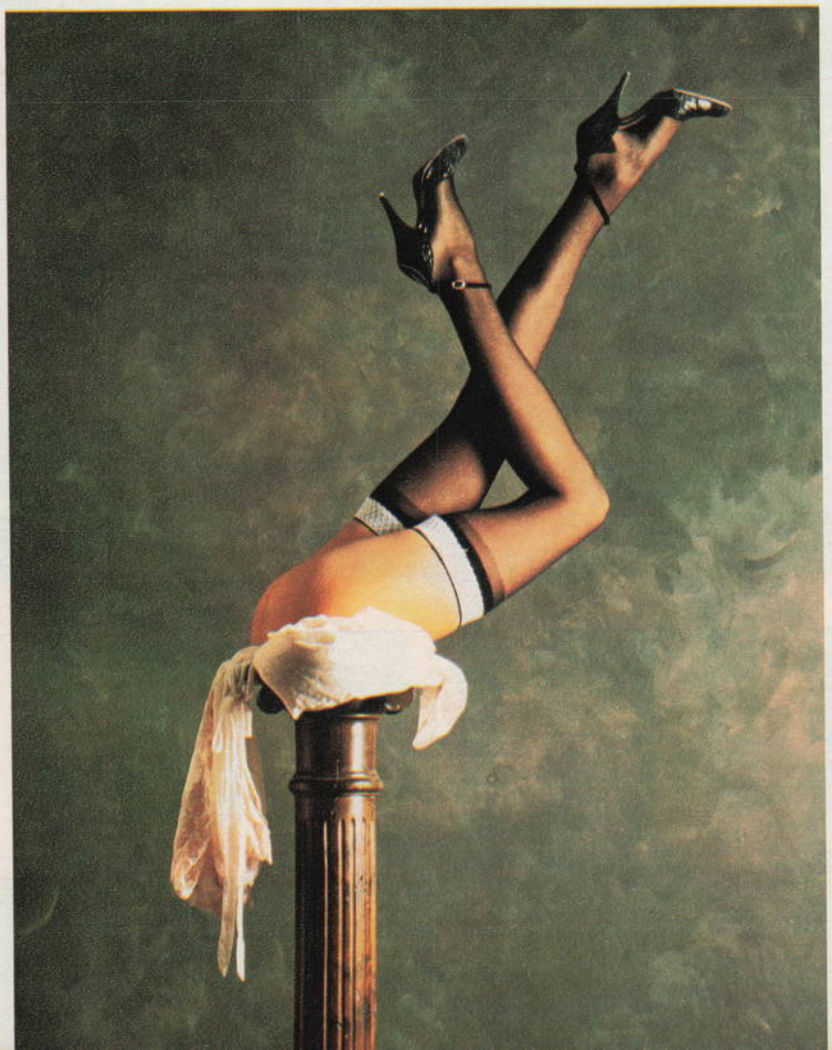
CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR STATION, NIGHT, AND TIME.

Photographer Heribert Brehm
depicts women as the marvelous, mysterious
creatures men so devoutly wish
they were: art mirroring life mirroring desire...

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

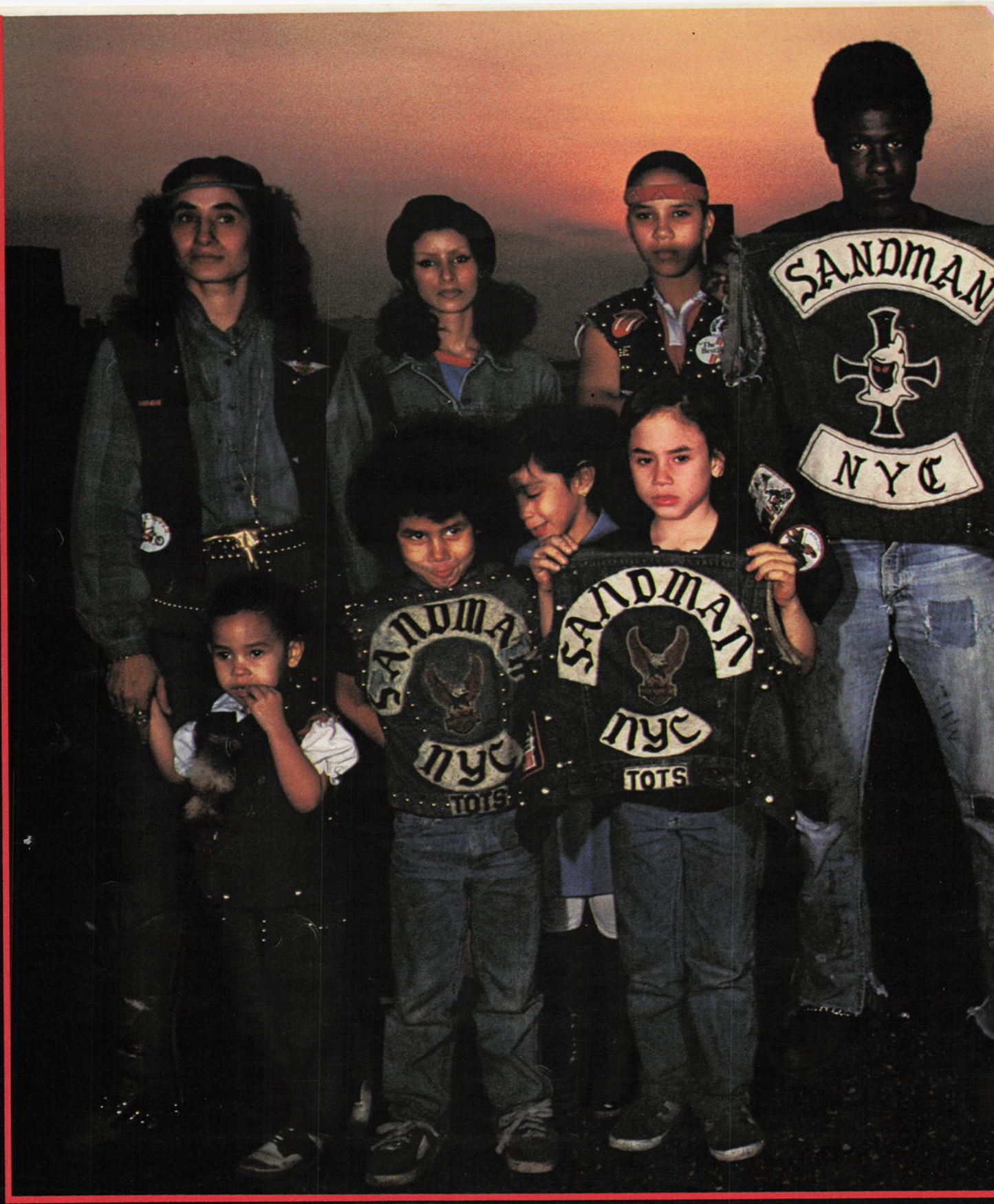
The evocative and curiously original work of Heribert Brehm depicts a world in which things are far more fragmented–and yet far more interdependent–than they seem. The young German photographer seems to delight in adding to the two-dimensional confines of his craft the variable third dimension of his somewhat liberal imagination. "All which is mysterious fascinates me," he says. "Especially women . . ." The irony, he feels, is that women, in their historic openness and reluctance to keep secrets, aren't nearly so mysterious as men assume they are. Brehm's work is obsessed with the unusual, the bizarre, and the mysterious apparently for their own sake, finding such realms far more entrancing than matter-of-fact reality. His unorthodox vision of women also betrays a droll, sophisticated sense of humor: witness his gentle abstraction of the "revered" woman . . . the woman on a pedestal (below) or the seductive fantasy figure of a nine-to-five secretary (right). These surreal young ladies, undeniably erotic in character, are the consequence of Brehm's deep interest in the transposition of objects, the myriad optical illusions he formulates with light and technique and inspiration.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERIBERT BREHM



Brehm, who is self-taught, steadfastly refuses to classify his work except to say that he "trafficks in the fanciful." Whether it is the turned-around form of a woman at her bath, the torsoless image of svelte legs peddling a sewing machine, or the tousled head of a delectable blond who seems to have lost something more than consciousness in the throes of some elixir, the unexpected is Brehm's forte, his vast terrain.

Born in 1955, Brehm worked for several years as an architectural draftsman, then traveled throughout Germany, France, and the United States before settling in Hamburg. Eventually, he would like to live and work in Paris or New York because of the greater artistic freedom offered there. "For a serious artist," Brehm says, "the main thing is *not* to compromise–to follow one's path without diversion."

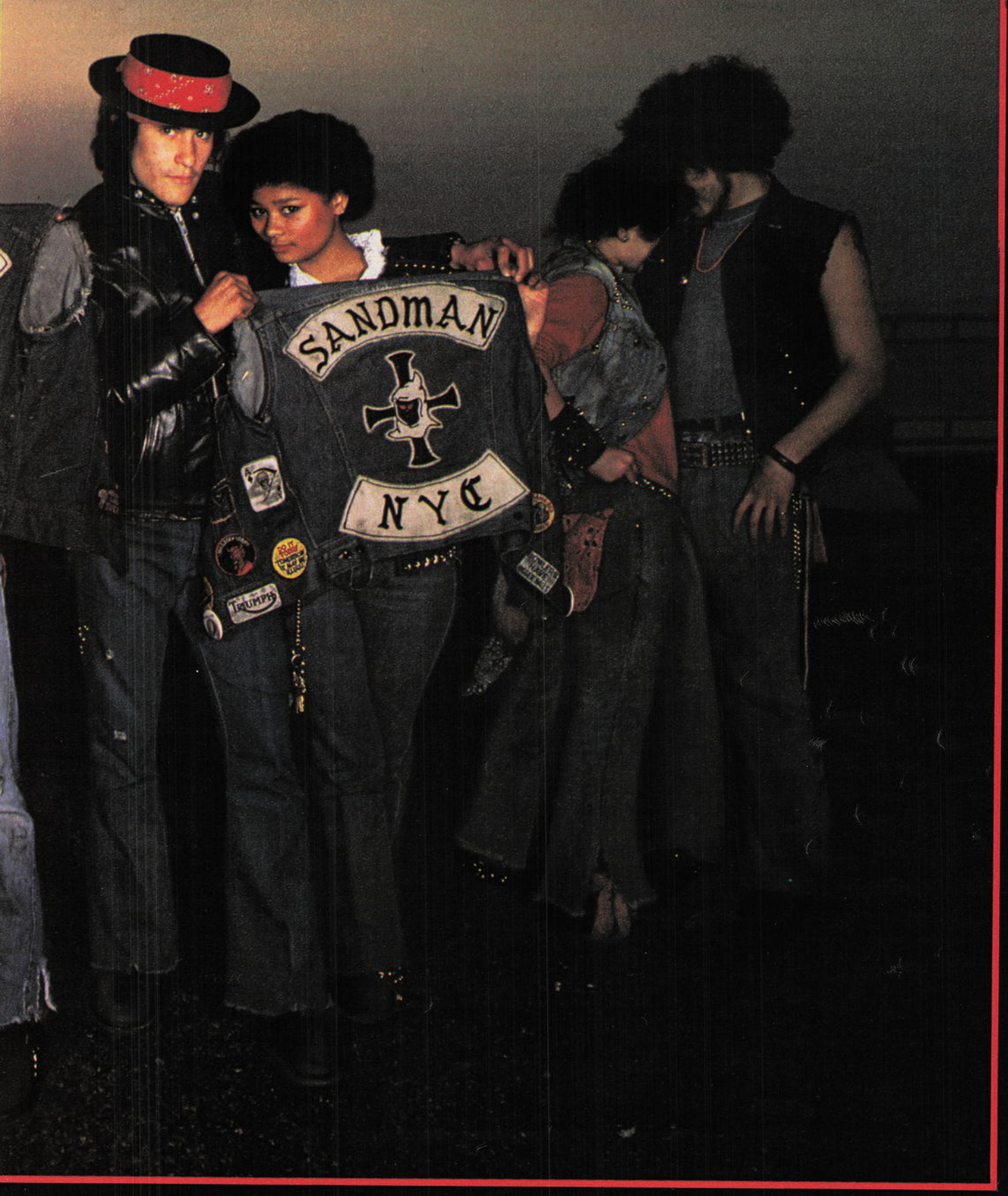


GIRL GANGS

They kiss you, and it feels like a hit.

BY ROBERT KEATING

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL



Beneath carnival lights strung across the streets and through the rides beside the boardwalk of Coney Island, young girls from the ghettos of New York are dancing long into the summer nights. They are black and Oriental and Dominican. Many are Puerto Rican girls with smooth brown skin, soft easy motion, and watchful black eyes. They dance in the pathways at the foot of the twisting, towering machines. Rocking to the din of concession barkers, children, and lovers. Hearing nothing

The Sandman Ladies, some of whom are pictured above, maintain a close communal lifestyle. Unlike most girl gangs in New York City, they are not involved with the kind of criminal activities described in this article.

but the disco that blares from loudspeakers set atop the crumbling, shanty shacks.

Tonight Momma stands with a pack of partying girls, sipping a beer just off Surf Avenue in front of the Polar Express. There, surrounded by the swirling lights and pounding excitement of the amusement area, she is at the heart of Coney Island. This is where the girls of Homicide Incorporated—New York City's largest network of street gangs—come together. Momma is president of the Crazy Homicide Sisters, a hardened female division, whose turf is East New York. Coney Island belongs to them, too. This is where the gang began.

Like a salve, the warm weather draws street and motorcycle—M.C.—gangs from all over the city to Coney Island. But none of these "outlaws" are wearing their colors—their clubs' names on patches across the back of black M.C. jackets or their decorated denims. Only the Homicides. Coney Island belongs to them. Even the "citizens," the tourists, play by their rules. The Homicides alone move freely throughout New York's playground for the poor. And it's dangerous territory. One area resident once told author Mario Puzo: "A man goes out on the streets of Coney Island after nine P.M., his wife can have him declared legally dead."

There's that kind of smell in the warm, salty air as this uneventful Saturday night winds down. Momma's boyfriend, Muda, joins her. Muda founded the Crazy Homicides' Fifth Division, made up entirely of deaf-and-mute outlaws like himself. He watches Momma as she complains to her girls about the slow night. Almost three o'clock Sunday morning, and they're still restless for action. Grabbing a half-dozen Crazy Homicide Sisters, she leads Muda and his friends Cowboy and Cheeno away from the Polar Express. They walk the short block to the ancient Coney Island subway terminal. Built back when the amusement area was in its heyday, it's still the last stop for more than a quarter of the city's subway lines. The subways belong to Muda and the Fifth Division—250 strong. It's their turf. Their clubhouse is the bustling Union Square Station. Tonight the small band of Homicides moves with a smooth assuredness—ignoring the token-booth clerk as they slip past the turnstiles and onto the waiting F Train.

As the subway rattles its way out of the terminal along the elevated track, the Homicides can gaze out over their territory. Coney Island is an eerie, phosphorescent glow against the dark ocean night. An illusion of vibrant life that hovers over the troubled streets. Coney Island used to be the East Coast's premiere resort. Now it's one of the city's dirtiest, crime-plagued ghettos—abandoned to the whims of roving youth gangs.

The F Train pulls away, and the illusion begins to disappear. One by one the lights go off in what preachers once called "Sodom by the Sea." Soon there will be nothing left. Just rusting spires and rotting arcades and a crumbling memory that's turned to streets lined with litter and human waste.

Momma looks ahead, not back. It is only a few stops before the action she wants walks right onto her train. Two teenage girls who, by Momma's luck, are friendly with two members of her gang. Both of them are citizens—outside the outlaw life. Rosa is 18; Lizabeth, 15. Momma takes a fancy toward the young one. She begins making plans.

At the Jay Street Station the band of Homicides and the two girls change for the A Train to Manhattan. Momma has some words with the two "sisters" who are friendly with the girls. An argument breaks out. And as the A Train speeds away from Brooklyn beneath the East River, it is Rosa and Lizabeth who are assaulted and beaten up. The trouble spills onto the platform at the first Manhattan stop. Other passengers take a look at the knife-wielding girls and don't see a thing. Dragged from the train that would have taken them home, Rosa and Lizabeth are thrown onto the Lexington Avenue line. They're on their way to the South Bronx, to Muda's apartment, where they become the objects of Momma's vicious games.

Held captive for the next 12 hours, they're beaten, tortured, and toyed with. Because she is Momma's favorite, Lizabeth catches the worst. Held down by the rest of the Crazy Homicide Sisters, she's forced to have sex with the female gang leader. When Momma's had her fill, the 15-year-old is raped repeatedly by Muda and Cowboy. It isn't until mid-afternoon that Momma and Muda tire of the game. The gang takes the girls off for their jewelry and money and then sends them, battered and violated, into the bright Sunday afternoon.

Rosa was punched, kicked, and bloodied to make sure she wouldn't forget. But Momma left Lizabeth a more personal and permanent memento of their time together. After raping the crying girl, Momma reached for her knife. Lizabeth went home with the initials CHS—Crazy Homicide Sisters—carefully carved into her right breast.

Girl gangs are the untold story of New York City's outlaw streets. Out of the same festering urban sores as their male colleagues—the rat-infested tenements, the rubble-strewn lots, the streets of drugs, guns, and death—they've carved themselves a proud niche in the shadow of respectability. The Crazy Homicide Sisters, the Black Bitches in Canarsie, the Mau Mau Girls in Flatbush—clubs like these bring shelter from the mainstream. The girls find refuge in the rules, rituals, and tribal qualities of the renegade life. But no two female clubs are alike. They vary more than the male gangs. In fact, they're like a mirror reflection of a woman's many roles in society except that these girls have fallen into a bizarre world someplace on the other side of the looking glass.

From amazons to chattels. From the

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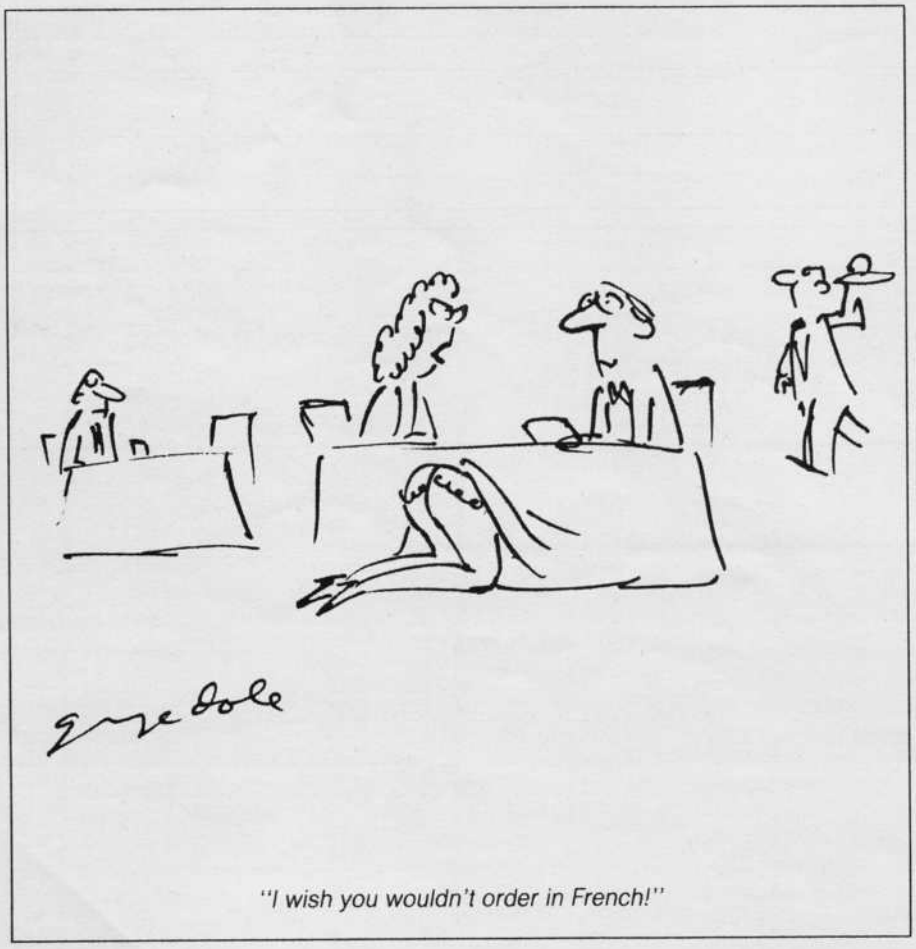

"I wish you wouldn't order in French!"

SMOKE

FRANCHO

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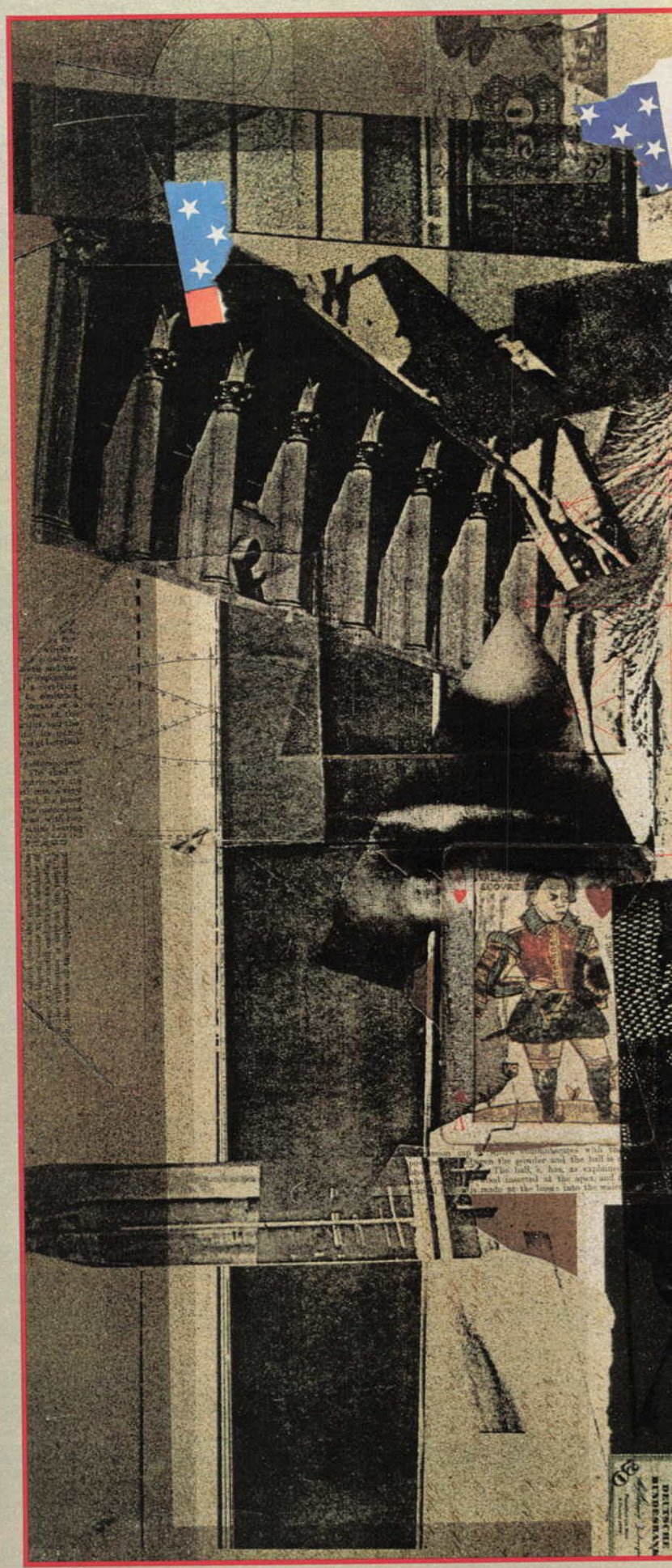
Frank Rogers is the only man
who can stop his company from selling its
cruise missiles to Germany,
but he has to be alive to do it.

THE LAST DAYS OF AMERICA

FICTION BY PAUL ERDMAN



As president of the Missile Development Corporation, Frank Rogers was in Europe, making sure that NATO would buy his company's new cruise missile. When this fell through, his chairman of the board, Herb Patterson, put together a secret deal that would give their cruise missile to Germany in return for financial backing from German banks. If this went according to plan, the balance of power (as it stands in 1985) would tilt toward Germany. Rogers, afraid for America's future, decides to get control of the damaging negotiation papers and make them public. In the process two men are killed. Now Rogers is running for his life.

The day started off quite normally in the Black Forest. Herr Doktor Kreps, general director of the Deutsche Bank, arrived in the breakfast room about seven-thirty-five and had a leisurely meal while he read the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*. At seven-fifty-five the American, Mr. Patterson, entered the room and asked for just coffee. At precisely eight o'clock Herr Minister Graf Otto von Amsburg arrived, also with a *Frankfurter Allgemeine* in hand, and after nodding to the two other gentlemen, also seated himself alone.

The first minor break came when the ancient bellman entered the breakfast room, approached Dr.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED OTNES

Paul Ohms

Kreps, and spoke softly though urgently into his ear, after which the banker dropped his newspaper—without even folding it—on the table and rushed out. The second also seemingly minor interruption came when the girl from the front desk informed Minister von Amsburg in a rather loud voice from the doorway that he was wanted on the telephone—very urgently. This left Herb Patterson all alone in the room, a state of affairs that he decided not to put up with.

He had told Frank Rogers to meet him at eight o'clock, and it was now four minutes past the hour. Patterson's uneasiness grew as each further minute passed. Had he made a terrible mistake by letting Rogers get out of his sight last night? Better check his room. Right now!

As Patterson was approaching the house phone at the front desk, Dr. Kreps confronted him.

"Where is your colleague?" he demanded.

"What are you talking about?" replied Patterson.

"Your Mr. Rogers. I want my automobile."

Patterson had no idea what the silly man was referring to, and his blank expression must have shown it.

"The hotel was supposed to put my baggage in my BMW 2000 while I had breakfast, but I have been informed that my automobile is gone. I checked, and it is. I lent it to your Mr. Rogers last night."

Patterson's face was now no longer blank.

"That double-crossing son of a bitch" were his next words. It was now the German banker who had no idea what the other was talking about.

"Where is Mr. Rogers?" he asked.

Patterson picked up the house phone, asked for Room Fourteen and, naturally, got no answer. He jammed the phone back at exactly the same time as Herr Minister von Amsburg came, white-faced, out of the telephone booth right next door—the one that housed the outside phone.

"Er ist tot," he said.

Patterson, who did not speak a word of German understood nothing, but the sight of the color of the German's face was enough.

"What's gone wrong?" he demanded of von Amsburg.

"Murdered. Simonius. They found his body just a few minutes ago."

"Who?" asked Kreps. He had never met or even heard of Amadeus Simonius.

"A Swiss," answered the German foreign minister, recovering very quickly. "Probably terrorists."

Patterson, listening, stepped back as if someone had pushed him, or as if he did not want to hear what he had just heard.

Then he asked, "When did you give him your automobile?"

The question was, of course, addressed to Kreps, but von Amsburg thought the American was talking to him.

"What automobile? What are you going on about, Patterson? Don't you understand what—"

"Shut up," Patterson said, and von Amsburg seemed on the verge of actually striking the man.

"Forget terrorists. I'm afraid what happened has a much simpler explanation. Rogers, you see"—and he was now talking exclusively to von Amsburg—"seems to have taken Dr. Kreps's automobile last night and not returned it. I very much fear that he may have gone to Switzerland with it."

Von Amsburg's head began to nod. It made sense. Without saying anything he went back into the telephone booth. Less than a minute later he reemerged.

"Rogers crossed the German-Swiss frontier at Lörrach at exactly twelve-thirty-five this morning."

"But what has Mr. Rogers got to do with this Swiss?" the German banker wanted to know.

Von Amsburg just waved his hand at him. "Later," he replied. "I will explain later."

"Yes, but what about everything that we have done here? Is that now endangered? Do I proceed with the banking arrangements as we discussed? After all, it was with Mr. Rogers that we worked out the details."

"Proceed exactly as planned and exactly as scheduled," replied von Amsburg. And Patterson vigorously nodded his agreement.

"But what about the confidentiality of these matters?" persisted Kreps. "I thought that it was absolutely essential to success."

"May I suggest, gentlemen, that perhaps you return to your breakfast," von Amsburg said. "I will let you know our future path of action very shortly. And if I may ask this of you both, please do not bother any of our other colleagues with this matter right now. None of them really knew Simonius, and what has happened in Basel may or may not involve Rogers"—and now he was talking directly to Kreps—"and even if it does, it has absolutely nothing to do with what we have been discussing here. It is purely a coincidence of timing."

Kreps knew he was lying, but von Amsburg was the minister of foreign affairs of West Germany, and Kreps was a German, and so if that was the way it was *supposed* to be, that was the way it *would* be. As far as Herr Doktor Kreps and the Deutsche Bank were concerned, Mr. Frank Rogers had ceased to exist.

"So," said Patterson, "are you going to put your security people on this?"

"Absolutely not," replied von Amsburg. "No security people, no intelligence people, no counterintelligence agencies. Strictly the police and the pertinent people in the Ministry of Justice. All we have here in Germany is a stolen automobile. But what they have in Switzerland is a first-degree murder. And we have information that can no doubt be of great assistance to the Swiss police and the Justice Ministry of Basel in catching the man who did it. No doubt your man Rogers. Now I must make

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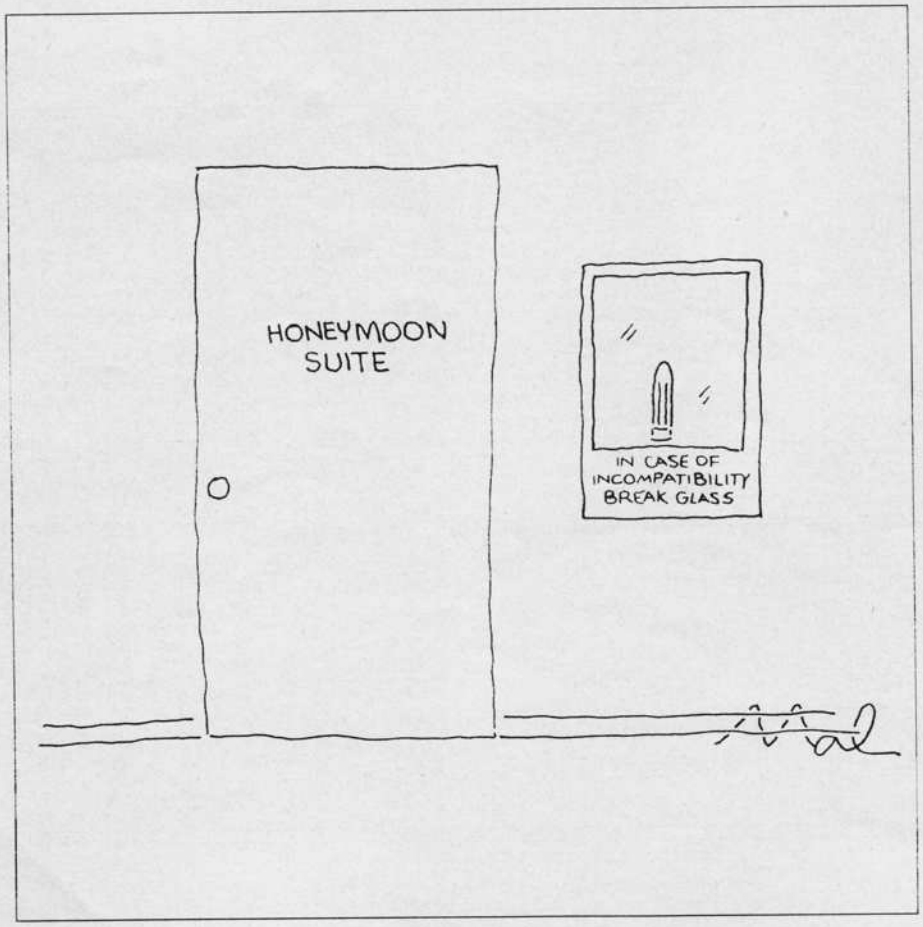


"Pardon me, sir, I'm taking a survey of winos for my high-school English class. Do you speak any foreign languages?"

Despite the opposition of establishment psychiatrists, a revolutionary new approach to mental illness—which restores the body's natural chemical balance—is proving to be remarkably successful.

GOING SANE

BY DAVID RORVIK

For three years, Robert, now 26, thought that he was being punished by God for a variety of sins. "God," he said, made him eat live rats, exude rotten odors, smear feces on his body. The psychiatrists only made God madder by trying to drive Him away with powerful drugs and electroshock. In despair Robert's family finally gave up on these doctors and took Robert, a diagnosed chronic paranoid schizophrenic, to a psychiatrist, who gave him megadoses of vitamins, minerals, and other natural metabolites that were out of balance in his body. Within days Robert's mind began to clear; within weeks he was off tranquilizers. Today he is well, though he must continue to take large doses of certain vitamins and minerals and follow a special diet.

"He could only destroy," according to H's case history. His difficulties—stemming from what his doctors confidently declared was a "minimal brain dysfunction"—began when he was seven. Though above average in intelligence, H was poorly coordinated, had illegible handwriting, delighted in shredding upholstery, and liked to make kindling wood out of the kitchen chairs. He was thrown out of one school after another and referred to a long series of specialists. Typical of them was a psychiatrist who decided abruptly that H's problem was an "overdominant father." The doctor tried to "buck up" the boy, who was already intensively aggressive, by offering him

ILLUSTRATION BY DEBBIE KUHN

cigarettes and commenting, "You're a big man; you can do this." When none of this worked, the doctors tried to drug H into tranquility. But H's destructive hyperactivity continued unabated into his teens, when he was finally expelled from a special school. He had been apprehended trying, in classic earnest, to chain a girl to the railroad tracks. Ultimately, thanks to the work of a California doctor, it was discovered that H's problem had nothing to do with deep-seated mental traumas or hostilities but was caused entirely by phosphate food additives to which his brain was allergic. Once his diet was altered, H's "mental disease" of many years cleared up almost instantly.

R, 34, began using heroin at age 13 and continued to use it for 20 years. In order to support his $300-a-day habit, he became a dealer. Five efforts to detoxify him with standard methods (psychotherapy, tranquilizers, and Methadone) all failed without even brief success. Then, after only a week on a treatment that sought to restore the natural biochemical balance of his brain through administration of massive doses of vitamin C, zinc, and various amino acids, R experienced his first real relief from heroin craving in 20 years. His subsequent withdrawal was virtually without symptoms.

There's a new biochemical psychiatry abroad in the land, one that largely abandons traditional "talk and tranquilizers" and goes straight to the metabolic roots of "madness" in all its forms. It is enjoying remarkable success in the treatment of schizophrenia, depression, mania, alcoholism, drug addiction, violent behavior, hyperactivity, autism, and learning disabilities. It does its work with relative speed and efficiency—and without the "help" of psychotherapy and mind-manacling psychotropic drugs, the multiple failures of which have previously been documented in *Penthouse* ("Psychiatry Kills," April 1981). But the new psychiatry has powerful enemies. If you, or someone close to you, should become mentally ill, don't count on mainstream medicine, with its vested interest in the old psychiatry, in "talk and tranquilizers," to readily provide you with the benefits of the new. You'll have to seek these out yourself.

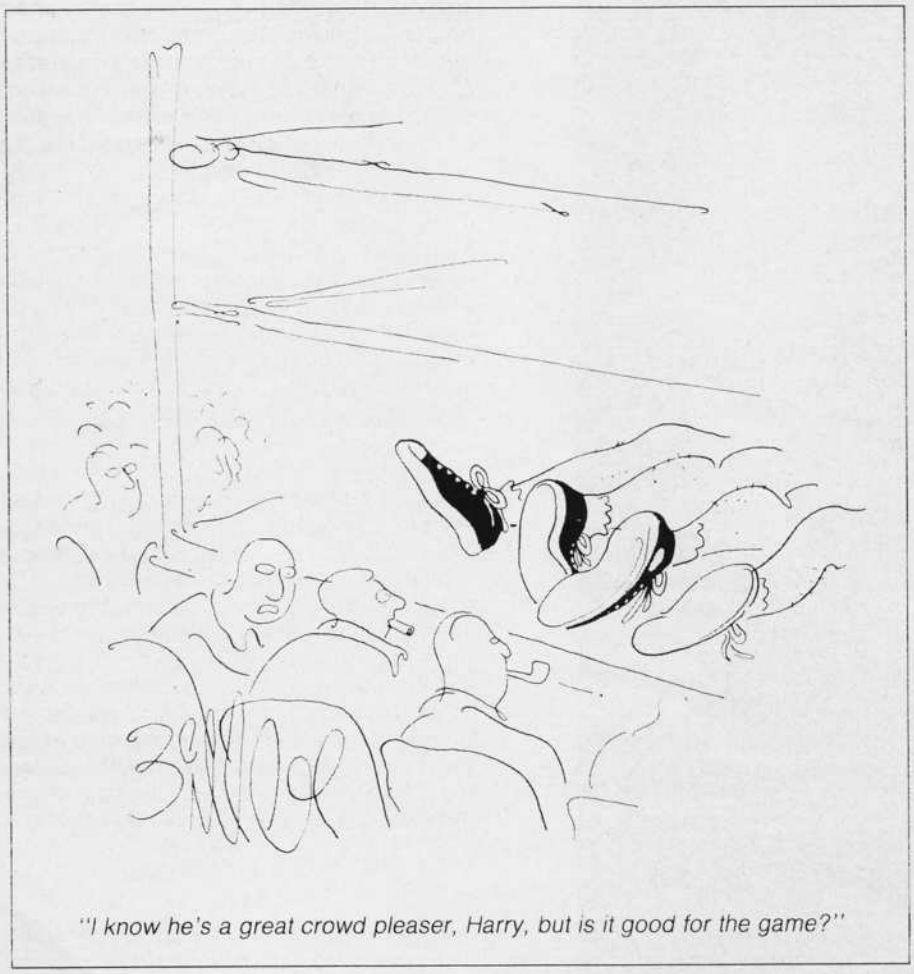
To illustrate the problem, let's imagine for a moment something that is, after all, not so terribly unimaginable: you are beginning to feel odd; you might even say flaky. (It's happening to more and more people all the time.) You've begun to feel insecure, frightened, lonely, isolated, cut off; things don't always connect. Sometimes it's all you can do to find the energy—or is it the courage?—to venture out on a simple shopping trip. When you're not feeling exhausted, depressed, paranoid, withdrawn, you may be churning with hostility and exacting imaginary revenge on vaguely defined tormentors. Maybe by now you've already begun to "hear" the voices, to "see" the visions. Alarmed, you pay your family doctor a visit. He eyes you edgily as you describe your symptoms and then gently suggests you see a shrink.

The psychiatrist, during the first few moments of your visit, also looks you over warily but, with practiced eye, quickly notes that your fly is zipped and that you haven't yet started spot-welding your face. You may have come in time to be helped, he tells you, but the journey will be long, arduous—and expensive. Only "minor" tranquilizers may be required to quell your "incipient schizophrenia" (now you know you're a raving lunatic) or at least to suppress some of its more outlandish symptoms while the two of you—a team!—try to "get at the underlying psychological cause" of this disturbance. Frequent sessions will be required to fish the bottomless and occasionally forbidding waters of your mind in pursuit of the final catch, be it an eely Oedipal complex, a prickly penis envy, or any of a thousand other scaly things.

During the next few years you talk yourself blue in the face and poor in the pocketbook. The thrill of learning that there's an ocean in your head wears off. The tranquilizers have gone from "minor" to "major," and even they don't always do the job. On a few occasions you've had to be rushed kicking and screaming to the hospital, where they pump you full of still more powerful drugs. Increasingly, electroconvulsive therapy is required to exorcise your devils. Meanwhile, back on the couch, you and the old man of the psychesea, your fishing guide, who is currently hiring out at $75 per 50-minute hour, have come up with nothing but snags. Still, your shrink, who in your brief moments of psychotic clarity sometimes resembles a voodoo priest in "modern doctor" drag, tells your family: "Don't worry, but for God's sake don't forget to give him his pills."

Then one night that particularly sinister glob of green slime you've been trying to dodge for months hands you a gun and orders you to kill yourself. Otherwise, it says, and you have no reason to doubt it, it's going to crawl inside your skull through your eye sockets and slowly make borscht out of your brain. The mere thought of borscht, even the ordinary kind, has always made you sick. The gun in your hand is real enough. *You kill yourself.*

It is universally recognized that the suicide rate among schizophrenics is from 20 to 30 times as high as that of the general population. However, the psychiatric establishment is less eager to acknowledge those impartial studies which have indicated, time and again, that psychotherapy and tranquilizers do nothing to diminish the suicide rate and that there is not even the slightest evidence that they do anything to *cure* schizophrenia. Indeed, schizophrenia is so cruel a thorn in psychiatry's backside (and the standard "treatment" so often worse than the disease)



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that some psychiatrists have simply banished the disorder, refusing to recognize it as a clinical entity or, as in the case of psychoanalyst R. D. Laing, have even declared that it is an alternative life-style that we should tolerate and perhaps even encourage.

Thus, if you're attuned to the "liberal" Laingian ethic, you might opt, with your gathering schizophrenic credentials, to check into a hostel or commune for fellow hallucinators. There you will be permitted to run amok at your own pace, strip off your clothes, scream, shout, and even pee in public and, unless you're the president's brother, not have to read about it in the papers. Of course, you're still likely to confront the green glob, but along the way you'll at least be spared the bankruptcy and banality of psychotherapy and the frequently crippling side effects of the major tranquilizers.

A sad state of affairs, but if there were any better way of trying to cope with major mental disorders, surely the medical establishment would leap at it. Right? Wrong. There is a better way, but the establishment has been leaping *on* it, not at it, trying to smother it before it not only startles but actually staggers the status quo.

The "better way" is *not* TM, scream-and-kick therapy, sensitivity training, primal therapy, consciousness-raising, or any of the other half-baked offspring of psychotherapy that the estholes and other assorted psychobabblers serially subsidize in trendy pursuit of sanity. The better way is orthomolecular psychiatry, an approach to treating mental illness that essentially eschews the "mind-body" mysticism of the psychotherapriests and the shallow symptomatic ministrations of the chemotherapists. To the orthomolecularist, hallucinations and stomach pains are not that different—both are the product of *physical* malfunctions that must be treated by restoring the body's proper biochemical balances. To the orthomolecular psychiatrist, the idea of trying to "talk" someone out of schizophrenia is no less ludicrous than someone trying to talk a diabetic out of a coma. It is no doubt useful, as Swami Somebody-or-Other once counseled, to consider that while all of the body is in the mind, not all of the mind is in the body. But it would be even more useful if traditional psychiatry would at last recognize that at least some—and perhaps most—of the mind *is* in the body. The orthomolecular practitioner seeks to substitute science for mysticism and to discover at the root of "mental illness" not mangled metaphor but misguided metabolism.

This new school of psychiatry got its name, though not its beginning, from Linus Pauling, the Nobel Prize–winning biochemist. In an article that appeared in *Science*, Pauling defined orthomolecular psychiatry as "the treatment of mental disease by the provision of the optimum molecular environment for the mind, especially the optimum concentrations of substances normally present in the human body." Orthomolecular literally means "correct molecule," and because this approach focuses upon the restoration of the body's natural orthomolecular balance, it is, without trying to be, antidrug. Therein lies the crux of its unacceptability in a profession—let's call it an industry—that has a multi-billion-dollar vested interest in administering millions of doses of patented psychotropic substances to people every day. Vitamins, minerals, and the other naturally occurring substances that are the mainstays of orthomolecular psychiatry are nonpatentable and are in the public domain. No patents, no profits—not big ones, anyway.

Moreover, orthomolecular psychiatry had the misfortune of being born at the same time that the major tranquilizing drugs were discovered and developed—beginning in the early 1950s. The pharmaceutical companies, correctly sensing gargantuan profits, got behind the tranquilizers, quickly co-opted the psychiatric establishment (which was already in the throes of senile dementia and, hoping for a metaphorical monkey-gland operation or some other miracle to rescue it, was ripe for the plucking), and used some of its more "eminent" spokesmen to dump on anything that threatened psychopharmacology.

Thus it took many years before the work of Dr. Abram Hoffer, a Canadian psychiatrist, and Dr. Humphrey Osmond, a British psychiatrist, started to attract the attention of other doctors and the public at large. Hoffer and Osmond were the first to demonstrate systematically that niacin (vitamin B3) could be used to ameliorate and even cure some forms of schizophrenia. Commenting on studies they conducted in 1952, 1957, and 1962, studies rigorously subjected to ten-year follow-ups, the two doctors recently reported: "Our findings, based on records which can be inspected and patients, most of whom can easily be located, show that when schizophrenics are given nicotinic acid (niacin) treatment of the kind we have used, far more of them will remain well than with treatments presently in use. . . . The suicide rate for the schizophrenic patients who did not receive niacin was 22 times as great as the overall suicide rate [for the general population]. . . . The rate for patients who were adequately treated with niacin was near zero."

It's long been assumed that about one-third of all schizophrenics will recover by themselves in time, but a new study recently completed at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago concludes that only 15 to 20 percent will do so. Tranquilizers and psychotherapy have no positive impact on the recovery rate. In fact, some long-term follow-up studies have indicated that patients who were schizophrenic before the major tranquilizers were introduced and thus never received them actually did significantly better (in terms of coping without

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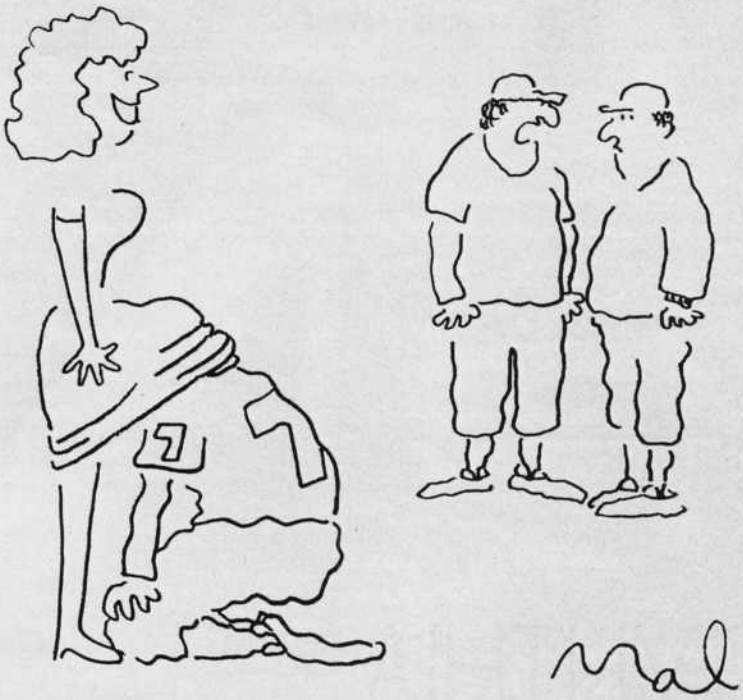
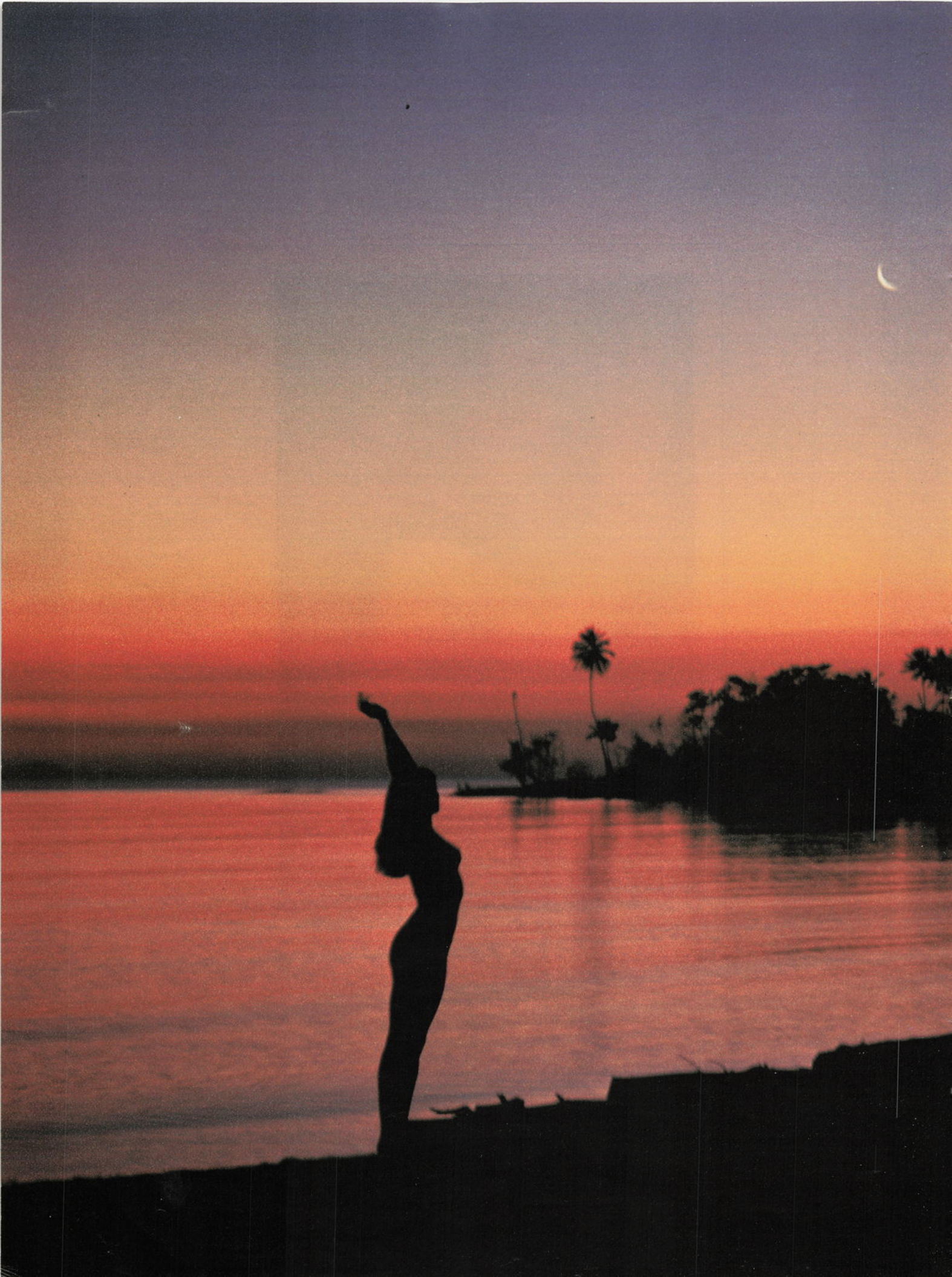


"See . . . I told you Snavely was a bush leaguer!"

"Sometimes I'll let a man know I want him by subtle looks and gestures, but other times—well, I just unexpectedly attack him!"

CYNTHIA



GOING NATIVE

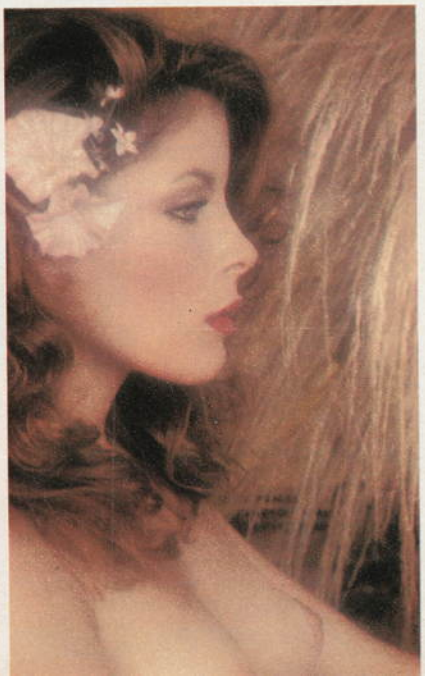
For Cynthia Peterson, a dedicated student of life, the rules of the game are simple: every single day a person should expand her mind and stretch her body to the limit. Our superbly supple September Pet of the Month makes her point: arching her back and reaching for the skies, she shows off her five-feet-two-inch, 35-22-34 form to splendid advantage. The ocean laps at her feet; the sun rises to the occasion. Taut and tawny, Cynthia proves at every photogenic angle that even tropical splendor can be one-upped, though she resents any man who feels her mind isn't as remarkable as her body.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CARL WACHTER

In fact, while millions of *Penthouse* readers are marveling at Cynthia's beauty, she'll be focusing on her brain, beginning her junior year of college, where she hopes to make the dean's list—and not because they grade on the curve. Eventually, Cynthia wants a degree in psychology and to work as a therapist.

Outdoor locations courtesy of Plantation Inn, Ocho Rios, Jamaica.

In the meantime, she's into studying human behavior firsthand. Field research, of a sort. Like the time she slipped away from a party (and a boring escort) to spend two steamy hours in a Jacuzzi with a very sexy couple she'd discovered there.



It gave her bold new insights into group dynamics, she claims. Dynamic groups are also drawn to Cynthia. While shooting these photographs in Jamaica, she made fast friends with the reggae-rock group Native, whose second album is due out soon on RCA. Here Native members Brian Jobson and Perry Tole prove they can serenade a vision like Cynthia and still keep their voices from cracking.

Makeup and hair by Steve Reily, Hollywood, Calif.

Clothes created and designed by Cindy Madsen, Semi Valley, Calif.

With a sly smile, our 20-year-old adventuress lists other impromptu experiments. Like driving topless down busy roads under construction to study the reactions of the hard hats enjoying the view. If you're going to bare your soul, she reasons, might as well make a clean breast of it! Cynthia's ideal fantasy involves exhibiting herself to a crowded glass elevator by opening her trench coat to reveal nothing but a garter belt and stockings. Our best guess is that the elevator would get stuck between floors . . . Cynthia's a Gemini whose frivolous and serious sides seem perfectly balanced. Heroes include Margaret Mead but also Ann-Margret. She reads Desmond Morris but also J.R.R. Tolkien.

Any man who can charm her into fidelity, she claims, would have to be intelligent enough to keep up with her mind games, handsome enough to rev up her hormones, and insightful enough to know exactly what she wants in bed. In other words a man who can read her mind as well as her body.

Indoor location at Brimmer Hall, Port Maria, Jamaica. Courtesy of Ernie Smatt.

And please, she adds, no speed readers need apply! "Neurosis," lectures our tempting teacher, "is the inability to break out of destructive, limited behavior patterns." Not Cynthia. She's nothing if not flexible. "Sometimes I'll let a man know I want him by sending him subtle looks or gestures, but other times, well . . . I just unexpectedly attack him!" Either way, we're game, sweet Cynthia. We'd like nothing better than to lie down on your couch, tell you all our dreams, and have you make them come true.

MISS CYNTHIA PETERSON / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The Vietnam veterans' "movement," like the war itself, is best characterized as a series of "small unit actions." No large-membership national organization of Vietnam veterans emerged out of the conflict; rather, a loose confederation of Vietnam veterans' self-help organizations has come into being. These range from groups in prison to groups in local communities, on college campuses, in individual states, etc. The underlying concept of veterans helping each other is a unique response to the personal and human problems occasioned as a consequence of service in Vietnam.

Though there are many others, two recent actions by Vietnam veterans indicate the nature and powerful potential of self-help. The first is the effort of the Minnesota Veterans Coalition to produce a quality half-hour outreach documentary film to help Vietnam veterans and their families to get information and assistance about Agent Orange. The need for such a film was and is obvious (though not to the Veterans Administration). However, meeting that need was a difficult task. To accomplish it, Jim Gambone and John Huebach of the Coalition, who also were associated with a non-profit, tax-deductible St. Paul organization called Film in the Cities, gave up their professional salaries and went to work to raise the necessary money and produce the film. They succeeded—to a degree. Today, after a year of hard work, there exists a film entitled *Agent Orange: A Story of Dignity and Doubt*, which was produced by Gambone with the help of more than 70 persons, most of whom are Vietnam veterans. It is a powerful film. Narrated by Martin Sheen, star of *Apocalypse Now*, who volunteered his services, it tells the story of a veteran whose post-Vietnam experience and that of his family encapsulates all the horrors associated with exposure to Agent Orange. Further, the film makes clear the necessity of getting a thorough physical examination and urges all Vietnam veterans who may have been exposed to Agent Orange to do so. It makes the point that some of the possible effects of Agent Orange can be treated when detected at an early stage.

A powerful new film about Agent Orange and a national monument for those who served in Vietnam are two examples of veterans acting on their own to help each other.

At present Gambone has only one print of the film available for distribution. Since its premiere in March in Minneapolis, Gambone has received many requests for showings but has been unable to respond. The problem is money. The project is in the red, and funds are needed to buy additional prints of the film and to have it transcribed onto video cassettes. For those interested in helping to spread the word about Agent Orange, contributions (tax-deductible) should be sent to Film in the Cities, 2388 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. 55114.

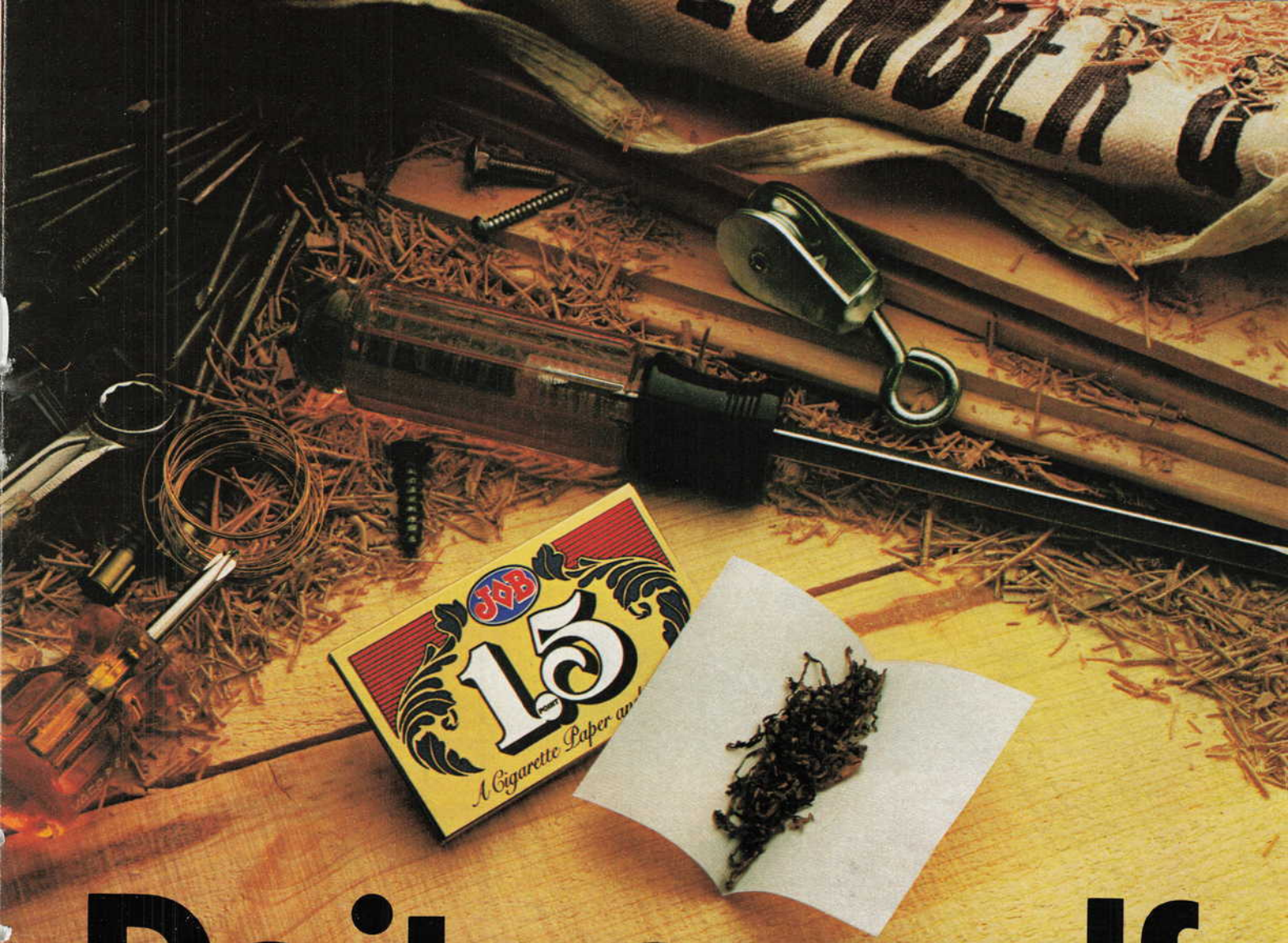
The second action involves the self-help of one man who had a dream. It began in early 1979, when Vietnam veteran Jan Scruggs saw *The Deer Hunter*, a film about the war. While watching the movie, Scruggs remembered his friends in Vietnam. "Half my platoon was either killed or wounded," he said. Seeing the film was a moving experience for Scruggs, and it rekindled an idea he had had for some time: building a national memorial for those who served in the Vietnam War. Scruggs was serious. He sold a piece of land and set out to gain support for his idea, taking time out when he could from his job as an employment specialist for the U.S. Department of Labor.

Bob Doubek, a Washington lawyer and fellow Vietnam veteran, suggested to Scruggs that he form a nonprofit, charitable organization as the mechanism for raising funds for the memorial. On April 27, 1979, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund was incorporated in the District of Columbia. By July 4 the VVMF had collected only $144.50. Scruggs was not dismayed. He still had his dream. In pursuit of its fulfillment, he met with his senator, Charles Mathias (Rep., Md.), who agreed to introduce legislation to provide a site for the memorial. The bill, with 29 cosponsors, was introduced to the Senate on Veterans Day 1979. By March 12, 1980, when hearings were first held in the Senate, the legislation for the memorial had attracted the cosponsorship of nearly every senator. On that day, in testimony before a Senate subcommittee, Scruggs said: "The Vietnam Veterans Memorial will provide a special tribute from the people of this country to those who served. The memorial will make no political statement about the war, as is proper, because in coming to grips with the history of Vietnam, our nation must separate the issue of the war itself from the issue of how the veterans served their country."

On July 1, 1980, Congress, by a unanimous joint resolution, authorized the VVMF to establish the memorial on two acres of national parkland near the Lincoln Memorial.

The VVMF then opened a national competition to create a design for the memorial. By March 31, 1981, 1,421 architects, sculptors, landscape artists—as individuals and teams—had entered, making it the largest competition of its kind in history. The fund told the competitors that the memorial should be reflective and contemplative, with room for inscribing the names of 57,692 Americans who died in the war; the names of the dead will be inscribed not in bureaucratic, alphabetical order but in the chronological sequence in which they died. The winner, Maya Ying Lin, a 21-year-old architecture student from Yale University, was announced May 6. Scruggs said Lin's design met the fund's criteria for "a memorial not to honor the war but rather to honor the sacrifices of Vietnam veterans."

The VVMF is now working to raise as much as $7 million—the amount estimated necessary to establish the memorial. On Veterans Day 1982, the VVMF will dedicate the memorial. If you want to help, send contributions to Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, Inc., P.O. Box 37240, Washington, D.C. 20013.—*William R. Corson*



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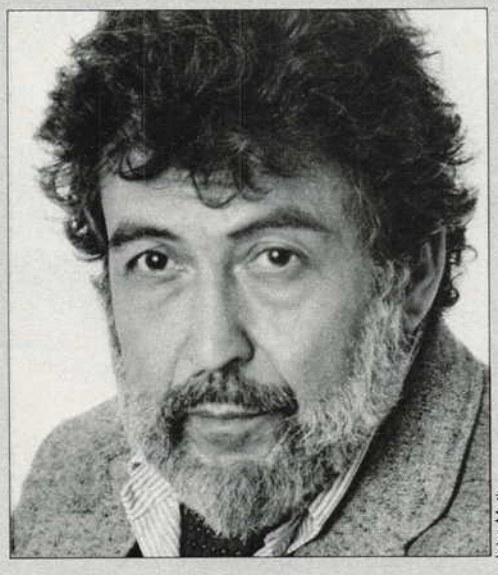

John Muth

BY NAT HENTOFF

The author is a national board member of the American Civil Liberties Union and a member of the steering committee of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. The paperback edition of his book *The First Freedom* has just been published by Dell/Laurel Editions.

ABSCAM: A WOLF IN SHEIKH'S CLOTHING

When the first news of Abscam broke, there was widespread rejoicing among the populace because crooks in high political office had been caught—the kind of crooks that defile the very core of the democratic system. And there are many more of them that never get caught, because their crimes are consensual—that is, both those paying and those accepting the bribes take great care that their corruption is well hidden. Therefore, when the FBI, using undercover agents pretending to be wealthy sheikhs in need of special political favors, snared six members of the House, one U.S. senator, and an assortment of smaller fry, it very much looked as if we were entering a new era of law enforcement. J. Edgar Hoover's FBI had stayed away from political corruption because an offended Congress might have cut its budget. But the "new" FBI, under William Webster, would play no favorites.

Increasingly, however, as more information is discovered on *how* the FBI baited and sprang its Abscam traps, there is compelling reason to believe that this new FBI is even more arrogantly contemptuous of basic constitutional liberties than the bureau under J. Edgar Hoover was. This is not to say that most of the defendants did not succumb to greed—we have seen a number of them caught green-handed on television. But the key Abscam issue now is whether the government should be allowed to *create* crimes in order to secure convictions. And not only create crimes but also be so eager to nail those they lure into those crimes that the most basic constitutional safeguards against outrageously unjust police methods will be violated, as throughout the Abscam operation. As William Bryant, chief judge of the Federal District Court in Washington, says, Abscam has an "odor to it that is absolutely repulsive."

To begin with, there has been absolutely no evidence that any of the defendants were engaging in criminal activity of any kind when they were set up to star in the Abscam video shows. This means that the FBI, instead of infiltrating undercover agents into *ongoing* criminal activity, invented the sheikhs, the oil money they claimed to want to invest in the congressmen's districts, and everything else that led to the charges of bribery and conspiracy. Yet, as Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart has said, "It is the government's duty to prevent crime, not to promote it."

Nonetheless, the jury in every single Abscam case so far has found the defendants guilty, because the jurors believed that even though it was all a government scam, the congressmen and their associates were willing to be bought. However, under the American system of justice, even a guilty man can be set free if the government is itself lawless in the ways in which it secures a conviction. And that's why every Abscam case is still open and will be appealed all the way to the Supreme Court. The defense attorneys have substantial reason to believe that the repulsive odor cited by Judge Bryant will lead the higher courts to decide—as one lower-court judge, John Fullam in Philadelphia, has already declared in throwing out two of the convictions—that the government went "far beyond the necessities of legitimate law enforcement." In fact, it went so far beyond that it savaged "the fundamental concepts of fairness" that are at the heart of what the Constitution calls due process of law.

For example, the inventor of Abscam and the FBI's chief undercover informant and stage director in the scheme was Mel

"The key Abscam issue now is whether the government should be allowed to create crimes in order to secure convictions."

Weinberg, a convicted swindler who was saved from a jail term by his agreement to use his bunco skills for the government. Characterized by Federal District Judge Fullam as an "archetypical, amoral fast-buck artist," Weinberg became an unguided missile for the FBI. In flagrant violation of the bureau's own rules for the handling of informants—rules that require FBI agents to keep a constant, careful record of what its informants do and say as they pursue their prey—Weinberg filed no reports, and the agents responsible for him kept few if any written records. Accordingly, fast-buck Mel was free to use unconstitutional means to bag his game.

Only after two assistant United States attorneys from New Jersey complained bitterly of the lack of control over this crucial actor in the Abscam plays was a meeting held with Weinberg and his FBI mates. There he coolly admitted that he did "rehearse" some of the key marks before they went before the hidden television cameras, but, after all, he added, unless he put words in these people's mouths, the government would have no case. And after that meeting the government's con man still went on as before.

This is how it worked. Before New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams was allowed to meet a fake sheikh (actually an FBI agent), the senator was first "briefed" by Weinberg. The con man assured him that he knew the impending investment deal with the sheikh was legitimate and that Williams was certainly not going to use the powers of his office to move the deal faster. However, Weinberg said, in coaching the senator, "When you see the sheikh, boast to him about how big a man you are in Washington. That's what he wants to hear. That's the way these Arabs are. Tell him the influence you have to use to get the contracts. Mention important people you control. Tell him, 'Without me there's no deal. I'm the man who's going to open the doors.' "

Later, in front of the hidden television cameras, Williams spoke the words that Weinberg had put into his mouth. And Williams was indicted and later convicted.

So, even in seeing certain congressmen taking money on those videotapes, we do not know how Weinberg and other informants first primed them off camera. In dismissing the convictions of Philadelphia city councilmen Harry Jannotti and George Schwartz, Federal Judge Fullam emphasized: "Neither Schwartz nor Jannotti asked for money; both made it clear that no payments were necessary. The idea of paying money originated with the agents; and it was the agents who insisted that unless the payments were accepted, their principals [the sheikhs] would be unwilling to proceed with the [$34 million hotel complex] in Philadelphia."

To be sure, the judge added, "There is no dispute about the defendants' receipt of the payments," but how far could the government be allowed to go to make a case?

After all, these are men in positions of public trust. They did take the money. Isn't it much more important to strip them of their capacity, as elected officials, to engage in more corruption than to worry about such constitutional "niceties" as government entrapment and other muggings of due process of law? One answer to this quite popular line of argument is Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter's reminder that "permissible police activity does not vary according to the particular defendant concerned." Constitutional guarantees are—or ought to be—just the same for every one of us.

Yet another strong whiff of the Abscam odor comes from the transcript—obtained by the defense—of a meeting between Weinberg; his FBI handler, Anthony Amoroso; and a middleman in the con game, Philadelphia lawyer Howard Criden. They were acutely frustrated because then (now former) Congressman Frank Thompson of New Jersey earlier had the gall, before the hidden cameras, to reject any discussion of a bribe. The three government conspirators desperately wanted Thompson back before the cameras, but how could they get him to hang himself?

"Fucking guy's an alky," Criden graciously volunteered. "Okay," said the resourceful Weinberg, "then next time we get him in the room, give him another drink." And FBI agent Amoroso did not say a mumbling word to indicate that the U.S. government disapproves of getting someone drunk in order to make him a defendant.

Then there is the way in which public funds have been lavishly expended on Mel Weinberg. In basic salary ($3,000 a month), expenses, and bonuses, the convicted swindler has already earned at least $163,000 as a very special government agent. Furthermore, according to those two dissident assistant United States attorneys in New Jersey, Weinberg has been promised "a lump sum at the end of Abscam, contingent upon the success of the prosecution." The more words he puts in people's mouths, the more artfully he sets up his marks, the more money the con man will make. This hardly meets American constitutional standards of "fundamental fairness" in law enforcement.

As the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled in a similar situation, using informants hired on a contingency basis creates an unacceptable risk of a "frame-up. The opportunities for abuse" in such an arrangement "are too obvious to require . . . elaboration."

Anyway you look at it, from the very beginning of Abscam, Weinberg—as Federal Judge Fullam has emphasized—has "had a direct financial stake in the continuance and expansion" of the operation. And since he was not controlled by the FBI, there is no telling what Weinberg might have done to ensure that his earnings would keep rising. For instance, in the process of "preparing" his targets for eventual videotaped audiences with the phony sheikhs, Weinberg made a lot of audiotape recordings. But no one knows how many, because the FBI never even kept a record of the number of blank tapes that were given to Weinberg and the number of tapes that were returned. Moreover, Mel says that he has lost some tapes. And there are indications that of the ones he didn't lose, some have been deliberately altered—or were interrupted in the course of conversations. Indeed, he often failed to record *all* of a conversation.

Why these gaps? One defense theory is that there might have been evidence in the missing sections that, in ensnaring his pigeons, Weinberg was going so far beyond even FBI guidelines of permissible hunting methods that he preferred those conversations to remain forever outside the reach of defense lawyers. We already know enough about Weinberg's slippery methodology—and his financial motivation for collecting as many scalps as possible—to make this theory quite plausible.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

WAYLON JENNINGS

> You ain't got enough tape
> for me to tell you
> what I've done that I regret.

If this were the best of all possible worlds, Waylon Jennings—who may well be the most authoritative singer around today—would be Kenny Rogers. He would be filthy rich and set for life instead of having to, at age 44, start over after his career had become stalled from business excesses and his health stretched to the very brink from overwork and drugs.

In many ways, though, those are the very reasons why Jennings is the reigning king of country music. *Real* country music, that is, country music with history and integrity, with none of these smooth vanilla pop shakes being slipped to you by Kenny Rogers and Eddie Rabbitt and even Waylon's old buddy Willie Nelson.

Jennings confesses that he would rather not work than do anything that goes against his grain. For that reason the Nashville establishment kept him under its thumb for years. They called him an "outlaw," a label he despises. He says he sought only to record what he wanted with musicians he wanted. Both ideas were heresy in Nashville in 1965, when Jennings landed there. The industry was a fiefdom: producers and publishers treated singers as indentured slaves, who were lucky to get a five percent contract and luckier still to escape with songwriting royalties. Recording sessions in Nashville were often song-stealing, cost-efficient, assembly-line affairs. Singers could not even use their own bands: selected session players would sometimes work four albums a day, and you could hear the same licks on each album. The session musicians worked off "number charts"—similar to color-coded keys on a child's toy piano—and never looked up from their charts.

Jenning's first assault on that country-club tradition was to carry a pistol—unloaded—into the studio to encourage the musicians to look up from their charts and watch him as he sang. He then became the first Nashville singer since Hank Williams to demand and get the freedom to record with his road band, to select the songs that he would sing, and to produce the recording sessions himself. In many ways he was the first country singer after Hank Williams to challenge the system and win. Williams, who flamed out and overdosed in 1953 at age 29 after being effectively blacklisted by the country establishment, won some battles but lost the war.

Jennings seems on his way to winning it all. His obsession with preserving country music's integrity *and* his own independence is finally turning in his favor. After years and years of his receiving form letters from his record company that began "Dear RCA Artist," the executives now come to him. Ten of his twelve albums have gone gold; one has gone triple platinum. He has sold well over 15 million albums in the last five years. He does the narration and the theme song for the "Dukes of Hazzard" television show, which was his first million-selling single. His *Greatest Hits* album is closing in on sales of 3 million copies. Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac wants to record with him. A television special he did is nominated for an Emmy. His best friends are Muhammad Ali, Johnny Cash, and James Garner. He is married to singer Jessi Colter, who is one of the most beautiful, intelligent, and charming women in the world. And despite all that, Waylon Jennings went broke in late 1980 and had to start his career all over again. It had happened to him before, and it did not seem to bother him too much.

But then Jennings is not your typical country star. He does not wear smartly tailored stage suits or those umbrella-sized cowboy hats that have a pound or two of pheasant feathers dripping off them, and he doesn't try to talk like a good ol' boy, and he doesn't even go fishing. He doesn't drink, and he doesn't go hunting. He does not attend any country music awards shows. He does not do talk shows. He rarely grants interviews (once every ten years). He does not visit the White House.

He was the first country singer to record songs by the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and Bob Dylan and was surprised when that raised a few eyebrows in country music circles. All he was doing, he said, was finding good songs, and he would find them wherever he could. Besides singing his own songs, he was the first to champion young writers such as Billy Joe Shaver and Kris Kristofferson—at the same time that he was cutting songs by Willie Nelson and Harlan Howard and even winning his only Grammy Award by recording "MacArthur Park."

What he mostly likes to do is to be left alone with his music and his family in their home outside Nashville. He is a grandfather from his three previous marriages; he and Jessi Colter have a two-year-old son, Waylon Albright Jennings, whom they call "Shooter" and who goes to sleep every night to Waylon's recording of "Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys."

Jennings was born June 15, 1937, in Littlefield, in western Texas. By the time he was 12, he was playing talent shows and doing guest shots on the local radio station. He

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONARD KAMSLER

wasn't all that serious about music as a career, though, and after high school worked at a series of menial jobs, including a short spell as a cement truck driver, a job that ended when he turned his truck over and permanently cemented someone's front yard.

In 1958 he headed for the nearest big town, Lubbock, where Buddy Holly and the Crickets were making rock-'n'-roll history. Jennings could play guitar, and after he landed a job as a DJ on radio station KLLL, Holly called him up and asked him to play bass for him. Holly thought enough of Jennings to produce his first record for him in September of 1958, and Holly himself played guitar on both sides of the Brunswick 45—"Jole Blon" and "When Sin Stops"—along with saxophone great King Curtis.

In early 1959 Jennings went on tour with Holly. In Clear Lake, Iowa, Holly and his sidemen Jennings and Tommy Allsup decided to charter a small plane to fly ahead of their bus to the next date, in Moorhead, Minn., to do their laundry and rest. The Big Bopper (J. P. Richardson), who was also on the tour, asked Jennings for his plane seat, and Richie Valens asked Allsup for his. On February 3, 1959, a date often described as "the day the music died," that charter plane crashed near Mason City, Iowa, and dispatched Holly, Richardson, and Valens to rock-'n'-roll heaven.

Waylon Jennings decided he'd had enough of life on the road and went back to deejaying in Lubbock. After he had eased back into music, he tried Nashville. Shot down there, he moved out to Phoenix, where he and his band, the Waylors, became an institution at J.D.'s. (The live album they recorded there now commands upward of $1,000 in collector's circles.) In Phoenix he was a no-bullshit rockabilly hotshot, whose strong stage persona let him get away with doing Bob Dylan songs before anybody else had heard of Dylan. A&M Records signed him, and he cut an album called *Don't Think Twice* (after the Dylan song of the same name) that was ahead of its time and sank out of sight.

Even so, the C&W establishment was well aware of him, and Chet Atkins, then number one in C&W as head of RCA in Nashville, signed Jennings up in 1965. The recorded results were highly uneven. Jennings had producers ranging from Atkins to Danny Davis, and in each case they usually rubbed each other raw. Astonishing everyone, he won a Grammy Award for his recording of "MacArthur Park" when he was still being marketed as a "folk country artist." The cover of an album from this period, *Waylon Jennings and the Kimberleys,* shows Jennings, in a weird safari suit with Beatle boots and a greaser hairdo, alongside the Kimberleys in all their suffocating wholesomeness. That album cover strategy was not repeated once Jennings had seized control of his career.

That's a subject that's still sensitive in Nashville. All Jennings ever wanted was the freedom to record what he wanted with whom he wanted and to be paid a fair salary for doing so. For his pains, he was labeled a rebel, and in fact he starred in the first C&W "outlaw movie," a thing called *Nashville Rebel,* which was the *Beach Blanket Bingo* of country.

Still, he believed in his music, as did some fellow late-nighters in Nashville, at Glaser Studios, which was dubbed "Hillbilly Central" in the early 1970s. Tompall Glaser presided over the nightly ceremonies with a fifth of Jack Daniel's Black. The participants included Billy Joe Shaver, Kristofferson, Billy Swan, and damn near every good C&W songwriter you've heard since. Plus Willie Nelson.

Word got out, and in 1976 Jerry Bradley, who had succeeded Chet Atkins at RCA, came up with a crazy idea to put these "outlaws" on one album. *Wanted: The Outlaws* had 11 songs by Waylon and Willie and Jessi and Tompall, and it was the first country music album out of Nashville ever to go platinum, to sell a million copies right out of the chute. That forever changed Nashville. Willie went on to become the new Bing Crosby. Waylon, who is genuinely shy, fell back from the public gaze but started selling millions of albums and attracting an audience that went far beyond the C&W norm.

Penthouse interviewer Chet Flippo caught up with Jennings in Alpine, Tex., where he was filming a documentary on the last of the real cowboys. Interviews continued on Jennings's Learjet back to Nashville, at his home, and at the one hundred and seventh running of the Kentucky Derby, where Waylon and Jessi were guests of Gov. John Y. Brown. Jennings's demeanor, said Flippo, was the same at all events: real.

Penthouse: What is the thing that has impressed you most while you've been out here on the range?

Jennings: The people. I'd never really seen what a cowboy was. I checked it out pretty good. I learned a lot from them. They're good ol' boys, and they were awful good to me. At first they were kind of standoffish, but after a while it was all all right. They're a proud bunch of people, you know? And yet they feel that people might be there to poke fun at them or something. How the hell can you poke fun at a cowboy? He's doing what he wants to—he's really free.

Penthouse: Did you feel like you were stepping back into the American West?

Jennings: Well, I've always wanted to be a cowboy. I think everybody wants to be a cowboy. Even when they get grown up, secretly, most men want to be a cowboy. I know now that I don't have enough years left to be one, though. It would take too much to learn it. Listen, they work hard. They stay up there when it's raining cats and dogs and colder than hell. But they hang in there. They always do.

They're also really in tune with nature—they know cattle and horses, they know animals. They can figure things out. Like the other day I saw the sky clouding up, and I said, "It's going to rain." But one of them says, "No. The wind's blowing too hard." And you know, he was right. They are the closest thing to a free American that there is right now. They are the real heroes of this country; they really are. It's not something that they work at. They just are.

Penthouse: Do they talk much about it?

Jennings: About being a cowboy? Well, the old-timers talk about how they don't think the new guys can cut it, and the new guys don't want to hear about all the old-time shit. But the one thing they tell you, the old ones and the young ones, is that they learn something every day. They can tell when a cow or bull is fixing to turn on you. When a calf is bellowing, they can tell whether it's a scared sound or a pained sound or what. Almost like a mother can tell with a baby, a cowboy can tell with a cow or a calf or with a bull. They know how to read 'em.

The real American cowboy still works the cows, still stays out there in the wide open; he'd rather be there than anywhere. And he still does it a whole lot, like they did it years ago. He still uses just the horses to round up the cattle. He don't let anybody hunt the eagles or the deer, antelope, anything on the ranch. He won't overgraze his land. He takes care of the environment. There are things like the dehorning, the castrating, the shots, the branding—it's all done in a humane way. It's just something that has to be done, because you can't just have a bunch of bulls roaming the prairie.

Penthouse: What would you say the cowboy represents in America?

Jennings: He signifies the all-man image, you know? Like he's manly, he's an outdoorsman, and he always looks good doing what he does, whether it's dancing or riding the range. And he's what we all really want to be, deep down inside—free. He's as close to being free as you ever will be in this country. A lot of them tell me they could make a lot more money doing something else. But it's like music or writing: some part of us would die if we ever quit doing it. Like if I quit playing music, I don't know what would happen to me. It's like a drunkard and his wine.

The cowboy is doing what he wants to do. He's where he wants to be. And he's loyal. He believes in the basics, and that ain't no bad deal. Cowboys represent what this country started out to be.

Penthouse: How are we different from what we started out to be? What went wrong?

Jennings: We've lost a lot of freedoms. Politics has caused a lot of problems. I'm talking about government and its respect for the people. All of a sudden the politicians get to thinking that they should protect us from ourselves. They try to herd us

like cattle, as if we don't have enough sense to take care of ourselves. The government was supposed to be the will of the people, and the law-enforcement officers were there to protect and serve. But they've forgotten that. They don't consider themselves public servants any more. And then there are a lot of things that they've taken away, like constitutional rights.

But with all the things wrong, it's still the best system, and the young people are going to make it better. When I was growing up, we didn't give a damn about the government. We didn't pay no attention to it, and we weren't really worried about it. But in the past 20 years the kids have become very aware and concerned about the rights and the wrongs. And for that reason I think we're in pretty good shape.

Penthouse: What do these song lyrics of yours mean: "I guess you can't stop change/I just wish we had taken it slow"?

Jennings: I was tryin' to express how terrible I think it is that we are losing our American landscape. I was over in Tulsa recently when they were tearin' down the train station. They said they needed more room. Well, heck, there are acres and acres of land around Tulsa! They say, of course, that it's progress. But it seems the more modern we get, the more categorized everything is and the more controlled. The old train station is a symbol, just like the cowboy's a symbol, of the kind of heroes we used to have—real men who were individuals, who stood their ground, who didn't take no shit from nobody.

There just ain't many cowboys left. Maybe what we ought to do is get us some stick horses. We should all read Zane Grey and get that feelin' back again and learn to stand up for what we believe in again. There are just too many barbed-wire fences these days.

Penthouse: How did you happen to do this film?

Jennings: An outline was sent to me, and they wanted to know if I'd do the narration and be there and talk with people and do the music for it. I'll tell you how much I wanted to do it: I found out how much I was going to get paid *after* I agreed to do it! The project is real good. What we're trying to show is what a cowboy really is. I don't think people have ever seen that. They've seen a Hollywood cowboy, but they've never seen what one is really like. I've been called a cowboy, and I'm not anywhere *near* being a cowboy. I'm a cowboy *singer,* maybe. I like to sing cowboy songs.

Penthouse: Who decides whether a song is "cowboy," "country and western," or "popular"?

Jennings: It's hard to figure out. When I first came to Nashville, people were too much into defining. "This is country, and this is pop. This is rock 'n' roll; this is classical." They were deciding that an instrument made a song one thing or another. If a bunch of strings are added to a song in the studio, it's perfect "pop." In "country"

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the singer is the important thing. If it's fast and there's a beat, it's "rock." Who gives a damn? Why put a label on something? You never heard anybody who didn't like Fats Domino. He'd sell in the country field just as well as he would in the pop field. On a country show he'd be great.

Penthouse: Haven't you had trouble with the Country Music Association and the Nashville establishment over your music?

Jennings: You know it. Not only do they dictate what is country music and what is not country music; then they get into dictating life-styles, man—telling people how they should live and act. A lot of people wanted this control. So they got control of artists, completely. They told them that they could do what they wanted or get out.

Penthouse: It sounds like slavery.

Jennings: Well, if you wanted to be in the country music business, then you did it their way. And that didn't work out too well with me. I always felt this way: if they didn't like the way I was as a person, then they could keep the hell away from me. I'll pay the piper myself. I know it's an old corny saying, but people hear different beats from the drum, and the way I am, the way I live, is just not any of their damn business. I guess if I had a message for young entertainers, it would be this: there is always another way to do things, and that's *your* way, and you have the right to try it that way at least once, no matter what anybody tells you. You're not yourself when you're a controlled human being. You can't be controlled and be yourself.

Penthouse: This sounds like it might have been a hard-earned lesson for you.

Jennings: I reached this point after I spent too much time trying to please. I learned that you can't be what everybody wants you to be. I've done interviews—you can tell someone something a thousand times and they still want you to be the way *they* see you. And then there is this big, bad macho image that they want you to live up to. It's so silly, people trying to put out a macho image. If you're a man, people know it, you know? If you're tough, people know it. I told my son, "You don't have to prove yourself. If you're tough, it's just the way you carry yourself. There's an air about you." I'll tell you, I've seen some pretty meek-looking little guys just tear the hell out of the big ol' boys. I don't worry about images. I'm the same person whether I'm singing onstage or whether I'm offstage. I really could never live being two or three different-type people.

Penthouse: Do you have any more advice for young people?

Jennings: I think the worst mistake anybody can ever make is to deal with a corporation or a government organization on a personal basis, a man-to-man basis. There is nothing human about corporations. They're just structures made up of a lot of little people who know what their jobs are but don't know nothin' else. Each man knows what he cannot do, not what he *can* do. And no one can make a decision. Corporations are like a chain link fence—one guy passes a problem along to the next, who sends it along to the next. My advice is, don't do battle with them on their terms on their ground at their time.

Penthouse: You've said that Elvis once called you a billy.

Jennings: Called me a billy, yeah. Country singers are billies from the hills. Hillbillies. But then Elvis was a little bit billy himself.

Penthouse: Apparently, that's the kind of music he was listening to near the end of his life.

Jennings: He liked gospel music a lot, the quartet music. I got the feeling that Elvis didn't listen to music that much before he died. I think he lost interest for some reason. I think he had just been too protected, and he didn't know where it was at anymore. He lost touch. From just being around him and talking to him, you could see that some of his ideas were very young. Elvis was like 18 years old in some ways. But he was something else. He came along—like Jerry Lee Lewis, Willie Nelson—and the first time you ever heard 'em, they were as good as the last time you heard 'em. It just seemed like they had talent all of a sudden.

> I really believe that a human being needs a center post—some people call it Christ; some call it love. They have to have something.

Penthouse: What do you remember about Elvis?

Jennings: His mother was the only thing he ever loved. He never really progressed beyond that. One time I was sittin' across a table from him, and his wife came up from behind him to hug him, and he knocked her away with his elbow and then gave me this crooked grin like he'd done something great.

The last time I saw Elvis was at the Hilton in Las Vegas. He sent his security guards down to the lobby to get me, because he'd invited me up to a party and I hadn't gone. So me and Jessi went up there. Sonny West was waving a gun around and pointed it at Jessi. I told him to stop it, and he did it again. I said, "Hoss, you better grease up that gun, because I'm fixin' to stick it up your ass." And Elvis laughed at that. He really liked that.

Penthouse: Sometimes it seems like Nashville people feed on rumors, doesn't it?

Jennings: Sure. The rumors I've heard about myself are pretty funny. I've heard that I've gone nuts and gone to the nuthouse. Then, when we moved our offices, everyone was sayin' that we were out of business. Nashville has its little pockets of people who start rumors. They're like a bunch of little old ladies, some of them. But they don't bother me anymore. At first you try to straighten them out, and that's the worst thing you can do. If I'd done everything that people said I'd done, I'd be 150 years old, at least, right now. I'm really nothing like a lot of people think I am or like the rumors say I am. But no matter how many times you say something in interviews and newspapers, they still don't get it.

Penthouse: People seem to think you're some kind of outlaw or tough guy.

Jennings: Yeah. I'll tell you the one big thing about me: I don't back up. If I think I'm right, then I'll stand up for what I believe is right. So there's that. And I've always been known as kind of a troublemaker. But the only thing that I ever fought for—one thing, against the Nashville system, and all I ever wanted, all I ever wanted to leave with anybody—was to always remember that there's one more way to do something, and that's *your* way. A person has the right to do it, to try something his own way, at least once.

The way they cut records in Nashville, it worked for some people, but it didn't work for me. It was like an assembly line, and it just never worked for me.

Penthouse: Records had to be cut *their* way.

Jennings: Yeah. You're like a number in a computer when you're a recording artist. And as much as they like you or dislike you personally, they just want you to sell records. They'll do anything to keep you making records that sell. They will make your record "pop" so it will sell. Now, I've seen that work for a lot of people, and they've been successful, and I guess I could have been successful much earlier had I gone along with it.

Penthouse: But you'd have been a different person today.

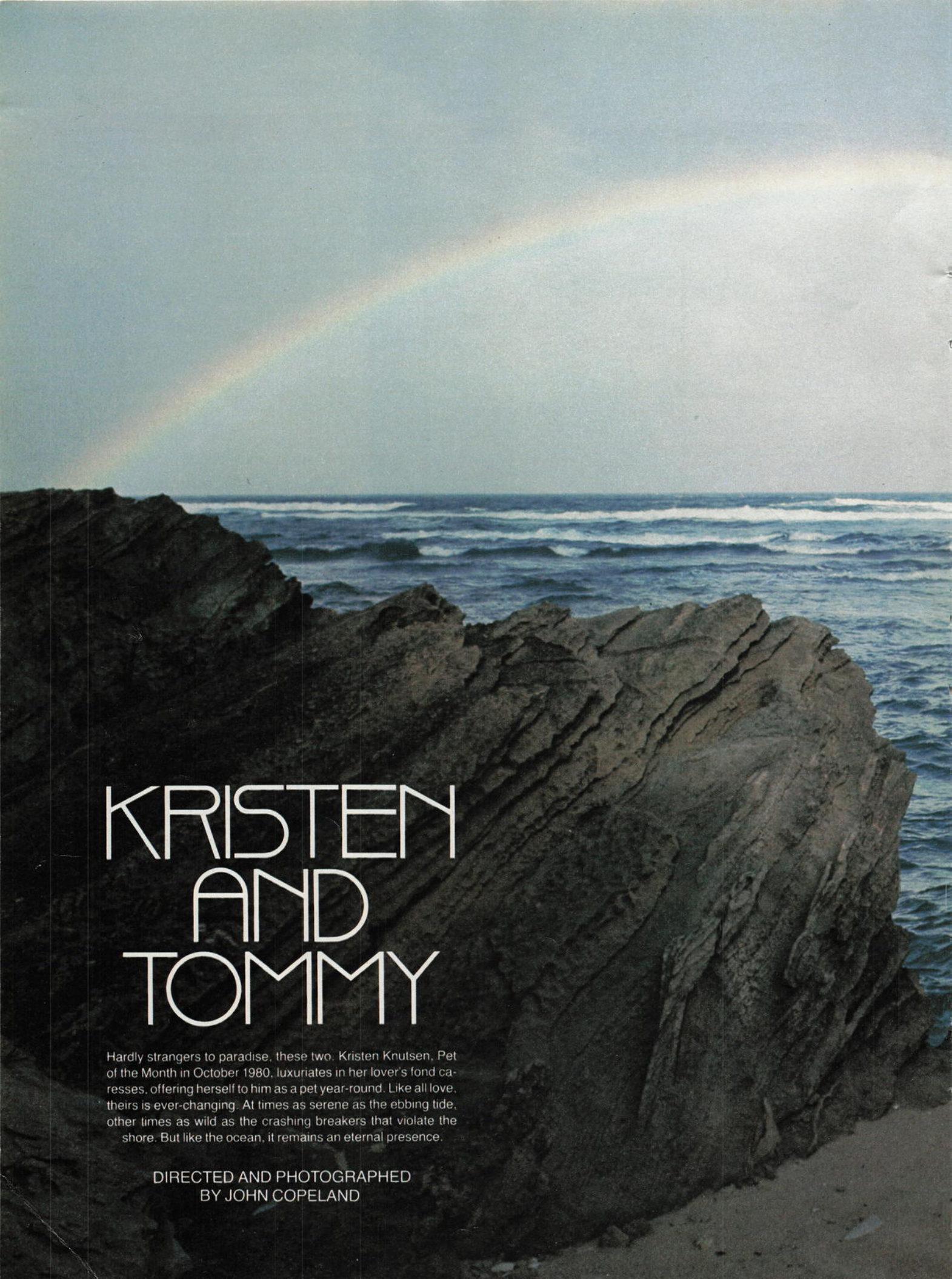
Jennings: I don't think I'd even have stayed in the business if I had been that way. I know I could never do that. That would be what I call selling out. It just wouldn't have been good if I did it, and I could never live with it. You know, some people thought I was out to try to destroy something. I had no intention—I didn't want to destroy nothing at all. It was just that what worked for them didn't work for me. So I've renegotiated my contracts and got creative rights and artistic control.

Penthouse: Country music has changed so much. People who buy country music buy Kenny Rogers. What's going to happen to people from the forties—Jimmy Dickens, Ernest Tubb—who built country music?

Jennings: Well, they've found a place in history. They'll always be here, because we learn from them. I don't think country music has changed. I think it's broadened.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

*Young and sun-bronzed,
they find endless
mystery and delight
in each other's beauty.*



KRISTEN AND TOMMY

Hardly strangers to paradise, these two. Kristen Knutsen, Pet of the Month in October 1980, luxuriates in her lover's fond caresses, offering herself to him as a pet year-round. Like all love, theirs is ever-changing. At times as serene as the ebbing tide, other times as wild as the crashing breakers that violate the shore. But like the ocean, it remains an eternal presence.

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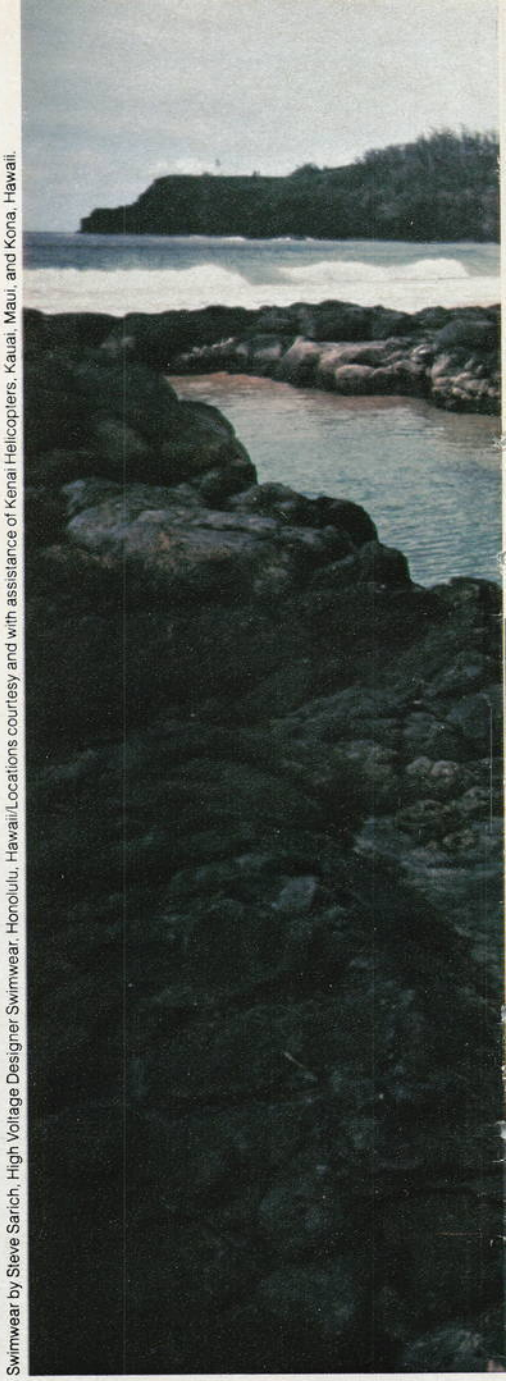
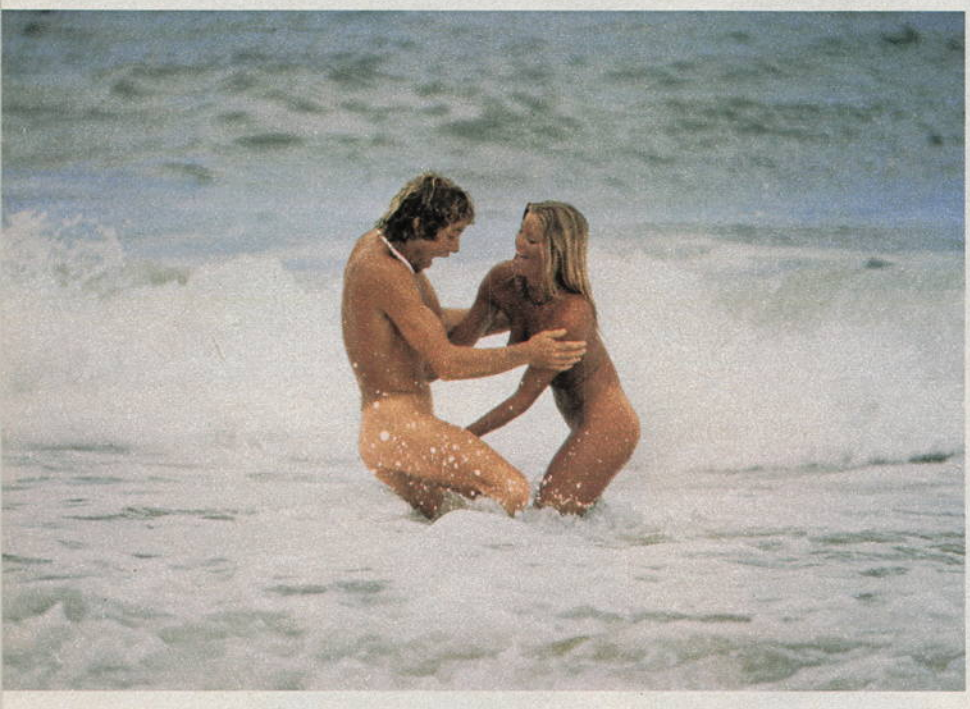


Swimwear by Steve Sarich, High Voltage Designer Swimwear. Honolulu, Hawaii/Locations courtesy and with assistance of Kenai Helicopters. Kauai, Maui, and Kona, Hawaii.

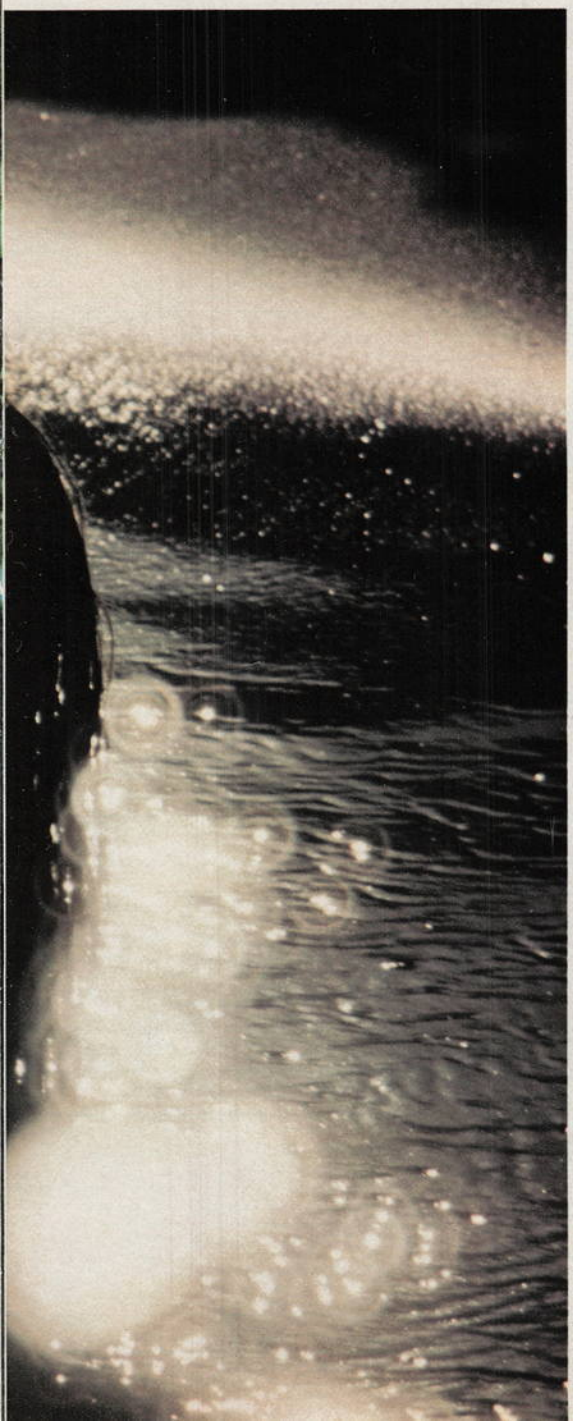
How many lovers have spoken empty words, exchanged meaningless pledges to fly away . . . together . . . always! But these two dared to preserve the dream, to wake and make it real. Their universe is defined by each other's arms—expanding in moments of freedom, collapsing inward with joy in moments of closeness.

Their wedding bands are made from the gleaming offerings of earth: shells and coral lightly wreathing their throats. Their rituals, too, are simple: worshiping the sun on an altar of coral reef, christening their fresh devotion in icy waters . . .

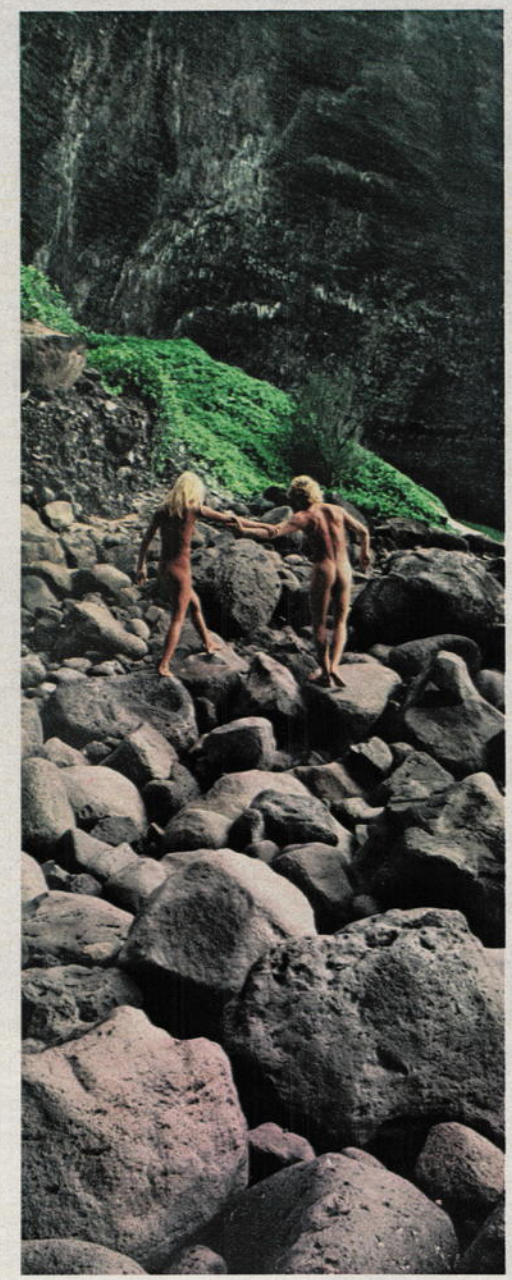
Nature may be the only treasure the lovers possess as they revel in her wealth of sensations: the tingling thrill of salt spray, the tremulous whisper of fingertips on naked flesh, the brush of a kiss . . .



As if pleased with the lovers for recognizing her riches, nature responds by showering them with her bounty. Their haven is a peaceful lagoon; the only tumult they know is the pounding surf. Young and sun-bronzed, they find endless mystery and delight in each other's beauty.



Tumbling together, their hungry mouths tasting each other along with the salty brine, their mutual desire mounting. A connubial bed of sand and water disturbed only by the tide arouses them further, unleashing the awesome powers of youth and passion.



Heartbeats racing, bodies pumping pneumatically, locked in their private rhythms. Depleted, quivering with pleasure, they dream-rest in each other's arms, then rise to go, leaving their tenuous indentation in the sand. The advancing tide will wash the mark away, then later recede like a turned-down sheet of foam, offering the lovers a resting place once again.

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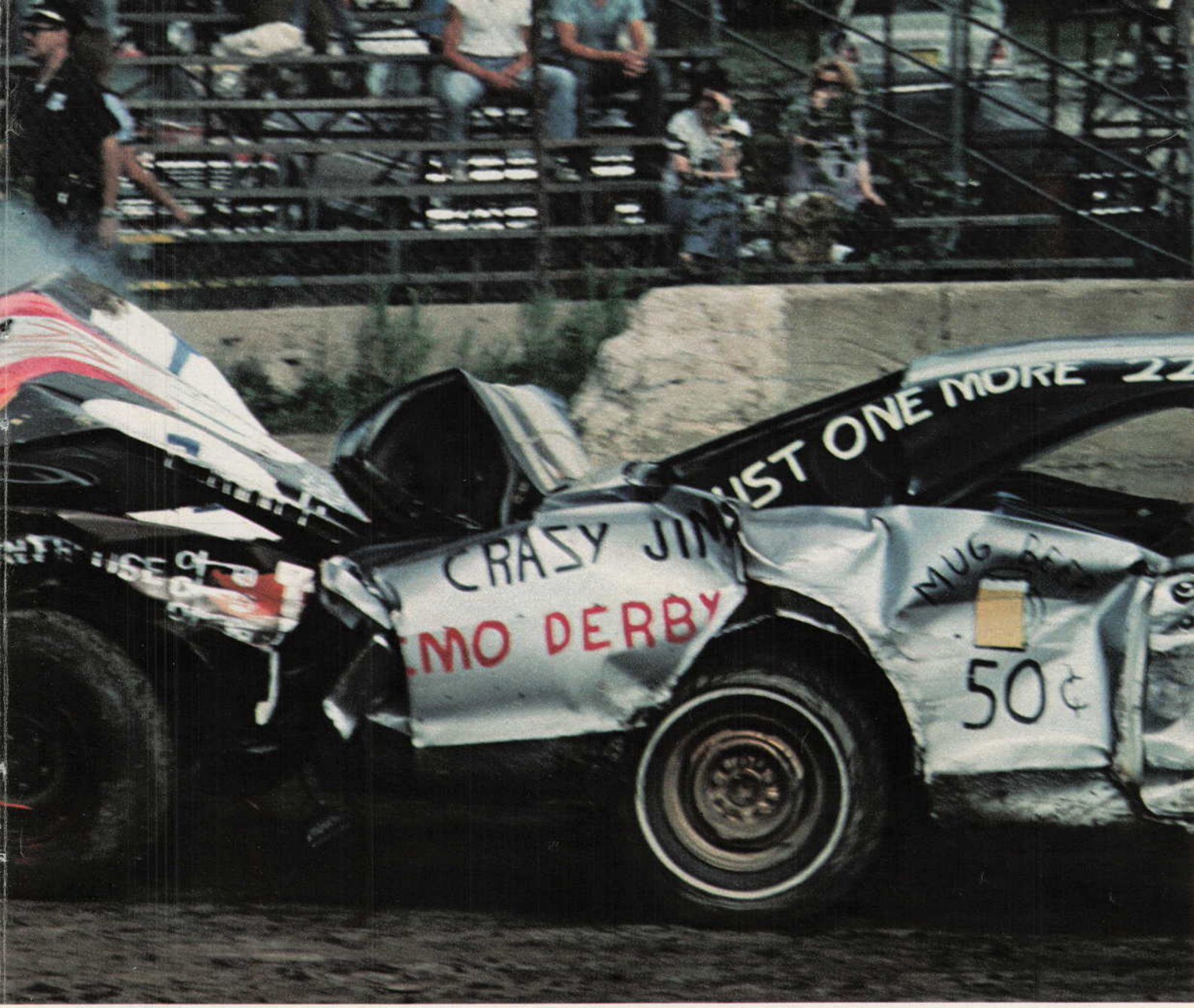
REPORTAGE

AMERICA AT ITS LEISURE

A new series of Penthouse *reports that will take an inside look at various aspects and experiences of life in America that are not generally known to the public at large but nevertheless comprise an important and newsworthy part of our culture. These photo-journalistic essays will report on a wide range of facets of contemporary society and will preview tomorrow's trends as they develop today.*

DEMOLITION DERBY

BY PETER JAMES SPIELMANN



Jim Klingbeil

The race track was an oval of mud ringed with bleachers and those horn-on-a-stick loudspeakers that you see in old newsreels of Hitler rallies.The crowd was as eager as the drivers were anxious for the action to start. Who could be patient while waiting to see "OVER 100 CARS DESTROYED BEFORE YOUR EYES," as the ubiquitous billboards throughout the city promised?

The speaker horns crackled and sputtered and then blared out a nasal version of the national anthem while the crowd in the stands rose unsteadily to its feet, facing the flag and placing babies and beer cans in secure spaces.

I sat in my hippopotamus of a 1973 Pontiac Safari station wagon, waiting with the other drivers for the green flag. A porky guy in the car to my right looked over my car's paint job, reading the quote from Mikhail Bakunin on its right side: "There are times when creation can be achieved only through destruction. The urge to destroy is then a creative urge." The guy's Chevy had the usual slogans that gearhead demolition derby drivers invent over a brew: "Sit on a happy face, 50¢ tap beer, 4 pool tables." Obviously a local bar was his patron. He smiled, and we nodded at each other. I gave him a thumbs-up gesture for luck and pulled on my gloves as the last tinny notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner" flickered out. I could afford to wish him luck. My luck was built into my car.

I turned the ignition key, and the engine exploded into a throaty roar punctuated by the loud poom! poom! poom! of the backfiring, disconnected exhaust system. I'd had my mechanic disconnect the exhaust so that the engine wouldn't choke and die out on its own fumes if the tail pipes were crushed in . . . Moreover, the psychological effect of the fiendish detonations and the small tongues of flames spurting out of the hole cut in the hood were most unnerving. The Pontiac sounded more like an old threshing machine than the proud Detroit family wagon it was born to be.

The small hole cut in the hood exposed the top of the carburetor. If the engine stalled, I was prepared to tear a can of ether engine-starter, pinned behind my seat, from its safekeeping spot, lean through the missing front windshield, spray ether into the carburetor, and crank over the engine to MOVE again within 30 seconds before being red-flagged out of the derby for inaction.

The radiator worried me. It's the most vulnerable part of the car, the reason why everyone drives backward, trying to mash the radiators of other cars. If my radiator cracked, the water would pour out instantly and the engine would lock tight from

Meek, mild Penthouse *writer Peter James Spielmann becomes Crusader Rabbit in his* Penthouse *1973 Pontiac Safari station wagon, inflicting a frontal assault on the "50¢ a Beer" Chevy (you show me your radiator, and I'll show you mine).*

Cathy Gubin

Cathy Gubin

overheating in less than a minute. My mechanic, Craig, had run two water hoses from the engine through the dashboard to the relocated radiator, which was sharing the front seat with me, seat-belted in place inches to my right.

It had seemed wise in the garage to move the radiator inside, but now I had time to contemplate someone ramming my car's right side, knocking boiling water into my lap. Better not to be *too* imaginative. I also began to question the wisdom of sitting on top of the repositioned gas tank under my seat, where it would be more insulated from ramming than it would be in the rear of the Pontiac. Within one foot of me was gasoline, boiling water, and a pressurized can of ether. In another minute 25 cars would be loose on the track, sideswiping, ramming, and crushing each other in a frenzy for the prize money. The other drivers looked inspired for mayhem, most of them loosened up on beer. Others had eyes with huge, black pupils that blotted out their color, their white knuckles clutching the steering wheel as some potent overdose of diet pills pumped through their veins.

The flagman tantalized us, inspecting God-knows-what in the narrow aisles between the ranks of cars while we stewed in our own sweat and adrenaline, winding over our engines again and again. An ominous near calm settled on the field for several seconds. Then: GREEN FLAG! The engine noise rose from thunder to pandemonium, and old bald tires whirled, kicking clods of mud through missing windows onto drivers' faces. Every driver's head was screwed on backward, staring fixedly over his favored shoulder out his back window toward that vortex where we'd all lock together and the lucky few would back away: GRII! (WHAM) IIND! The recurring blows came as row upon row crashed into cars already pinned in the midst of the jam, the concussions sounding oddly muffled in my helmet, like "bonks" and "crumps."

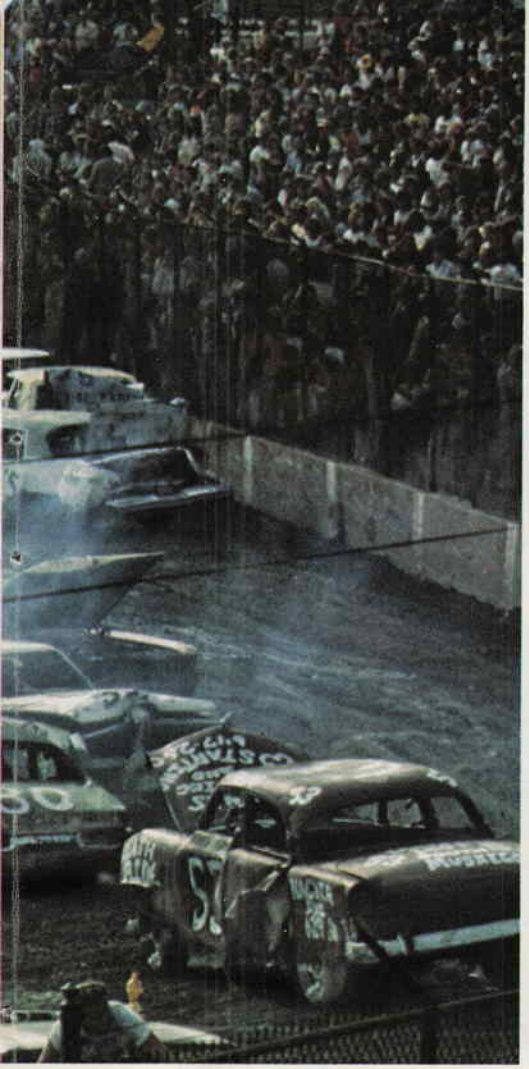
There was a moment of instant grid-lock after every car pinwheeled to a dead halt, drivers frantically shoving gear levers up and down the shift column, revving the engines, some cars heaving against already flat tires and tangled bumpers like mastodons mired in a tar pit, easy targets while immobile. I was lucky enough not to be pinned in the instant junkyard in the center of the straightaway, and I shifted into low to get the hell out of that killing ground. The Ponty strained and lurched forward, breaking free of the mess. The other survivors paired off to take shots at each other, some locking front bumpers like bull elks in rut, others driving backward at each other's radiators, circling like dogs chasing each other tail first.

My car had more acceleration and control moving forward; so I attacked everything that moved with my front bumpers, becoming an instant crowd pleaser. By the end of the first minute, half of the cars were out of the action, victims of the first deadly crunch or of mechanical failures in the heat of battle, rather like cardiac patients in a karate match.

The glee of unrestrained anarchy took hold of me; I was gripped and set free simultaneously! There was no time to "think," just enough split seconds to react, to strike and dodge, to swerve between the quick and the dead autos scattered across the track. Crashes bounded off me every few seconds, too fast to count; most strikes, fortunately, were light, glancing blows, since no one could get enough speed weaving through the pack to do major damage.

I stumbled through the soupy haze of blue oil smoke, radiator steam, and burning rubber, taking whacks at every target in my path, sometimes bouncing off, sometimes jolted to an instant stop-on-a-dime from a point-blank blow, my head snapping as if it would break off and roll onto the dirt track. The sharply rising adrenaline rush flooded my nerves powerfully enough to sustain me for the second round of action, a glandular high that would have left me shaking and pale in other circumstances.

While backing into a Pinto, crushing down the remnants of his trunk and rear seat, I saw trouble converging on me from three directions: a dark, olive Chevy, a



Cathy Gubin

Cathy Gubin

(far left, top) Visiting the junk heap before the derby begins, drivers and mechanics search for salvageable parts. (far left, bottom) It's a tight squeeze for this derby driver as he takes the only way out of his dead auto. (center) A soupy haze of oil smoke and radiator steam envelops a derby grid-lock when several cars simultaneously go cruisin' for a bruisin'. In the background car owners pry loose hoods and bumpers from their KO'd cars. (left) Demolition derbies are not for men only. A woman driver awaits the drop of the flag signaling the start of the Powder Puff Derby, an event staged between elimination heats. Many of the women are wives of the derby drivers. (below) A tangle-up on the straightaway results in a crunchy-car sandwich, a crowd favorite.

Geoffrey Woodward

seaweed-green Dodge, and a red-and-white Ford had all spotted me as a sitting target and collectively decided to finish me off while I was in their sights. Two cars converged from the right, aiming for my radiator and the Bakunin "Creation/Destruction" quotation on that door, as the olive Chevy loomed bigger each moment while it headed for my left elbow. The impact of three cars striking simultaneously was so stunning that I never heard it. My vision briefly blurred into black-and-white stop-action frames as my Pontiac was hoisted inches into the air. The converging forces canceled each other through the frame of my car and threw the energy upward, the only possible direction. With my left peripheral vision I saw a black maw gape open like a shark hitting into meat, the jackknifed hood of the Chevy, which had compressed half its engine compartment against the door on the driver's side. The Chevy driver's daring dive for me had busted him out of the race, and the red-and-white Ford looked as mashed as if it had been dropped from a building.

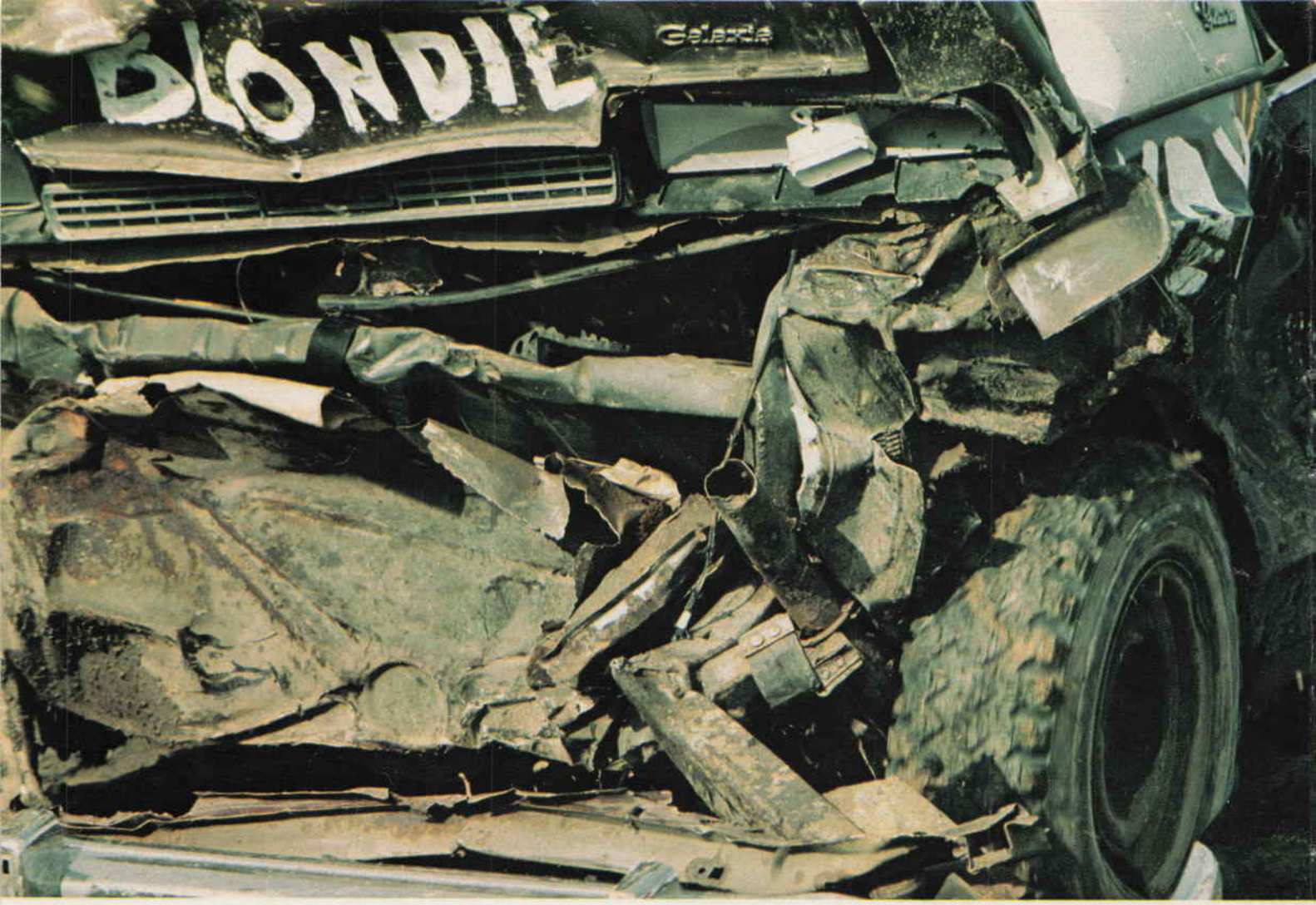
The track was littered with steaming, smoking hulks of what once were beloved family cars. This race was their last Sunday drive. My helmet visor was splashed with gobs of mud that painted a pattern of blind spots, and the multiple wrecks prevented a view of who was still moving and where. Some wrecks laid a blanket of impenetrable steam across the track; so I could only charge into the cloud, not knowing whether someone was coming through it from another direction.

I now had all the calm and strategy of a looter in a riot. "Keep moving" was my only thought. "You're one of the last few; keep moving." I cruised to the east end of the track, stalking victims, found none there, and began to turn the steering wheel when the sound exploded WHAAAMMM! WHOOSHHHIIIiiisss! The car was instantly filled with rubbery vapor, and a splash of boiling water spattered across my helmet visor, dissolving the mud and drooling off. A vast plume of steam erupted from beneath the hood, swept back over the Pontiac, and trailed away behind me. *"Damn! The radiator's exploded"* leaped across my nerve synapses—I was halfway out of the driver's side window when the car rolled to a halt near the infield. But I glanced back, saw the radiator intact, and decided that one of the hoses, probably the one from the hot engine to the radiator, had burst like an overworked heart. I had a few more minutes until the pump emptied the radiator, maybe enough time to win; so I threw the car back into gear and turned to face the few remaining survivors.

It was then that I felt the electrifying rush of glory that drivers sometimes receive in such a fight to the finish. Since I'd been viciously ruining every car in sight with the *front* end of my car, I'd become a crowd favorite. When the people in the east end bleachers saw me begin to move again, they rose to their feet, shouting, clapping, waving thumbs-up signals. The acclamation swept westward across the stands as I returned to the foray after suffering a mortal breakdown.

Gingerly I threaded my way between the wrecks, hanging my head out the window like a locomotive engineer to see where I was going, since my car hood was doubled up three feet in the air, blocking my forward view. After crossing the track, I found a Chrysler bellowing and moaning, pinned against the wall by two wrecks, and put it out of its misery. Then I dispatched a cowardly AMC Gremlin, whose driver was playing the cautious game of "keep away," hoping that all the other cars would knock themselves to shrapnel and leave him the winner. Meanwhile, my water pump was emptying the coolant from the engine, leaving a spoor after me.

Black smoke began pouring out, the penultimate symptom of a burning engine. I whiffed the burned oil and hot metal fumes, knowing that little time remained for finishing off the one other car still running, a Ford awaiting my attack. My Pontiac suddenly began convulsing and lurching forward in spasms of power. The engine emitted a new sound, the rasping of metal on metal, and the hot ozone smell was overpowering. The Ponty heaved forward several more times, a blinded bull of



a car making its last desperate thrusts at its tormentors, and then fell silent and rolled to a stop just yards from the Ford. The referee checker flagged the Ford, and tow trucks poured onto the track to drag away the casualties.

The defeated drivers humbly crawled through the car windows. Only one car drove off the field, riding high on the cheers of the crowd. As a cloud veiled the sun, the debris staged a Dantesque scene in the gray afternoon light. Jumbles of twisted steel littered the quagmire, some still hissing out a steamy, dying sigh. Vital fluids, water, and gasoline dribbled from some of the losers. Hoods and trunk lids jutted into the air at every skewed angle, recalling newspaper photos of auto accidents. The frames of some cars were so broken that their bellies sagged like those of old nags. Others were telescoped into each other's trunk. Many were torn open, so that they resembled partially decomposed bodies, with bones and organs visible in places where the flesh was stripped away.

Tow trucks dragged and pushed shattered cars to the backstretch, where they were unceremoniously dumped in a constantly growing auto graveyard. Fork lift trucks hoisted and carried the immobile wrecks, dropping them on top of the heap, building the bier ever higher, an impressive monument to throwaway culture.

I watched the next three elimination heats from the bleachers. Again, half the cars fell dead in the first crash, and a few survived another bump or two. During the remaining heats some hopeful drivers tried to salvage their crumpled cars from the dumping area and get them running again. They reconnected wires, patched hoses, and used crowbars to pry wrinkled fenders from tires. They ran to and from the junk heap, stripping useful tires and batteries from the cast-off cars, a scene that struck me as automotively ghoulish: it summoned visions of dead gladiators being stripped of their armor for the next group of combatants.

Between the heats even more aberrant spectacles were staged to hold the crowd's interest: the school bus derby (a child pleaser), taxicab mayhem, a rollover contest without ramps, and the ever popular Powder Puff Derby, which gave husbands a chance to rib their wives about women drivers. Such sideshows are a confession of the decline and decadence of the demolition derby. These extravaganzas are an attempt to conceal the fact that the recent generation of Detroit cars is too flimsy to survive a few knockabouts. Ah, for the halcyon days of the 1960s, when cars could run on four flat tires, their stout steel bodies shredded beyond recognition . . .

The final grand-slam heat began, pitting the surviving cars against each other for the jackpot prize money, cars so battered and rumpled that they appeared to be animated Gahan Wilson figures. These wheezy geezermobiles typically could only rock back and forth, take one concussion, and quit. The best of them were slow but stubborn contestants, butting each other repeatedly until some vital part broke. But the crowd attracted my attention more than the final battle did.

Even though much of the crashing was rather tame, this huge throng of just plain folks came faithfully to see the action, as they have for a generation since demolition derbies emerged in the early 1960s as the lowest of lowbrow motor sports. In a society that celebrates and worships the automobile, what entertainment could be more natural and appealing than a ritual of destruction?

Modern America has been redesigned to accommodate the car. More than just a tool or a means of transportation, it has become the environment of the American. I scanned the bleachers, observing that many in the gallery were children. I wondered how many of them had been conceived in backseats . . . more than one would suspect, I think. Some were just the right age to have been only gleams in their fathers' eyes during that first demolition derby back in 1962. How many of them will die in cars?

The lives of the adults, themselves children of the car culture, are largely given over to cars; they cherish them like their

Jim Klingbeil

Jim Klingbeil

(far left) "Blondie" is a bust in the first elimination heat, one of more than 100 cars destroyed during the day's big bash. (left) Car #97 was the final moving car in the contest. "Crazy Jim" is a used-car dealer who sponsors the derbies. The driver of the winning car, whose tattooed arm and leather regalia are visible through the window, is a dwarf motorcycle rider. For his Sunday drive to destruction, he walked away with $2,500 in prize money and a trophy taller than himself. (below left) The Penthouse *bomber in muddy action, cruising for "Tammy Jo." The mission was successful, and our car was the next to last running in the first heat. (below right) After the race forklifts haul the disabled vehicles to the backstretch. This driver stayed with his car for the final ride.*

Jim Klingbeil

Jim Klingbeil

children, sometimes more. Polishing, waxing, insuring, repairing—the constant pampering never ends. Most of the adults depend on their cars to get to work, and then, in an ironic vicious circle, they spend much of their earnings to preserve their cars.

The State realizes that as long as these proletarians have their cars and fuel, they will be too busy to be bothersome and too enchanted with the illusion that mobility equals freedom. Thus the State builds roads and parking lots, bails out failing automakers, and even keeps the price of gasoline artificially low. As long as the people have their wheels, they're happy and harmless.

The final heat bashed to an end in the mud, the steam and wasted metal covering the track. A dwarf clambered out of the last moving car, an elfin biker clad in tattoos, denims, leathers, and chains. He waddled to the reviewing stand, pocketed his $2,500, and proudly walked away, hefting a trophy taller than himself. Archetypal visions of other cultures, other rituals, crossed my mind.

Suddenly people were pouring out of the stands, swarming to their cars in the parking lot. The tinny loudspeakers circling the field blasted music at the crowd, herding them out with what sounded like Kate Smith singing "America the Beautiful" with a sinus infection.

I followed the crowd to their shiny cars, each car much like the rest. None of the slogans that individualized the demo derby cars would be found on those parked in the lot. A few vans were glorified with murals, but even those were painted by professionals. The car owners were afraid to take paint brushes and create their own personalized cars, frightened that they might be considered social deviants. Only in the arena of combat can cars have quirks and variations as odd and diverse as the anonymous drivers hidden within them.

The spectators relived the demolition derby events, hotly discussing the destructive merits of station wagons versus Caddys, savoring the heady fumes of rubber and steam, gesturing with their hands to remind friends of particularly punishing crashes, and shouting "Wham! Crunch!" as punchlines. Children ran back and forth, bashing shoulders together in imitation of the sideswipes, rolling on the ground and laughing. People unlocked their still roadworthy sedans and station wagons and their newer but smaller Omnis, Chevettes, and Toyotas, which were a contrast to the clunkers and gas guzzlers that were heaped on the junk pile in the backstretch of the track.

American car culture is in jeopardy and may not recover. Demolition derbies are also endangered. The derbies are getting smaller and fewer in number, and the prize money is shrinking. More people repair their old cars rather than abandon them to the sacrificial ritual, and the newer cars can't provide the endurance and thrilling crashes that made derbies popular in the 1960s and 1970s.

A materialist would explain the derby's decline by the flimsier cars and the trend toward recycling and repair. A mystic interpretation is also possible. The auto is *the* symbol and artifact of our culture. Naturally we have a sacrificial rite for it, just as we have annual celebrations of rebirth and renewal: "The new models are *in!*" We're faltering in our devotion, and a culture cannot maintain its vitality after it ceases to honor its rituals.

The traffic jam in the parking lot rivaled the chaos I had driven through on the track. Vicarious aggressive fantasies were acted out, as drivers revved engines, challenged each other, popped from neutral into low gear to screech tires momentarily. And two daredevils skidded around, doing doughnuts on the gravel lot surface.

But everyone scrupulously avoided hitting, scratching, or denting anyone else's car. Superego control laid its firm grip upon them once again. Limits and rules were reimposed, caution and common sense reawakened. The spectators drove through the gates and returned to the world of cops, insurance, and responsibility, temporarily purged by witnessing the closing of the ritual cycle.

CASIO
0:00'00
TIMEX
29
CITIZEN
QUARTZ
MAR 16
CRYSTRON

Ten reasons not
to be afraid of the water

WASH AND WEAR WATCHES

If you play as hard as you work, you probably don't have time to wonder whether your watch can withstand the pressure. Coming to the rescue are these rugged and streamlined sport watches, designed to work and wear as well in the boardroom as they do on the racquetball court or in the swimming pool. Water and shock resistant, they'll keep track of overtime or lap time and range in price from the easily affordable to the elegantly extravagant. With the versatility offered by today's sport watches, it won't take more than a minute to find the one that's right for you.

(opposite page, bottom, clockwise) The Citizen Quartz features two-toned stainless-steel casing with day-and-date display powered by a five-year battery ($175). Timex offers a sporty black model with hour markers and luminous hands ($29.95). The Casio Water Sport Watch features digital readout for time and day and a stopwatch ($39.95). The Accutron Swiss quartz has a stainless-steel bracelet and calendar display ($550). Piaget's elegant Polo is made of solid 18-karat gold and has handcrafted electronic quartz movement ($14,900). Cartier offers the lifetime-guaranteed Santos Square, made of stainless steel and 18-karat gold ($1,450). Chronograph Black Porsche Design features an automatic stopwatch, calendar display, and tachymeter ($750). The Seiko Lassale quartz has a two-tone bracelet, sapphire crystal, and easily read Roman numeral face ($450). The thinnest sports watch is the nine/quartz Concord Mariner SG, handcrafted of stainless steel and 14-karat gold ($890). This Longines-Ferrari features a time-zone corrector and date indicator ($895). (All prices suggested retail.)

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 175.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT KLIGGE

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Some men love the cool fresh mountain air, deep woods, the quiet streams.
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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

I don't necessarily think it's gotten better. I don't necessarily think it's good when they start trying to get pop hits with country songs and country singers by fooling around with arrangements and strings and what have you. But it's been good for it to grow. It's opened their eyes to the fact that we have the right to use any instrument we want to. The only mistake is when they just go after pop hits. I don't think I've ever crossed over, and I've sold a lot of records. I haven't sold many records to the pop audience.

Penthouse: Do you think you sell records to the rock audience?

Jennings: Yeah.

Penthouse: Do you like rock-'n'-roll?

Jennings: I play it. I love it. I don't give a damn what they call it. I've recorded some Stones songs: "It's All Over Now" and "Honky-Tonk Woman." And that's when Nashville first got the suspicion that I was crazy. And then, when I recorded "MacArthur Park," that just cinched it. I was also the first in Nashville to record the Beatles—I did "Norwegian Wood."

Penthouse: What about the New Wave music?

Jennings: I can't get into the New Wave thing at all. I don't know what the hell they're doing. I can't get any music out of it. It's just chant shit, and I never know what the fuckers are saying. I'm sure they probably feel the same way about me. But I don't really understand it, and I've *tried*.

Penthouse: Do you still have your old black Flxible bus?

Jennings: Sure—the Bluebird. But sometimes we rent a jet.

Penthouse: Times have changed for you: from a bus to a jet.

Jennings: Yeah, but I won't give up the bus.

Penthouse: It's probably got the ghost of Hank Williams in it.

Jennings: Yeah. He drives around in everything we've got. I swear Hank's with us everywhere. Every once in a while, he'll just show up.

Penthouse: Do you think there would have been a Waylon Jennings if there hadn't been a Hank Williams?

Jennings: I don't know. I don't know. Early on I loved to sing all those guys, all that Hank Williams stuff, and of course Buddy Holly, Carl Smith, George Jones. They still ain't too shabby. I like to listen to some of those old songs still. I remember George from his first record.

Penthouse: What was that?

Jennings: "Ain't No Money in This Deal." That's the name of it. He don't like for me to remember that, though. Of course, I've got a couple I hope he don't find out about, too, some old ones, and we'll move right along on that note.

Penthouse: Is there anything you've done that you regret?

Jennings: You ain't got enough tape for me to tell you what I've done that I regret. I've made a lot of mistakes. Most of the things I did, I thought I was doing right. I felt right, or I did them when I was stupid; so if I had to do them over and I didn't know what I know now, I guess I'd probably do them again.

Penthouse: Why do you think that some of the greatest musicians thought they had to take drugs and drink all the time to be great?

Jennings: They just couldn't handle success. You've gotta be able to handle it. An artist of any kind becomes dependent on drugs if he does them very much. When they start ruling you, you're not in control of your life, no matter what you do. When you're not in control of your life, it's going to ruin you. Several of *us* got into it too heavy. I think it's pretty well leveled out now. I don't know of anybody who is really into it now. They got busted a lot.

Penthouse: How were you able to put the drugs behind you?

Jennings: I just stopped. Everybody was amazed. But I knew that I was not in control anymore, so I said, "This is it." My friends and my wife helped me a lot. It's a day-to-day thing—always.

Penthouse: Do you think it's become a rule for the new country-western singer to hit town and start doing just what Hank Wiliams did?

Jennings: They hear all the stories, and the stories are told in such a way that he's become a legend. He was awful big. But I was nuts *before* I got here—musta helped. But a lot of people

think they do have to do the drugs and the drinking. They think that if that's the way Hank did it, that's the way to get it did. I guess it *is* a way to get it did if you want to get it did and over with quick.

Penthouse: It sustains the legend. People say that Hank died a timely death, because he was on the skids.

Jennings: I don't think that's true. If Hank had lived to be an old man, he'd still be a legend. He was already a legend before he died. He was the first of the sex symbols. I guess you can moan the blues and still turn the women on, y' know?

Penthouse: The most successful people in Nashville today are probably the television preachers.

Jennings: They're such a phony bunch of motherfuckers. Not all of them—I think Jimmy Swaggart could be sincere, and Will Campbell is one of my best friends.

But I saw Jerry Falwell debating your publisher, Guccione, on television, and it knocked me out. That Guccione, he just made an ass out of Falwell. He called Falwell a flat liar, right to his face, and Falwell just sat there with a shit-eating grin on his face. I was proud of Guccione. Preachers like Falwell are just into the money. All they talk about is the money. They get tears in their eyes—it makes me mad when I see them, because those guys are good actors. They're great actors. You see, I'm kinda allergic to bullshit, and that's what that is.

I'll tell you, if the government ought to investigate anything, it should be those Moral Majority people. I think those guys are as dangerous as anything in the world. You can always get somebody with a bad conscience to buy forgiveness, and that's what they're trying to do. They say you're a beautiful, wonderful Christian when you send in your donation. I'm not the smartest man in the world, and I'm not the best person in the world, but if I've got to go through one of those son-of-a-bitches to get to heaven, I'm going to have to pass.

I really believe that human beings need a center post—some people call it Christ; some call it love. They have to have something. But man, all them son-of-a-bitches talk about is money, and I just wonder if they ever pray for you. Someone I know once wrote Oral Roberts and asked him to pray for somebody. Roberts sent a letter back to him saying, "I received your request for a prayer. As I sit here, I can feel that my prayer is helping you and that your prayers are going to be answered and everything is going to be all right for you." It was *mimeographed!*

Penthouse: You get pretty worked up talking about this subject.

Jennings: The Church of Christ in my hometown still don't have blacks attending. I can't see how in hell they ever think they can preach gospel of any kind or think they can get into heaven when they have that damn barrier of segregation.

The Bible is a beautiful book and all that. But if it is the true word of God, there are about 22,000 religions in the world that all came out of the same Bible. And all of them think they're right, and some of them are killing one another over it!

Penthouse: Were you religious as a child?

Jennings: I went to church—too much. But look at how they teach religion. They tell about a God who says: "Now look here, my child, I won't be around, but you'd better believe in me and do everything I say. If you do, I'll save a place for you in heaven, where the streets are paved with gold. Have blind faith. Don't ever doubt me and don't ever question me. And you must go through great pain, because the Devil's around. Now, I love you and everything, but if you don't do what I say, I'm going to throw you in a pit of fire and burn you so you're in pain for eternity." I don't think I could tell a child of mine that!

Penthouse: Sounds like it would scare the hell out of a child.

Jennings: You bet. I was taught that. It really bothered me. I could never understand—since God knows everything, why the hell did he ever create man, when He knew what was going to happen? And instead of killing all the people in the world, why don't he just kill the Devil? The way I feel about it, I'd like to renegotiate. I wasn't there when He made the first devil.

People don't like it when I make jokes about God. But I believe He's got a sense of humor. My perfect example is this: look at me and Willie Nelson up there on television, and look at those preachers on television. God's sense of humor is right there.

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GIRL GANGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

Washington Heights Ballbusters—hard-rock vigilantes who hand out beatings to pimps or cut short a player's fast life by castration—to Property of the Savage Skulls, who are brutalized, shared freely, and even given away by the Bronx-based M.C. club. For a favor these female chattels kidnap other teenage girls to be raped by the Savage Skulls. There are lesbian girl gangs, and there are family clubs like the Sandman and the Sandman Ladies, which combine a brutal street existence with a warm, communal life at home in the clubhouse.

Decoys, weapon carriers, and alibis in court. That's how girl gangs began. Most of all, they were handy sex for the members of New York's warring male gangs. By the late fifties the girls had developed their own identities, found a separate but related purpose, and formed their own divisions. The street-hardened members of girl gangs become known as Debs. Swordsman Debs, Killer Debs, Dittybop Debs. From 1959 to 1962 the number of Debs in New York City doubled from 3,000 to 6,000. That's when one newspaper headline posed the question: "More Deadly than the Male?"

Bopping. That's what the Debs called it when a war broke out between rival gangs. And razors were a bopping Deb's best friend. Before going to a bop, or "jitterbugging," as some clubs liked to call it, the preparations were as elaborate as if it were the senior prom. Razor blades were inserted into hair tied up in buns or hidden inside a Deb's well-picked Afro. This way, when a bop became a brawl, a rival Deb's reflex snatch at the hair would take her out of the fight. But street fighting is an art, and razorless girls quickly discovered how to reverse the slicing effect by hitting a blade-carrying Deb's head with a wooden plank.

Rival gangs weren't the only threat to the Debs. Rape and abuse by males was a constant danger. But the pain could be avoided, or at least shared, by taking advance measures. Debs took to inserting thick rubber tubes with razors lodged inside into their vaginas.

A bop could result from anything or nothing. Muscling in on a Deb's man would bring it on as sure as a fellow gang member's being killed. Stealing a manner of dress from a rival gang or working their turf or "sounding on" (provoking) them would mean retaliation. In Brooklyn two teenage Debs cut each other to shreds, slapfighting with razor blades held between the fingers of their open hands. At issue was the question of who was the better lover. One Harlem Deb kicked and bludgeoned another's face and then left her for dead because she "looked bad" at her. A squad of Debs in Bedford Stuyvesant attended a slain rival's wake but stayed only long enough to pay their last respects by overturning the coffin. And when the Dittybop Debs put out the word that they alone would wear green on the last day of school, everyone in their large Manhattan high school complied.

One of the ugliest rituals practiced by hard-core debs came after a triumph over another gang. After a bop the final stamp of humiliation was to hold a rival down while the gang sexually abused her. Finished, they'd send her running on her way. One former Deb remembers opening a defeated rival's mouth over the edge of a curb and then stomping on the back of her head with the heel of a shoe.

At 15, Carmen Martinez, a Dragon Deb, was caught in the middle of a bloody East Harlem gang war. Her boyfriend was an officer in the Dragons. They were battling a gang known as the Viceroys. It was a hot July night when a violent street fight exploded between the two. When everyone scattered, Carmen's boyfriend stayed behind, face up—he had been gunned down by one of the Viceroys.

> Girl gangs throughout the city say that if you're property of the Savage Skulls, you might as well be a whore working the truck traffic at Hunts Point Terminal.

Within hours Carmen—a tiny Spanish girl with a delicate face and pageboy hair—was scouring the ghetto streets, bent on revenge. Any Viceroy would do. She had two members of the Dragons with her and a sawed-off rifle hidden under her dress. The three came upon Raul Banuchi, hiding inside a tenement building's hallway. Raul cried real tears, insisting that he wasn't a Viceroy, begging them to let him go. But Carmen had no ears for what he was saying. She pulled the rifle from under her dress and handed it to one of the Dragons. Moments later Carmen replaced the weapon as the trio hurried from the building, leaving Raul slumped in a corner, one bullet in his head. Later, it took five city cops to wrestle a biting, kicking, and screaming Carmen Martinez into the back of a paddy wagon for the trip downtown.

More deadly than the male? The question is still being asked. The streets are meaner now than they were in the days of the Debs. Rumbles between rival gangs have given way to reckless rampages through the streets. For many, economics has moved ahead of social reasons for joining a gang.

The brutal truth about today's girl gangs is that they are preying on the weakest victims they can find. Packs of Lady Homicides in Coney Island perfected a technique for mugging the area's elderly, which earned them the nickname "push-in-gangs." The girls would spy an elderly person cashing a pension check at the supermarket and follow him home to one of the 11 housing projects by the sea. He'd open the door to his apartment. They'd shove him inside from behind. After beating the defenseless man, the girls would take him off for all the money and valuables he'd been hoarding and then leave him to die.

A newspaper headline reading "Gang Girls Terrorize Subway" tells another story. Armed with knives, guns, and even monkey wrenches, the gangs walked from car to car, demanding money and jewelry.

"Gangs of Girls Terrorize Staff and the Retarded at Children's Unit" read a *New York Times* headline a few years back. Gangs of girls both in and out of a facility for the "disturbed" worked with male gangs to steal from the facility. Counselors as well as retarded teenage girls were routinely stripped, raped, and sexually abused. One cop said, "There's no way of knowing whether this is lesbian or sadistic." Numerous girls were turned out by the gang to work as prostitutes on the streets. And until the *Times* literally stumbled upon the story, the victims were afraid to speak up for fear of reprisal.

Such are the most vicious of the city's girl gangs. But not all gangs of girls are cut from the same mold. It's a fact that the old-time morals or ethics of the street gangs have gone the way of the bopping Debs. They've been replaced. Still, not all girl gangs have taken to mugging old ladies and ripping off winos in the park. Crime remains a key source of income, but many clubs keep it, if not victimless, then at least not brutal. For instance, most clubs in New York deal reefer. They need that income—if for nothing else, to support their own high. The gangs lament the fact that gone, too, are the days when a rotgut wine called Sneaky Pete was a favorite of New York's Debs and cost only 35 cents a pint.

Maria is complaining about prices all the way back from the bodega. "A dollar twenty-five for a quart of beer!" she says. "When I was a little girl, I could buy it for seventy-five cents." Maria is 15. She's a Sandman Lady. Placing the brown paper bag down on top of the concrete checker table in front of the West Ninety-third Street housing project, she checks out the crowd around the dark hangout. A small, careful girl, she's always aware of what's around her. Maria cheek-kisses some of the other girls she knows. They are younger. They dance with each other to the music of a large portable radio. All are dressed like Maria, in white dancing

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Let me put it this way—it might have started as *jock itch."*

sneakers and shoes, carefully ironed pants—some faded or frayed but all with a crisp, white line for a crease from many careful ironings.

Maria is still complaining while unpacking the bag and passing quarts of Olde English 800 to the Sandman men. "It's the gringos, you know," she says. "Before they came, this was all Puerto Rican and black. This is all they want to leave us—this project."

The project is the center of a small Hispanic neighborhood on Manhattan's Upper West Side, a stubborn holdout against the upgrading of the prime real estate between the Hudson River and Central Park. Ninety-third Street is exactly halfway between Lincoln Center and Columbia University, two "nice" neighborhoods that keep getting larger.

Angel twists open one of the quarts of Olde English. Like most gang members, he pours the first taste on the ground. It's for the dead. Rubbing the small puddle into the dirt with his M.C. boot, Angel takes a swig and then says, "If they keep it up, we'll have to fight back or leave."

"Well, I'm not going anywhere," says Maria, hand on hip.

Thirteen floors above Angel and Maria, almost everyone's paying attention to the Sandman Ladies as they rock their colors to vintage Aretha Franklin inside the heavily decorated clubhouse. Lining the walls are trophies from street encounters with other clubs along with pictures and newspaper clippings about the Sandman gang. In front of a giant painting of the hooded Sandman are the prize trophies of gangs that turned tail. A jacket from the Chosen Ones and patches from the Crazy Bishops hang upside down. Under them are a number of red berets from the Guardian Angels.

In the middle of the room, Connie, a slender Puerto Rican woman with long, black hair and a serious face, moves smoothly with rapid, tiny steps in her white dance sneakers. She is "Mother" of the Sandman Ladies. Her husband, Gino, heads up the Sandman gang. They've known each other since attending Joan of Arc Junior High School, just two blocks from the clubhouse. Connie dropped out of school at 15 to have a child by Gino. They drifted apart, he went to Vietnam, and then they came together again. The tall, attractive Sandman Lady leading Connie around the floor is their 15-year-old daughter, Suzy.

Recognized as an up-and-coming M.C. club, held down by financial troubles, but staying away from heavy crime as much as they can, the Sandman are well liked. Connie runs the Sandman Ladies more as an extended family than a gang. Even her two young sons have small denim jackets with patches that read "Sandman Tots." She's more like a mother hen than a mole. Privately, she says that she'd do anything in the world to avoid a fight, that she doesn't really know how to handle herself very well. But on the street she is the toughest woman on the Upper West Side.

"Better call the narcs. This guy's got needle marks all over him."

"I don't stop to talk to no one," Connie says. "If they address me, then I speak. I've got no use for anything out there. This is my life, in this room. This is what I protect. For this you'll see me move."

Just this week one of the Sandman Ladies found out that the girl who belongs to the leader of the Chosen Ones has a grudge against her. "I got a message from one of the girls that the old lady says my ass is hers," she says. "So now I know that whenever I see her, I'm gonna stomp her right away."

Someone from another gang came onto the block wearing a N.Y.C. sweat shirt with patches from a rival club. Connie says she hates to be challenged like that. It's insulting. "You don't be rockin' your sweat shirt on somebody else's turf," she told the girl and then grabbed her by the side of the thigh. "That way I'm letting her know right then and there it'll be to the death." The girl took off her shirt and ran.

"Most clubs stay in their own area," says Connie, "unless they go out on the town. I don't like going out much. Sometimes we'll go visit other clubs."

When the Sandman gang and the Ladies go socializing at other clubs, Connie keeps an eye out for Gino. One time they visited the Ching-a-lings in the South Bronx. The president offered Gino a couple of girls for three weeks. "They wanted him to take them home and do what he wanted," remembers Connie. "When he was done, he was to send them back." Gino politely turned down the offer. "They were just being hospitable," Connie says. "But then you've got to realize that in return you've got to give up some of your girls."

When Rico, a Sandman and former Homicide, was with the Fulton Street Fuckups in Brooklyn, they shared the girls. "The girls would free-lance," he says. "I have your girl today; you'll have my girl tomorrow. Being property like that is something like being a tramp." Rico once had a girl friend, Fire, who was a Sandman Lady. When the Satan Wheels came down for a party, she came on to their president. One of the Satan Wheels asked Rico if he minded their rapping with his woman. "No," said Rico. "As a matter of fact, go ahead. You can take her with you."

They did.

Connie's glad that her daughter isn't ending up like that. The opposite's true. Suzy's boyfriend is a clean-cut student, who dresses in slacks and Lacoste shirts. "When Suzie's a woman," says Connie, "she can do whatever she wants. Until then she's a Sandman Lady. She's an outlaw." And she lets her daughter know that if she's going to sleep with her boyfriend, they'd better do it at the clubhouse. If she wants, he can move in. Connie thinks her daughter is still a virgin. And that's a long way from Rico's old girl friend, who, rumor has it, ended up with the Savage Skulls.

The Property of the Savage Skulls girls are just that. They exist solely for the purposes of the infamous bikers. The Savage

Skulls are maybe the meanest club in the Bronx. They're so into rape that they've formed a "rape squad."

"When a girl wants to get into the gang," explains a Bronx cop, "or if she acts up or refuses to have sex, they put the rape squad on her." A few years back, two young girls, 13 and 15 years old, were on their way to the dentist when they were met by seven girls who were Property of the Savage Skulls. The two young sisters were jumped and taken back to the gang's clubhouse. There, in the dingy basement of a burned-out tenement, the gang's girls chopped off their captives' shoulder-length hair after stomping and beating them. The sisters were forced to commit sodomy with members of the Savage Skulls, who took turns raping them while the Property of the Savage Skulls girls watched.

Gangs throughout the city say that if you're Property of Savage Skulls, you might as well be a whore working the truck traffic at the Hunts Point Terminal.

Inside a dark movie house on Prospect Avenue in the South Bronx, the Roman Queens are wasting away a Wednesday afternoon, watching *Foxy Brown*. Smoking pot, getting high on beer and wine, the gang of girls are making jokes and laughing loudly—goofing on the picture. They sit in the best seats, right in the middle. That's a Roman Queen's privilege. Each Wednesday the manager lets them watch the new feature for nothing. Hell, they used to walk right past him anyway.

Today the darkness is cut suddenly when the door behind the gang bursts open. One of their girls runs in covered with blood. She goes right down the aisle to where Vicki, the Roman Queens' president, always sits. "Vicki," she says, "the Immortal Girls just fucked up our club." Late for the movie, she had walked into the 163rd Street clubhouse just as the rival gang finished tearing it apart—throwing the furniture, messing it up.

On hearing this, Vicki jumps out of her seat. She has a personal grudge against the Immortal's president, Nancy. Once Vicki was an Immortal. Less than a week. She didn't get along with either the club or its president. Nancy thought she was this and that. She thought she was bad.

Set on evening the score, Vicki leads the Roman Queens down to the Immortal Girls' clubhouse. The Immortals come outside. The two gangs square off in the schoolyard. All the Roman Queens are packing. Ready for anything. Vicki tells Nancy she ought to blow her ass off right there. "Look," she says, "I don't like what you did. Me and you are gonna go one on one." With that, the two girls throw down. Nancy's taller, but like Vicki says, she's all mouth. Vicki's good with her hands. She gives the rival president a beating. And once the fight's over, she considers the score settled. The grudge stays on only if the rival president acts that way.

When she's got a problem with some-

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body, Vicki likes to get her shit off in just one fight. One on one. That's it. "If I want to settle with you," says Vicki, "I'll settle with you by myself. Not with my girls. 'Cause people are always gonna come out and say, 'Yeah, you never settle your shit by yourself. You always have to bring your girls. One day you're gonna be alone.'"

Vicki's a small, tan-skinned girl with the kind of inner-city beauty that's scattered throughout places like the South Bronx like wildflowers. A broad face with strong bones. White, white teeth and very dark, thoughtful eyes. Eyes that shine with a laugh, glaze over at a distant thought, narrow with anger. Vicki's face takes on expressions of an awareness appropriate in someone twice her age. Her hair is a thick, black mane, cropped into a DA at the nape of her neck and brushed back from her face by her open hand.

"I always have short hair," says Vicki. "Always a DA. I don't like long hair, because when you fight, they pull it. And I can't stand to have my hair pulled. I get headaches. I bleed through my nose." Vicki's dress is just as practical. Jeans. Heavy shirts or sweat shirts.

The girls of the Roman Queens fly their patches on the back of denim jackets. All except Vicki. Her jacket is black silk. A black-silk jacket with the words *Roman Queens—New York* embroidered in white across the back. She flies the skull-design center patch and the word *Prez* on the side. There aren't any of the other usual outlaw patches. Vicki knows that the black-silk jacket is bad. She makes sure

The first ultra

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that no other girl, not even a Roman Queen, not even her vice-president, flies one like it.

At ten Vicki became president of the Young Nomad Girls. "It was just zip guns and knives," she says. "You know, the guns you have to make with rubberbands." Vicki got her first real gun at 11. Her brother Ace gave it to her. A .22 caliber pistol. Anything bigger would have had a kick that would have knocked the tiny girl backward. Ace brought his little sister up to the roof and taught her how to shoot it. That's where she's tested all the guns that followed.

"My brothers taught me how to shoot every kind of gun there is," says Vicki. "Shotguns. Everything. It started off with a small one and went up to a big one. The first time I shot a forty-five, it kicked me so bad it flew out of my hands. I was scared! I let it go."

Soon, Vicki took to packing a .32 automatic. Sometimes just a .22. The fighting. The guns. Vicki would rather do without it all. But in the South Bronx, for some, it's part of the package. Vicki figures she was an outlaw from birth. "I started when I was a baby. When I was seven months old." At seven months she had a stomach hernia. Her real mother said to her stepmother, "If you take her to the hospital, I'll come and pick her up."

"My mother didn't come for two years," says Vicki. "She came two years later with a nice dress on and said, 'I want my daughter.'"

In the streets of the South Bronx, Vicki stands out. She's small. But everyone sees or hears her. She always wanted to be the leader. The one in control. The most important. In sixth grade at PS 151, she played Maria in the school production of *West Side Story*. But one day at lunch hour, while playing Johnny on the Pony, she had a fight with a girl. The girl pulled a knife. When the teachers got them apart, the knife was on the ground. The girl said Vicki pulled it on her. The school sent her to court. They threw her out of PS 151.

Vicki is of the street. Brought up by gangs. Her brothers were Young Nomads. Her neighborhood is the city's busiest gang territory. Clubs like the Savage Skulls, the Savage Nomads, and the Ghetto Brothers brought the ghetto streets she grew up on the nickname "Korea." Her local precinct is known as Fort Apache.

As a small girl, Vicki was groomed by her brothers to be a street fighter. Each time a new girl would join the Nomad's sister division, Vicki would be made to fight the "prospect." If she lost, they'd make her fight the girl again. Fight and fight until she won.

"I could be dead tired to the world," says Vicki. "Their motto was 'Don't lose. If you lose, we'll kick your ass.'

"My brother Spanky was the type that if he didn't kick your ass with his hands, he's gonna shoot you and stab you. And that's it. If he don't win that fight, he's gonna kill you."

Vicki lived with her stepmother on Kelly Street until she was ten. That year she found out by mistake that her occasional visitor was really her natural mother. "I ran away to find out who this lady is," says Vicki. "I mean, how was she like? This was my mother." Over the next few years, Vicki ran away back and forth from mother to stepmother to mother. The court finally took her away. It shipped her to a place called Spofford.

"That was a little girls' home," Vicki says. "I liked it there. I enjoyed it. We used to roller-skate. Play games. But the only thing, they was all girls. So I turned gay. I was young. I was stupid. I didn't know what the hell it was." Even when they let Vicki out of the home, she'd try to get back in. "I used to go around pickpocketing people so I could go there. Because I liked it there. It was girls like me." Later, in jail, Vicki went with a girl named Shorty. "I really cared for her," says Vicki. "We both understood each other. It's really not just having sex and smooching and shit like that."

Vicki joined the Roman Queens when she was 13. The Roman Queens are the sister division to the Roman Kings. They share the same clubhouse and turf. They grew up in the same crumbling tenement houses and public projects. Sisters and brothers. Boyfriend and girl friend.

One of the Roman Kings' members was Barritta. He fathered Vicki's first child. "I got pregnant because I was jealous of another girl," says Vicki. "I was going with him. I knew she liked him. And she would have something to do with him. I didn't at the time. I was afraid I was going to lose him. So I got involved. And I got pregnant."

When she was two months pregnant,

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Vicki went to jail on homicide charges. Barritta and some boys were sticking up a mailman on Tiffany Street. She was with them. The mailman grabbed one of the guys by the neck and went for his own gun. Barritta tightened on the trigger of his sawed-off shotgun and blew him away. He shot the mailman in the stomach, and his whole back came out. Vicki spotted the dead man's gun beside where he lay on the floor. An old-fashioned, Western-style .22. She snatched it and ran.

"They didn't catch us for about a week," says Vicki. "My husband—my baby's father—was throwing up the whole time. This was the first time he killed a person." After they picked Barritta up, Vicki went to his mother's house to take out all his guns—shotguns, a couple of M-14s, a .22, and a .22 rifle. She stashed some of the guns in her dungarees and others under her hooded sweat shirt. Vicki stepped into the hallway just as the cops were coming up the stairs.

"All right, fella, up against the wall!" they said, throwing her to one side.

"Fella? I'm not no fella. I'm a girl," yelled Vicki, being tough. "You're not supposed to search me. You're a man." At 13, with her short hair and a hooded sweat shirt, it was hard to tell. "Let's see what you've got here, miss," said one cop, tugging at the bulge under her shirt and pulling out an M-14. "What are you planning to do?" asked the surprised policeman. "Take on the army?"

Vicki served six months as an accomplice to murder. They let her go in her eighth month of pregnancy. Barritta did the juvenile maximum of 18 months. Vicki had her second child at 16. Trying to make an outlaw named Ralph jealous, she started going out with Baba. "I went with him, and I came out pregnant," says Vicki. "I didn't want to kill the baby, so . . ."

The two decided to get married. They had an outlaw ceremony in the clubhouse, the Roman Kings on one side, the Roman Queens on the other. Everyone was decked out in their best outlaw garb. Everyone was flying their colors. Baba's brother got married at the same time. And it was almost like a church ceremony. But instead of throwing rice, the two gangs poured beer over the newlyweds.

"They drowned us," remembers Vicki. "Then we went on our honeymoon. Our honeymoon was staying at the clubhouse for three days." If the rest of the gang had caught them sneaking out, the newlyweds would've been ushered right back in.

The happy times, the crazy fun times, help balance out the many sad ones. Most gang members' lives oscillate on an emotional pendulum. Two years before Vicki and Baba's marriage, her brother Tony and she were slammed against the other extreme. Edna and Vicki were the same age. Best of friends. They fought together, ice-skated together, even got thrown out of school together. They would have died for each other. Vicki says she loved her. Never gay together. Nothing like that. Edna was like a sister to Vicki. When Tony and Edna ran off together, Vicki was very happy. Even happier when they returned. The two laid plans for Vicki's fast-approaching birthday. They'd go out dancing. Get all messed up.

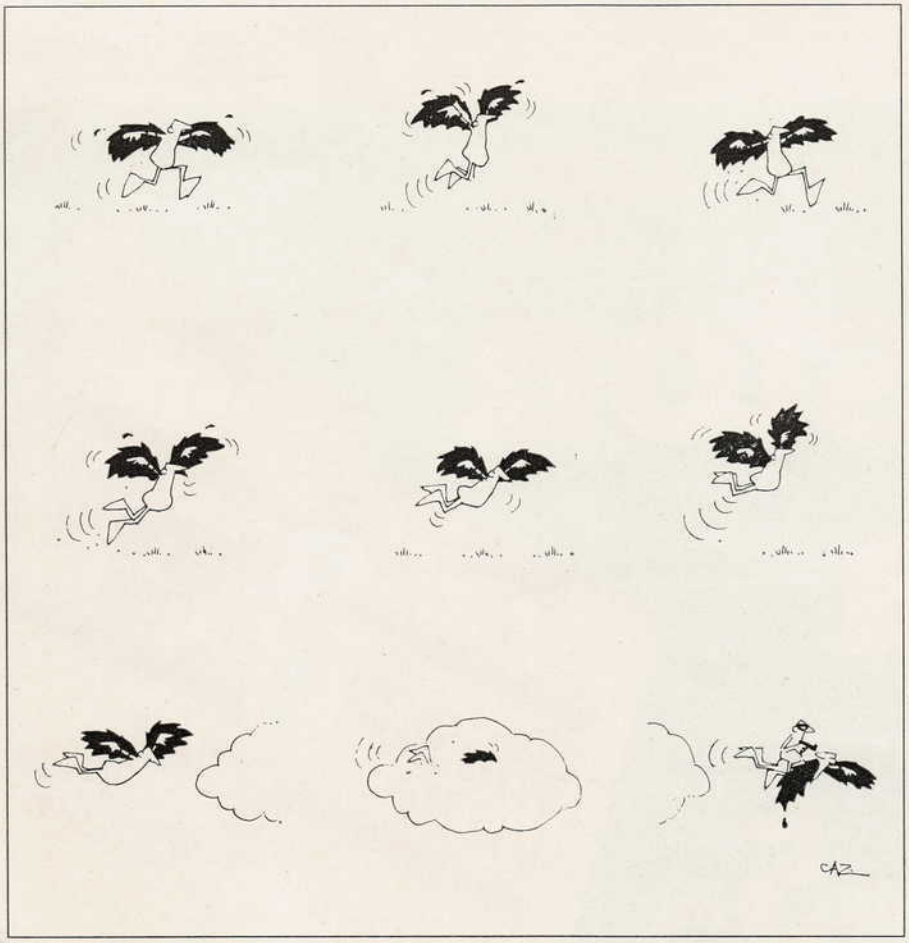
Just four days before her birthday, Vicki was walking along Southern Boulevard with some of her girls. It was December 16. They all braced themselves against the chill. All of a sudden people were running. Up the hill, toward Kelly Street. Vicki said to the girls, "Let's go see what happened." When Vicki saw the girl with the black bandolier and the long black hair and pretty eyes, her heart dropped. Someone had shot Edna four times in the back with a .32. Vicki pushed her way through the crowd.

"No one knew who shot her. They said Edna looked like a girl there was a contract out on. When Edna got shot, I became more frightened. It really got real. It was no game."

Not long after Edna died, Vicki's husband got busted and sent to jail. The two had argued earlier that day. There was talk of breaking up. Vicki was 14. She had a child and a husband in jail. Piece by piece, her life, like her neighborhood, was crumbling around her. That night she walked the streets, just like she and Edna used to do whenever things were wrong. Vicki walked down the hill past Westchester Avenue, near the apartment where Momma and Muda and the Crazy Homicide Sisters raped 15-year-old Lizabeth. She turned onto Kelly Street, walking down through Korea, along the curve that gangs chasing gangs had nicknamed "Banana Kelly." And past the spot where she had knelt watching her best friend with the long black hair and pretty eyes die.

Vicki walked down the hill, away from all this. All the way across the bridge at the bottom to Spofford—the juvenile detention house where she'd spent a bit of time. There, on the edge of the Hunts Point Peninsula, Vicki sat on a familiar stoop between a prison and the Corpus Christi Monastery, staring out across the bridge at the devastation of the South Bronx. She called this her hideaway. She came here a lot to do her thinking. Late at night Vicki and Edna would sit for hours, talking about their problems, their boyfriends, what they were going to do the next day. Tonight Vicki sat alone and thought about her life. She cried.

Her thoughts turned to Edna. How it's like now you see her, now you don't. She's not there anymore. Disappeared. When Vicki closed her eyes, she thought she could see her. But not Edna as she was when they were walking together. Vicki saw Edna in the coffin. It was terrifying, but she figured God must have wanted it that way. Vicki wanted to be there, too. That night Vicki cut her wrist. She took ups and downs. Quaaludes. She lay on the floor, bleeding. Her brother Tony found her. Took her to the hospital. And instead of dying, Vicki went right on being a survivor.



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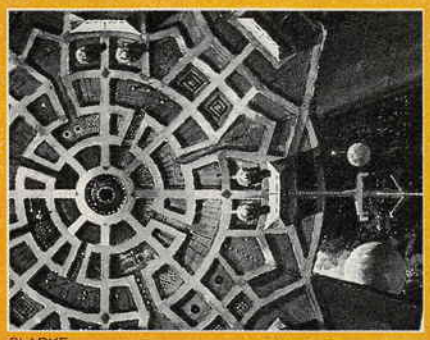

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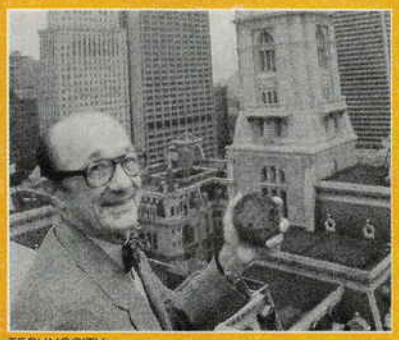

TECHNOCITY

FICTION

TECHNOCITY—Quickly, now: What American metropolis has adopted space science to solve urban problems? Would you believe Philadelphia? Dr. I. M. Levitt and the mayor's Science and Technology Advisory Council have been using high technology to solve crimes, fight fires, and cut energy losses from municipal buildings. Now other cities are learning from their example. To find out how science is fueling an inner-city renaissance, see the September *Omni*.

CLARKE EXCLUSIVE—After the success of *2001*, Arthur C. Clarke wrote a treatment for a new movie, which would take the next conceptual step into the future. Though Clarke is the world's foremost science-fiction writer, his new movie has gone nowhere. *Omni* proudly presents "The Songs of Distant Earth," an original film treatment by Arthur C. Clarke, with artwork by Robert McCall.

SMART FOOTBALLERS—The young men at Caltech take their football seriously. Their biggest wish is that others would, too. It won't happen soon. *The People's Almanac* lists Caltech as having the "worst college football team of all time." Not surprising since over a stretch of recent seasons the team lost 33 straight. Still, their coach says, "What other team in the country has the brains to learn *sixty* plays right the first time?" Many of the country's most ambitious academic whizzes routinely steal valuable time that should be spent on quantum mechanics, calculus, and organic chemistry so they can batter their bodies on the gridiron. This startling brains-to-brawn transformation suggests strategies that might better be applied to the game of life. Discover why in the September *Omni*.

PARTICLE-BEAM WEAPONRY—The age of missile warfare is coming to an end. "Both the United States and the Soviet Union are extensively researching laser and particle-beam weapons," reports physicist Gregory Benford. Particle beams, which under certain circumstances can produce a hole in a piece of metal, might prove to be the strongest defense yet conceived against Soviet ICBMs. Benford's analysis of this future weapon coincides with the Reagan administration's allocation of hundreds of millions of dollars to particle-beam-weapons research. Read about the latest military technology in this month's *Omni*.

SCIENCE FICTION—"Going Under," a story by Jack Dann, vividly portrays the way in which the aristocracy of the future combats boredom. Also, in Wayne Wightman's "The Fighter," a man tired of his brutal profession prepares to throw his last bout and get out while he's ahead of the game.

GOING SANE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

frequent hospitalization, the aid of social agencies, and so on) than did those who were given tranquilizers. (Two other studies, one in Iowa and one in Montreal, have indicated that there may be an excessive cancer death rate among schizophrenic patients who have received tranquilizers over long periods of time.) Thus, the results of Hoffer and Osmond, with a better than 50 percent long-term recovery rate and no excess deaths from suicide or cancer, are truly astonishing. Indeed, with refined techniques that incorporate a wide range of metabolites in addition to niacin and that have facilitated different treatment modalities for different types and stages of schizophrenia, they have achieved recovery rates as high as 75 percent and have even rescued about 50 percent of the so-called hopeless chronic cases that previously failed to yield to years of standard treatment.

Others who have used the Hoffer-Osmond techniques have reported similarly good results. For example, Dr. George Prastka, a psychiatrist practicing in Southern California, has noted that "the success rate with schizophrenics in my own practice during the past six years has astonished me, and I was quite skeptical when I first tried the megavitamin approach. My success rate with schizophrenics, neurotics, and alcoholics has more than tripled."

That vitamins and other nutriments could have such an impact on the "mind" comes as a shock to many doctors because their medical training is almost entirely drug oriented. Of the more than 100 recognized medical schools in the United States, fewer than 10 have any sort of functioning nutritional department, and only three or four require any courses in nutrition. Dr. Michael Lesser, a young orthomolecular psychiatrist practicing in Berkeley, recalls spending *one day* discussing vitamins in medical school. And, he says, "I can recall my professor finishing his lecture with the statement 'But since we live in the richest country in the world and we eat a well-balanced diet, all Americans receive all the vitamins and nutrients they need from their diet; so it isn't necessary to take any supplements.' "

Dr. Lesser's professor and others like him fail to realize that our diets are so bad precisely *because* we are one of the richest nations in the world, able to overindulge in fats, sweets, booze, caffeine, bug-free but chemically contaminated fruits and vegetables, and all the other nutritionally bankrupt wonders of "advanced" fast-food technology. Surely the present, prevailing idea that what we eat is of little or no importance (in a time when doctors present themselves as "mystified" by the ever growing incidence of cancer, diabetes, auto-immune diseases, mental illness, and violent crime) will

eventually be recognized as one of the blackest blind spots in the already strabismic history of medicine. And medicine's vision isn't likely to clear soon, not while the drug companies continue to compromise medical schools with hefty infusions of funds that inevitably go into expanding drug-oriented curricula.

To people like Dr. Hoffer, who has a Ph.D. in biochemistry as well as an M.D. degree, it would be astonishing if vitamins and minerals *didn't* have an effect on the mind. Both vitamins B3 and B6 (pyridoxine), for example, are essential for some of the necessary enzymatic reactions required for normal perception. Deficiencies or suboptimal utilization of these nutrilites can quickly lead to memory loss, confusion, hallucinations, and other problems. A number of diseases once thought to be "all in the head" or "mental" are now known to be nutritional-deficiency disorders. For example, those suffering from pellagra were often classified as schizophrenics but are now known to be the victims of niacin and protein deficiencies, something the antivitamin people conveniently forget.

Not all schizophrenics, of course, are ill because something is lacking in their systems. In one series of 60 megavitamin failures (none of which had been helped by orthodox treatment, either), Dr. Hoffer looked for cerebral allergies, for substances to which the patients had become sensitized to the point that brain metabolism was distorted. He placed patients on four-to-seven-day fasts and then introduced foods, one at a time, to see whether any adverse reactions would set in. First, it was gratifying to note that by the fourth or fifth day of the fasts, in some 66 percent of the patients there was no longer any sign of behavioral disorder, demonstrating the effect that underrated diet can have on the "mind." Second, in every case where fasting cleared up symptoms of schizophrenia, a specific food allergy was found. Some 75 percent of the patients were allergic to various dairy products. Some of them had been ill for two decades and had spent years in hospitals. But with simple changes in diet they were virtually cured of their diseases in days or weeks.

We like to look back smugly on the benighted medical malpractices of the Dark Ages, but one must wonder how future generations will regard our own era, when the medical establishment refuses to acknowledge the contributions of men like Hoffer and Osmond. The evidence that has been presented in support of their work, both by themselves and by numerous independent researchers of good faith and impeccable credentials, is as good as any presented by medical science. Even if the evidence were purely anecdotal, it should, at the very least, demand close scrutiny in light of the widely acknowledged "hopelessness" of schizophrenia, a disease that severely afflicts at least 2 million Americans (and may affect another 8 million to lesser degree), fills up

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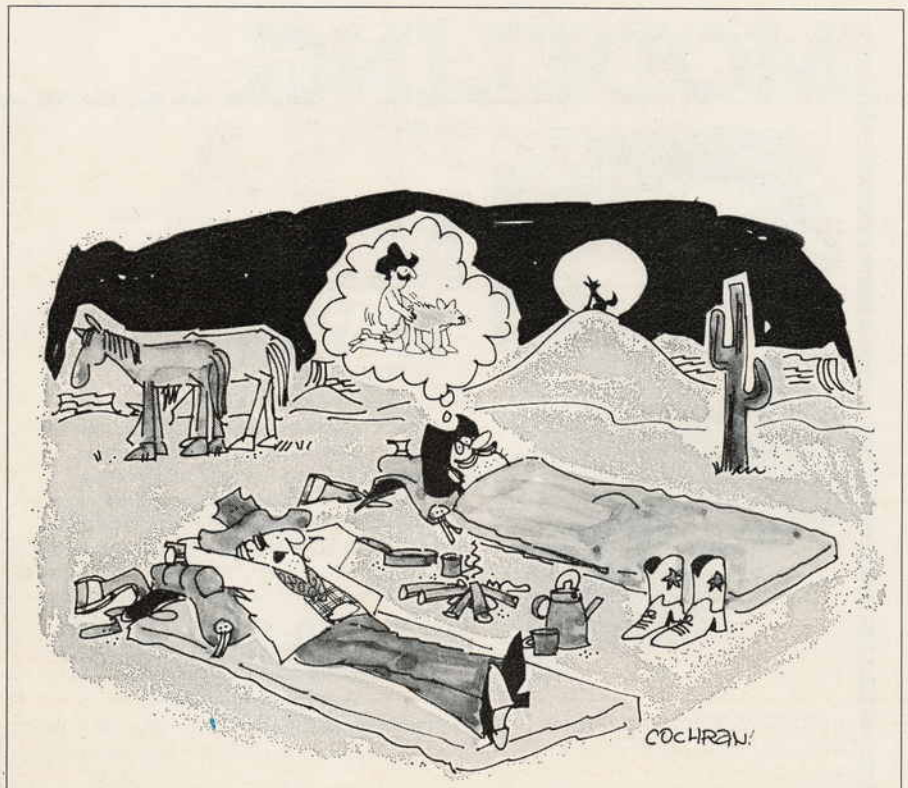
60 percent of all mental-hospital beds, and costs the country about $14 billion per year.

But then, of course, the drug companies have *made* billions precisely *because* "mainstream" medical science has refused to insist upon something better than symptomatic "treatment" of mental disease. In fact, the American Psychiatric Association and the National Institute of Mental Health have done everything they can to discredit the orthomolecular approach. In 1973 the APA released its still-influential "Task Force Report on Megavitamin and Orthomolecular Therapy in Psychiatry." The committee in charge of preparing the report consisted of a number of men committed to psychotropic drug therapies. It has been documented in a 123-page refutation of the report (issued by the Canadian Schizophrenia Association) how they were quite willing to bias their findings by highlighting the 12 reports that had failed to confirm Hoffer and Osmond (none of which even properly duplicated their techniques) while virtually ignoring the 35 reports published to that date that *had* supported them. The APA also showed itself willing to ignore and reinterpret in a negative light all of the positive findings of their own principal investigator. Where a third of the patients, all originally certified as schizophrenic, were helped by niacin in an APA-sanctioned test conducted with half a million dollars of the taxpayers' money, the task force—demonstrating that Catch 22 is alive and well—simply decreed that those particular patients had never been schizophrenic in the first place!

The task force was chaired by Dr. Morris Lipton who, though he had never personally worked with schizophrenics and had no firsthand knowledge of orthomolecular techniques, declared even before the inquiry got under way that vitamins and minerals couldn't possibly have any impact on the disease. Another principal member of the committee was Dr. Loren E. Mosher, a curious choice indeed, given the fact that he is one of the disciples of R. D. Laing—the psychiatrist who believes schizophrenia is an alternative life-style. Mosher is on record as saying that even if every psychiatrist in the country became convinced of the efficacy of orthomolecular psychiatry in the treatment of schizophrenia, he still wouldn't believe in it. So far as schizophrenics are concerned, he believes there is nothing to treat. It does not inspire confidence in government to learn that at the time he made this statement, Dr. Mosher was head of the NIMH Center for Studies of Schizophrenia.

Also on the task force was Dr. Thomas Ban, who—with fellow Canadian Dr. Heinz Lehmann, one of the principal promoters of the major tranquilizing drugs (and a man who once came up with a supposedly humanitarian proposal to keep "old people" in drug-induced comas 40 to 70 percent of the time)—conducted an experiment that the Canadian Schizophrenia Foundation (CSF) has described as "abominable" and "unethical" and "incompetent." However, this very experiment is a key one cited by the APA when it tries to discredit orthomolecular psychiatry. The two doctors took schizophrenic patients who had been on major tranquilizers for some time and gave half of them niacin in place of the tranquilizer and half of them placebos. Those on the placebos got worse, but those on niacin, the evidence suggests, got better. The CSF charges, however, that Ban and Lehmann were not interested in demonstrating the usefulness of niacin and administered another substance—one that they knew, says the CSF, would make the patients worse while simultaneously counteracting the beneficial effects of niacin. They gave this other substance, Ban and Lehmann say, to try to demonstrate that one hypothesized mechanism for the efficacy of niacin would not hold water. The CSF refuses to accept this as a valid excuse for endangering patients, some of whom, they assert, were "gravely harmed," adding that this was "the kind of unethical experiment which, since the Nuremberg Doctors Trials, has been universally condemned."



"When the coyotes start howling, it makes me think of home back in Texas. What's it make you think of, Slim?"

Despite all the heavy artillery turned against the orthomolecularists, they have continued to make progress. More than 800 orthomolecular psychiatrists are now practicing in the United States, treating a wide range of mental disturbances with up to 200 times the "normal" intake of various vitamins, minerals, and other metabolites while simultaneously trying to purge their patients of various toxic chemicals that are a growing problem in an increasingly polluted environment. Dr. David Hawkins, medical director of the North Nassau Mental Health Center in Manhasset, N.Y., says that statistics indicate that orthomolecular psychiatry "roughly doubles the recovery rate from mental illness in general." Numerous organizations have sprung up throughout the country to support and promote orthomolecular psychiatry; a list of some of these, with addresses, is provided at the end of this article.

Here are some examples of promising orthomolecular work:

Hyperactivity: Dr. Ben Feingold, now chief emeritus of the department of allergy at the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in San Francisco, discovered several years ago that some of the 3,000 synthetic additives that turn up in our food can induce profound behavioral disturbances in children. He estimates that perhaps 40 percent of all children who have been diagnosed "hyperactive" or "hyperkinetic" or suffering from "minimal brain dysfunction" are actually the victims of food toxicity caused, in particular, by some of the artificial food flavorings and colorings. He has demonstrated complete recoveries in children who were placed on additive-free diets. His findings have been frantically disputed by the giants of the food industry

and by the pharmaceutical companies, some of which have profited enormously from the mass-doping of school children with tranquilizers and Ritalin, a form of speed (dependency-producing, like all the others) that has the paradoxical effect of temporarily tranquilizing hyperactive children. (More than 4 million school children who cause "disciplinary" problems and are boisterous in class have been drugged regularly in recent years.) Some children who have been in and out of therapy and on speed and tranquilizers for years were placed on the Feingold diet. Within a few weeks they were off drugs and behaving normally. Studies claiming to find no correlation between hyperactivity and diet have recently been refuted by the preliminary findings of the most ambitious study on the subject to date—being conducted by the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. Researchers there have found a statistically significant correlation and have criticized those who claimed to find no relationship for having used dosages of additives far too small to evoke the hyperactive response and much smaller than that actually being consumed by the average child on the typical fast-food diet.

Violence and aggression: New York psychiatrist Dr. José Yaryura-Tobias has identified what he calls "the behavioral gluco-dysrhythmic syndrome," which he and his associates believe may be one of the physical bases of aggression. Many of the victims of this syndrome are subject to fits of rage and are frequently assaultive. Orthomolecular-dietary treatment has resulted in some dramatic reversals of the syndrome. Food allergies, too, can be responsible for violent behavior. Dr. K. E. Moyer of Carnegie-Mellon University acknowledges that "for an allergic person, eating may lead to beating, biting, and battle." An increasing number of prison psychiatrists, social workers, probation officers, and those concerned with juvenile offenders are paying heed to diet. Some of them have linked violent crime with faulty sugar metabolism. Alexander Schauss, a sociologist, official of the Washington State Criminal Justice Training Commission, and author of *Orthomolecular Treatment of Criminal Offenders*, reports that most offenders consume extremely high quantities of sugar—up to four times greater than "control" (nonoffender) populations. (The average or "normal" American is already consuming an appalling 120 pounds of sugar a year.) Schauss has also recently found (in a study conducted by himself and Dr. Clifford E. Simonsen) that chronic juvenile offenders consume more than twice as much milk as do controls. In light of widely reported cerebral allergies to dairy products, the possibility that excessive milk intake is contributing to delinquent behavior deserves intensive investigation.

Child psychosis: Dr. Bernard Rimland, director of the Institute for Child Behavior Research in San Diego, has found that "children loosely called 'autistic' or

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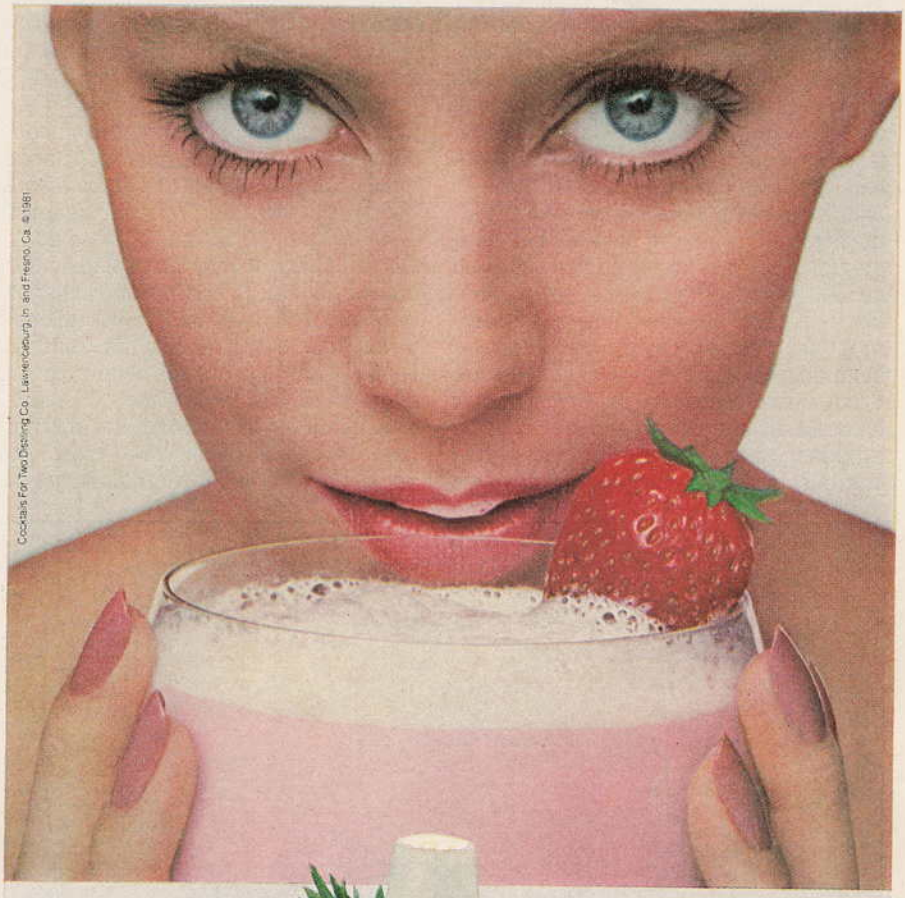

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'schizophrenic' actually represent a dozen or more different diseases and disorders, each with its own cause." Many of these children, Rimland and others have reported, have been measurably improved with a variety of orthomolecular regimens. Vitamin B_6, in particular, has been found to be helpful in the treatment of autistic children.

Drug addiction: Some years ago niacin and other nutriments were shown to be effective in combatting some forms of alcoholism. In fact, it wasn't until Bill Wilson, founder of Alcoholics Anonymous, got behind the orthomolecular movement and distributed a monograph on the subject that a large number of doctors began to pay attention to the pioneering work of Hoffer, Osmond, and others. More recently, chiropractor Alfred F. Libby and biochemist Irwin Stone tried treating long-term heroin addicts with massive doses of vitamin C and various amino acids (after tests indicated that many addicts were highly deficient in these substances). All 30 of their pilot subjects were said to have benefited from the orthomolecular therapy. Some of these heroin addicts received up to 85 grams of vitamin C a day. "Under this treatment," the California researchers reported, "the heroin or Methadone is stopped and no withdrawal symptoms are encountered. Should a 'fix' be taken, it is immediately detoxified and no 'high' is produced. It is like injecting plain water. There is great improvement in well-being and mental alertness. . . . After about four to six days the dosages [of vitamins and other metabolites] are reduced to holding levels. . . . We speculate on ascorbate's [vitamin C's] action in the brain as competing for and displacing the narcotic from the opiate receptor sites."

The researchers have reported more recently on an additional 70 addicts, most of whom, they say, were weaned off heroin with only minor withdrawal problems. Many of them, they claim, have remained drug-free through a yearlong follow-up. Some corroboration of these remarkable findings has been forthcoming from the San Francisco Drug Treatment Program, where researchers Valentine Free and Pat Sanders, using smaller doses of ascorbate, found that vitamin C is somewhat more effective than standard symptomatic medications (tranquilizers and Methadone) in heroin withdrawal. It was even more effective, they found, when used in combination with these other substances. Writing in the *Journal of Orthomolecular Psychiatry*, the San Francisco researchers noted that 40 percent of those addicts who received vitamin C reported a loss of craving for drugs and that this persisted throughout their period of follow-up observation (up to six months for some patients). Among those who did not experience loss of craving, 45 percent took heroin or Methadone, but in 60 percent of these cases no "high" was achieved from resumption of drugs, thus offering some confirmation of the Libby-Stone claim that ascorbic acid can block the heroin high. Predictably, Libby has taken some flak because he is a chiropractor. He responds: "I know that many medical doctors may scoff at the work of a chiropractor, but it would take a DC [doctor of chiropractic] to come up with this program, because we aren't medicine oriented."

Drug side effects: It's ironic that orthomolecular psychiatry is solving one of the most serious problems created by the same drug-oriented psychiatrists who refuse to recognize the benefits of the orthomolecular approach. A vicious side effect of the major tranquilizers is a new disease called tardive dyskinesia, a form of brain damage that some experts say may ultimately affect up to 50 percent of all those who have used the drugs for prolonged periods. The disease is characterized by involuntary movements of the limbs, the upper body, the facial muscles, and the tongue, as well as by mental dulling. It has generally been regarded as irreversible, but orthomolecular psychiatrist Dr. Richard Kunin of San Francisco has demonstrated that the mineral manganese can alleviate or even cure the disease in a significant number of cases. The manganese supplementation seems to correct a metabolic deficiency created by the phenothiazine ingredient of the major tranquilizers. In one series of cases, the manganese treatment resulted in dramatic cures in 27 percent of the cases and achieved "definite improvement" in an additional 60 percent.

For more information on orthomolecular treatment, referrals and location of orthomolecular psychiatrists in most states, contact the following:

The Huxley Institute
for Biosocial Research
1114 First Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10021
Phone: 212-759-9554

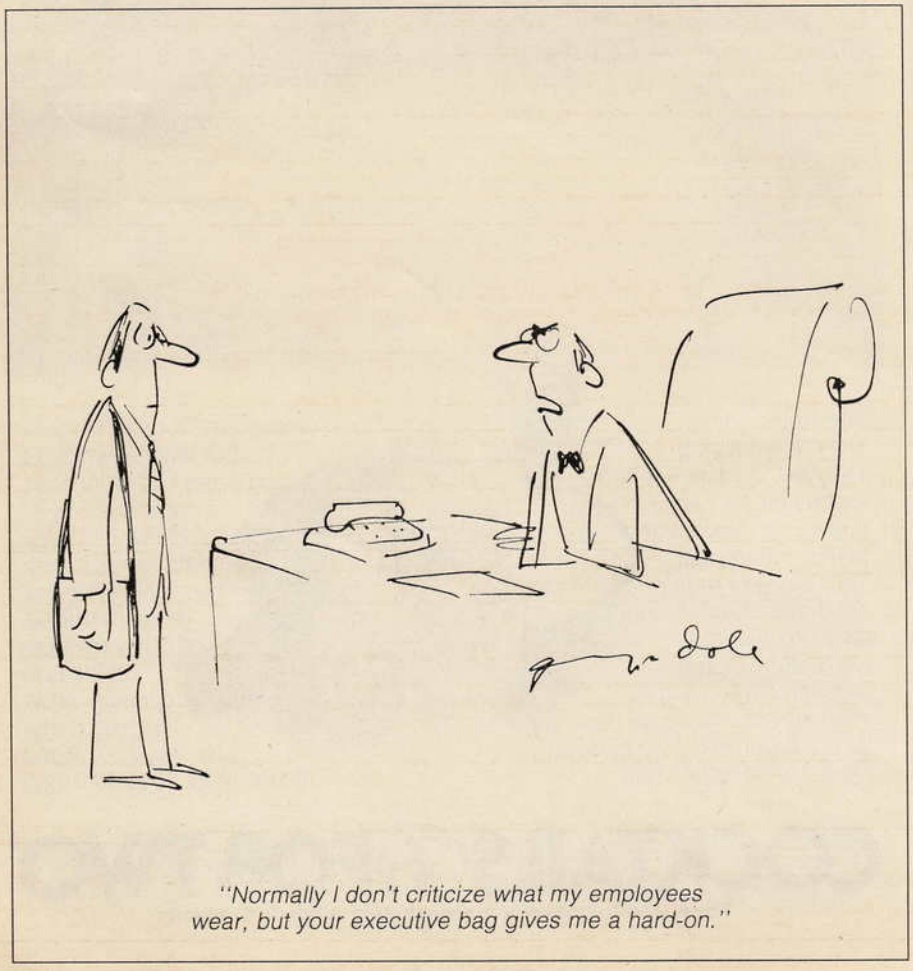
The Academy of Orthomolecular Psychiatry
1691 Northern Boulevard
Manhasset, N.Y. 11030
Phone: 516-627-7260

Institute for Child Behavioral Research
4157 Adams Avenue
San Diego, Calif. 92116

Orthomolecular Medical Society
2698 Pacific Avenue
San Francisco, Calif. 94115
Phone: 415-346-5692

For information on Feingold Associations in your area contact:

Feingold Association of United States
c/o Kaiser Medical Center
2200 O'Farrell Street
San Francisco, Calif. 94115
Phone: 415-929-4641



"Normally I don't criticize what my employees wear, but your executive bag gives me a hard-on."

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THE WAVING

FICTION BY CATHERINE HILLER

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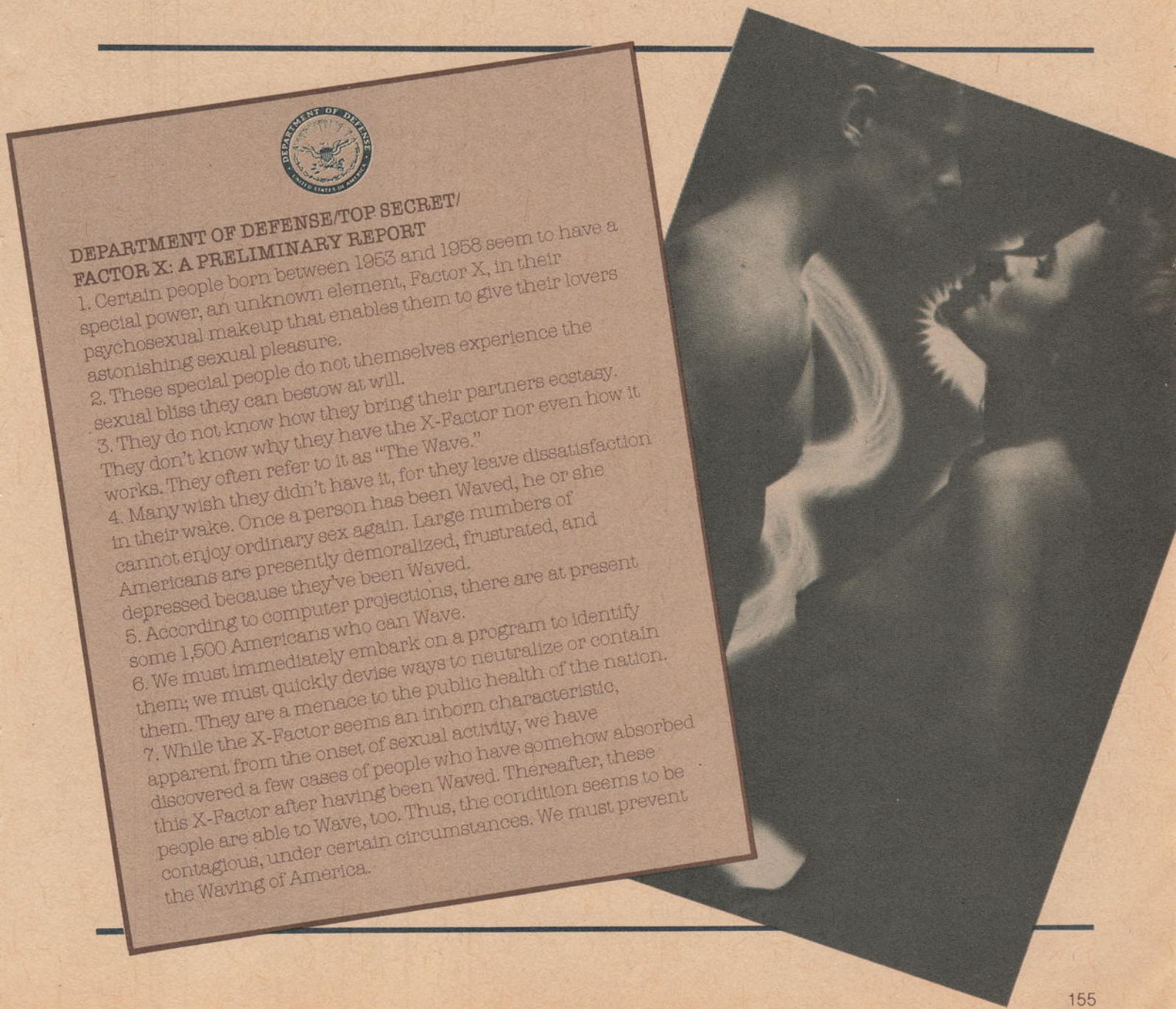

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE/TOP SECRET/
FACTOR X: A PRELIMINARY REPORT
1. Certain people born between 1953 and 1958 seem to have a special power, an unknown element, Factor X, in their psychosexual makeup that enables them to give their lovers astonishing sexual pleasure.
2. These special people do not themselves experience the sexual bliss they can bestow at will.
3. They do not know how they bring their partners ecstasy. They don't know why they have the X-Factor nor even how it works. They often refer to it as "The Wave."
4. Many wish they didn't have it, for they leave dissatisfaction in their wake. Once a person has been Waved, he or she cannot enjoy ordinary sex again. Large numbers of Americans are presently demoralized, frustrated, and depressed because they've been Waved.
5. According to computer projections, there are at present some 1,500 Americans who can Wave.
6. We must immediately embark on a program to identify them; we must quickly devise ways to neutralize or contain them. They are a menace to the public health of the nation.
7. While the X-Factor seems an inborn characteristic, apparent from the onset of sexual activity, we have discovered a few cases of people who have somehow absorbed this X-Factor after having been Waved. Thereafter, these people are able to Wave, too. Thus, the condition seems to be contagious, under certain circumstances. We must prevent the Waving of America.

"You see, it's no joke," said Gen. Abbott Elihu Gage in the Executive Office twenty minutes later.

The president nodded. "I still don't see why you consider them dangerous. It's sad, of course, for those who've been Waved, but you know how I feel about government interference."

"Mr. President, this is different. There are no precedents for Waving."

"What about Tripping, General?" asked the chief of staff. "Remember when the young were getting stoned on LSD? Now they're getting Waved. In each case there are burn-outs. I say it serves the fools right."

"The difference is," said the general, "Wave victims don't know what they're getting into." *Literally*, he thought, mentally snickering.

"The weak will always go under," observed the president, drumming the fingers of his left hand upon the desk.

"Mr. President." General Gage tried to think of a way to communicate what Wavers could do. Suddenly, General Gage leaned over and put his hand over the president's, stilling the drumming fingers. Their hands were in contact for three or four seconds.

"What the. . .?" said the president, pulling back his hand and standing up.

"If I were a Waver," said General Gage, "at this moment, you'd be in my arms, pulling me to you. You'd do anything for it," he said. He watched as the president of the United States sat down again, slowly. In the next fifteen minutes, the president assigned $50 million to a program to identify, contain, and study Wavers.

Beverly Leven, Ph.D., had only herself to blame. She certainly knew what could happen if you played with the Wave. Her patient Elke Stahr said her life was altogether ruined because of Georgie Dibbs. Another patient, Susan Arlen, blamed him for all of her problems. "I used to be a passionate, vivacious woman: fucked up, sure, but not fucked out. Look at me now." At twenty-six, Susan Arlen was desiccated, wan.

As if in atonement for the women he'd left high and dry, Georgie Dibbs now maintained total celibacy. "I can't take the hassle," he told Dr. Leven. "The guilt." He'd been in therapy with her for eight months. She'd published her paper about him; she'd continued his free treatment; she'd come to dread their sessions together. For Georgie Dibbs was, without doubt, the most boring patient she had ever met. She once fell into a light doze while he droned on about bittersweet chocolate with almonds. He was of interest only because of his astounding powers as a lover—a subject he either could not or would not discuss further. And this subject was of such intense personal interest to Beverly Leven, Ph.D.

Dr. Leven was forty-five, slender, attractive, and divorced. In the past five years, she had enjoyed sex less and less. She'd always been a passionate woman. Now she could go weeks without sex and not mind. When she took a man to bed—and there were many candidates from which to choose—everything he did seemed awkward. She would long for him to stop sucking her breasts and go on to the next step, but then his hand on her cunt was wrong, too. *Oh, get on with it,* she'd think, and then with his cock inside her she would fantasize so hard it was like work, for there were three or four little stories she found erotic year in and year out, and if the man didn't distract her from her movie and maintained the right rhythm and lasted long enough, Beverly Leven could come. Big deal.

Surely, it would all be magically different with a man who knew just what she wanted, with a man whose every touch and move was right. She figured that she didn't have all that much to lose. She had already lost interest in sex and was considering permanent abstention. Perhaps Georgie could show her some other shore. Perhaps only neurotic women like Elke and Susan suffered sexual dysfunction after riding the Wave. An encounter with Georgie might be beneficial in her case, she rationalized. But could she bring herself to do it?

She regarded the chubby young man sprawled on the couch. His skin was pink and shiny, and although he was only twenty-four, he was already half bald. "So you can see why chocolate-covered cherries mean so much to me," he said.

She sighed. "Georgie, I'd like to see if under hypnosis we can go a little deeper, perhaps get to the root of your problem."

"Okay, Dr. Leven. I'm game."

He proved an excellent subject for hypnosis. Within a few minutes, he was in a heavy trance.

"Georgie," she began, "can you tell me why you're here?"

His eyes were closed and he spoke slowly, as if drugged. "To . . . find out . . . about . . . chocolate."

"Why else?"

"To . . . understand . . . myself?"

"Of course. And I'm here to help you do that. Now, Georgie, besides, of course, your love of chocolate, what's the most unusual thing about you?"

He didn't say anything, but his lips parted in a dreamy smile.

"Georgie?"

"I Wave," he whispered.

"But you won't talk about it. You won't help me help you. You won't tell me what it is."

"I can't . . . talk about it."

"Then there's just one other way. Georgie, do you see it?"

He slowly nodded in assent.

"Go on," said Beverly Leven. He's not ugly, she thought. Not. "What's the other way?"

"I . . . could . . . show . . . you."

"You find me very attractive," said Dr. Leven. It was a command.

Georgie Dibbs whispered, "Yes."

"My voice . . . gets you . . . very hot."

"Yes."

"You'd like me . . . to take off my blouse . . . so you can fondle my breasts . . ."

"Yes."

"I'm . . . removing . . . it now." At this point, she was almost hypnotized herself. "Go ahead then," she whispered.

"Yes," said Georgie, and, blind, began.

"Yes, God, yes," she breathed.

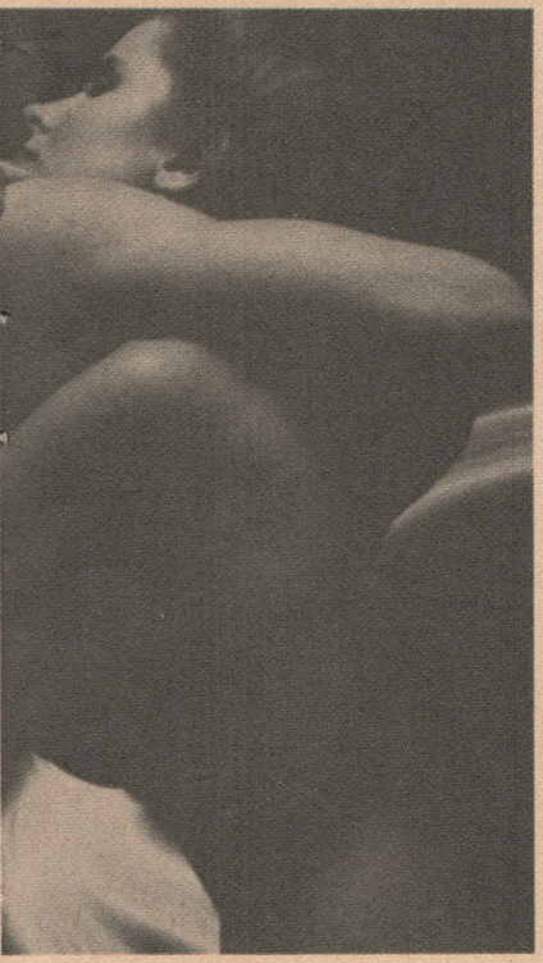
"I've missed this," he murmured.

Beverly Leven, Ph.D., was beyond speech. The next hour was heavy floating and helpless soaring and, time after time, seismic release, ecstatic dissolution, overwhelming tenderness. When she awoke, he was gone.

He called the next day to announce that he was terminating therapy and that he considered her behavior grossly unprofessional.

She felt herself getting aroused just at the sound of his voice. "Darling, don't be so petty," she said.

He slammed down the phone. She sat



there, stunned, for several seconds. At least, she told herself, I won't have to go on treating that fat, boring chocomaniac. But she was blinking back tears, and she knew that she could probably come to love all of his flaws for the sake of his sole, magnificent gift.

Nanette Johnson was the highest-paid call girl in Los Angeles. Jason Abraham was a substitute teacher in Albany. Clara Simmons was a medical researcher in Philadelphia. Mike Hawkins was a miner in Virginia. Two weeks later they were all living in Arizona, working at a top-secret laboratory, making their contribution to science and defense. Their lodging, meals, and remuneration were splendid; their duties were simple. All they had to do was Wave—with the volunteer of their choice—three or four times a week, with electrodes attached to their scalp, skin, and genitals, and a camera overhead, and a dozen scientists in the next room, watching everything on television monitors.

Gen. Abbott Elihu Gage was now watching Clara Simmons perform with the volunteer named Tim Stuyvesant. (She always chose him, for he looked like her first lover and kissed like him as well.) The atmosphere in the viewing room was unimpeachable, as if the researchers were watching chemicals, not human beings, interact. There were no quickened breaths or lewd remarks. The stiff laboratory coats were good for hiding erections, and General Gage, straining against his uniform, envied the others their garb.

In the next room Clara and Tim were deeply engaged. It looks like good, old-fashioned American sex, thought General Gage: no tricks, no acrobatics, in and out, up and down. But the instruments attached to Tim Stuyvesant were recording astonishing responses. Usually during sex, temperature rises by a degree or two. Timothy's rose to 102.4. His heartbeat increased by sixty percent (twenty percent is normal during intercourse). His orgasm lasted a full three minutes. His ejaculate was 4.1 times as much as usual.

By and large, however, Clara's responses were unexceptional. After 3.3 minutes of foreplay, her nipples were erect. After eleven minutes of coitus, she orgasmed. There were eight contractions to her spasm, and she seemed satisfied with the encounter. The instruments wired up to Clara Simmons revealed her to be resolutely normal in response. Only her brain waves, during sex, were remarkable. They were like nothing that had ever been recorded before Project Wave.

Sen. Harrison Barnes, Rep., Conn., insisted that his aide, Hank Gurney, stay with him twenty-four hours a day during the investigation of the Delta Corporation.

"I don't want that bitch to get to me," he said. "Only you know the risk that she poses." He was talking about Blair Armstrong, a sleek young woman of twenty-six who was chief counsel to the Delta Corporation and who had Waved her way to power and success. Only with Senator Barnes had Blair Armstrong failed to get what she wanted. He knew it was wrong to yield to her bribery; yet at the thought of his rapturous hours in her arms, he felt his resolution weaken. "I need you with me round the clock," said the senator to his aide.

At any other time, it would have been keen hardship for Hank Gurney to be parted so long from his wife, a frumpy little woman—and a Waver. But Joan Gurney was so busy these days, and so tired, that she didn't often feel like sex. She was busy with her work on Project Wave. Already, thousands of undercover operatives at every level of society were tracking down every hot rumor that came their way.

Responding to Joan Gurney's print campaign, many Wavers actually reported themselves. In the month of October, a number of national and regional magazines printed the following advertisement in their back pages:

Are you someone Special?
Do you have unexplained Powers?
Do you bring your lovers sexual rapture without quite understanding why?
Have you ever been told you're so good you're a "spoiler"?
Medical researcher offers substantial rewards to those with the Valentine Touch. Please write Box #3W34.

The "Valentine Touch" was Joan Gurney's euphemism: General Gage's "X Factor" stood for the venereal factor, which she thought sounded like a disease.

This ad brought thousands of responses: some from bona fide Wavers; many from self-styled superlovers, who were easily identified as such during questioning; and hundreds of letters from ordinary people, who wrote that they knew someone with the Valentine Touch. Joan Gurney was surprised by the bitterness expressed in this unexpected mail. "For the past three months I've been paying for that one night with Nanette Johnson. You can call it the Valentine Touch. I call it Libidinal Blight. My vigor is gone; my life is in ruins. I am naming my destroyer to save others from my fate."

Joan Gurney was glad that no one had ever thought of her that way. But then, she'd had only one lover, Hank, and she would never leave him. She was wedded for life. She was, she knew, one lucky woman. She was worshiped by the man she adored. In a year or two, she hoped to start a family. Meanwhile, her work on Project Wave had meaning and importance. For without her influence, the Department of Defense might decide on the easy, brutal solution to the problem of the Wavers. She was quite sure that she could devise a better plan.

The four Wavers who were being studied at the Arizona laboratory could do what they wanted in their abundant leisure time—with one exception. They were absolutely forbidden to have sex with each other. Nobody knew what might happen if two Wavers got together. Their combined powers might create more ecstasy than mortals could bear. General Gage's team intended to study this possibility, for defense purposes, only at the end of the experimental period, for he didn't want to risk losing half of his experimental Wavers quite yet. In the meantime, the four Wavers always performed with someone from the pool of volunteers.

In the third week of the program, the volunteer Timothy Stuyvesant was requested by Clara Simmons on Tuesday. He was summoned by Nanette Johnson on Wednesday. On Friday, Clara Simmons asked for him again. Gen. Abbott Elihu Gage was getting tired of watching Timothy's muscular buttocks and was about to leave the viewing room that Friday when an extraordinary series of readings began appearing on the monitor screens. Now

Clara's temperature was a hundred and three; her heartbeat rose to a hundred and twenty; she came and laughed and cried and came and came and came and then blacked out with Timothy Stuyvesant, whose brain waves showed, unmistakably, that he was now a Waver, too. When Tim and Clara left to put on their clothes, the rather silly look on his face was reflected on hers. Joan Gurney, who had flown in from Washington for the week, smiled at the monitor. She knew what love was like.

General Gage called an immediate meeting of all the researchers at the Arizona lab. "As most of you know," he said, "something's gone terribly wrong here. Instead of merely studying the Wavers, it seems we've created a new one. How did it happen? Why him?"

"General Gage," said one of the researchers, "Tim Stuyvesant is the only volunteer who's been chosen by two different Wavers in one week. Perhaps if a person is in intimate contact with two Wavers within a short time span, the power somehow rubs off on him."

"General Gage—" it was Joan Gurney, Hank Gurney's frumpy little wife—"does this mean we'll be able to create Wavers at will?"

"Perhaps."

"Then a whole new vista lies before us. Instead of controlling and limiting Wavers, perhaps we should systematically increase their numbers. It would take some planning, at first, and a good publicity campaign, but before too long there'd be so many Wavers in circulation that their total penetration would be all but guaranteed. And we'd have a nation of perfect lovers."

"Hold it, there, young lady," said General Gage. "We can't have that, you know."

"Why not? Does the idea of so much pleasure alarm you? Would it be bad for our national defense or our gross national product?"

"Probably," said the general, "but it's not that. We just don't know enough about the long-range consequences of Waving to risk it. We don't know what damage twenty years of Waving may do to the body. We don't know what the children of Wavers are like, if they can Wave, too—or if they suffer from birth defects. Has anyone investigated that side of it?"

"I'll run it through the computer, sir," said a researcher. He left the room. When he returned five minutes later, he had a startling announcement. Of the nine hundred-odd Wavers identified to date, not one was a parent.

There was a silence in the room. Then Joan Gurney burst into tears.

"Now you all see why we can't have the Waving of America," said the general. "Wavers are sterile. They are spreading their condition. We must isolate them from the general population. We must double our security here."

But it was too late. Clara Simmons and Timothy Stuyvesant, the new Waver, had already run off together. And Joan Gurney, wiping her tears, thought of what to do about the problem of the Wavers. It would come to be known as the Oahu Solution.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, information about the Wavers had been accumulating rapidly. It was only when Project Wave researchers began interviewing the mothers of Wavers, however, that they discovered how the Wavers came to be. Each woman, early in her pregnancy, had made a trip to the Southwest. Each had gone to a small amusement park off the highway at some little town in New Mexico. A few mentioned something about the tunnel of love.

The Paradise Amusement Park near Tioho, population one hundred forty-eight, had only been in operation for five years, from 1953 to 1958, but the man who ran the general store remembered the owner, "One-eyed Fred," very well. "Lives in Albuquerque in a nursing home, I hear. Not all there anymore, they tell me. What you might call a kook. He always was a character."

One-eyed Fred was eighty-three, but although he was losing his wits, he wasn't nearly as dim as he seemed. He knew that the serious young lady with the tape recorder was no doctoral student in history. He didn't know what her real interests were, but she sure as hell didn't know anything about "Amusement Parks in America"—the title of her dissertation, she claimed. Why, she even seemed surprised to hear that in the good old days, small amounts of laughing gas were sometimes pumped into fun houses, to make sure that the folks had a really good time.

"Did you ever do that, sir?" she asked.

"I didn't have a fun house," said One-eyed Fred. He thought he'd have a little fun with her. He laughed and let his laugh get imbecilic. He wasn't entirely sure if he was dreaming or awake. With these new pills, you couldn't tell. But it didn't matter much anyway. If they thought you were senile, you could get away with anything.

"Not the fun house," he cackled.

"The tunnel of love?" she suggested.

One-eyed Fred licked his lips lasciviously. "Maybe," he said slowly. "Baybee. Hee-hee. Hee-hee." When he stopped laughing, he was wheezing.

"You're getting him overexcited," said the nurse reproachfully.

"I'll come back tomorrow," said the young woman.

One-eyed Fred grinned, exposing his gums. Oh, he would have a good time with her, capering, acting dumb, getting lechy. Perhaps tomorrow he would drool upon her arm. But he wasn't ever going to tell her—or anybody else—which two gases he had used to make the tunnel of love at Paradise Amusement Park just a little more romantic. The mixture was odorless, and its effects were subtle, so people had never suspected why they felt so lovey-dovey, feely-squealy in the dark. Certainly One-eyed Fred had no idea that his innocent enhancer, inhaled by women eight weeks pregnant, had resulted in humans who Waved—and were sterile.

He practiced drooling all afternoon.

Blair Armstrong felt very flattered. She had been invited to give a speech on her legal specialty at a special government conference at Oahu. Georgie Dibbs was also pleased. He was asked to lead a seminar on theatrical-tax loopholes. Hundreds of other Wavers were told that they'd been selected to take free refresher courses in their line of work at a gorgeous resort in Hawaii. Hundreds more were told that they had won a luxurious vacation—all expenses paid, including airfare to Oahu.

With one inducement or another, ninety-seven percent of all known unmarried Wavers were lured to the government compound at Oahu. Married Wavers did not participate, for it was felt that their spouses were probably so grateful for regular Waving that they were happy, selfless mates, whom the Wavers would cleave to. It was the unmarried Wavers that had to be controlled; they posed the greatest threat of Wave contamination—unless they were somehow removed from circulation as quickly as possible. Removed benignly, according to Joan Gurney's plan.

Take a thousand single people in their twenties and put them on a resort in Hawaii. Give them exquisite, light meals and lots of wine and privacy. Do not provide tennis or scuba or golf. In three days' time, seventy-six percent of your guests will be having affairs with each other. At the end of a week, the figure climbs to ninety-five percent. If the guests are Wavers, for the first time in their lives, they are getting as good sex as they give. A mass euphoria reigns. Relationships begun out of casual carnality are soon revealed to be rich, golden, sacred. Each day, the chaplain performs marriages from dawn until midnight. And sleek Blair Armstrong and fat Georgie Dibbs, naked on volcanic sands, embrace once, twice, again. "Oh, my darling," she murmurs. "Never leave me."

"Never," he promises. "Never." He gropes for something underneath a palm leaf. Then he holds out his hand. And they walk into the sunset together, blinking back ecstatic tears, chewing on bittersweet chocolate with almonds.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU WEARY?

BURNT OUT OR TURNED ON?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see if you like to work or shirk

PSYCHOGRAPH

If you seem to be working more but enjoying it less, this psychograph may tell you why. It deals with what social scientists call "burn-out." That's what happens when the daily realities of life and work overwhelm your capacity to handle them. Your nerves get frazzled, your enthusiasm melts away, and your sense of perspective deserts you. You feel like a building that has been torched for the insurance money: fried, hollow, and ill-used.

Burn-out became the subject of psychosocial inquiry about a decade ago when New York psychoanalyst Herbert Freudenberger noticed how quickly counselors in free clinics became morose and ineffective. Those were the days when everybody wanted to go to the East Village or Haight-Ashbury. Dr. Freudenberger found that even the most idealistic, well-meaning counselors quickly became callous, nasty, and withdrawn when faced with the daily parade of freaks, junkies, thieves, and assorted loonies that trooped through the clinics.

In the years since Freudenberger's seminal observations, other social psychologists, such as Christina Maslach and Ayala Pines of the University of California at Berkeley, have broadened the body of research. Maslach, for example, helped develop what has come to be called the Maslach Burn-out Inventory, a test that measures burn-out among social-service workers. (Burn-out flourishes in the "helping" professions: among social workers, nurses, teachers, doctors, and shrinks who often start their careers as highly motivated idealists but then burn out and become sour-faced drones.)

But you don't have to be a social-service worker to suffer from burn-out. It happens to all kinds of people. Ironically, it's most likely to attack the best and the brightest. They're the ones who feel it most when their drive for excellence is thwarted. It can even happen to presidents. Jimmy Carter was a virtual textbook case of burn-out. The man came into office with the highest ideals. But when faced with the opposition of tough-minded politicians and entrenched bureaucrats, he withdrew (remember his retreat to the Rose Garden?) and his presidency disintegrated. A sense of paranoia can even develop in advanced cases of burn-out. Writing in the *Journal of Social Issues*, Dr. Freudenberger said, "The victim begins to feel that just about everyone is out to screw him."

While the questions on this psychograph are generally job related, you don't necessarily have to be employed to take the test. The questions may still prove useful if you mentally rephrase them to reflect the major occupations of your life. (If you're a student, for instance, substitute academic terms and situations for job-related ones. Students, after all, can burn out, too. So can lovers, housewives, and Indian chiefs.)

Answer the questions quickly and honestly, and you may find out if you've been hitting your head too hard against the rock of reality.

1. If you had to choose, which of the following statements would you say is more true of you?
   (a) I've reached a dead end on my job; there's really nothing much left for me to learn and no real room for advancement
   (b) I haven't reached the limits of my work yet; there's still plenty to learn and room to advance

2. At the end of the week, do you look back and have trouble telling whether you're doing a good job or not?
   (a) very much so
   (b) somewhat
   (c) not really

3. Do you feel that you've been losing momentum on your job, that things just aren't progressing as well as they did formerly?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. How's your sex life these days?
   (a) about the same as always
   (b) better than usual
   (c) worse than usual

5. When you began the job you now have, did you put in much more than 40 hours a week—like 14-hour days, six or seven days a week?
   (a) yes, all the time
   (b) often
   (c) occasionally
   (d) rarely or never

6. Are you bored with and tired of your coworkers?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Which of the following statements would you say is most characteristic of you?
   (a) I can't wait to get up each morning and go to work; I really look forward to it
   (b) I'm not particularly overjoyed about having to get up for work each day; I mean, I don't get up and start dancing with joy, but it's part of life, and so I do it
   (c) I find it harder and harder to get up each day and go to work; I sometimes begin the day trying to think up excuses for staying home

8. How do you feel about this statement: "It's best not to make waves; nobody's really interested in any new ideas you may have—in fact, they usually resent any fresh ideas or changes"?
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree somewhat
   (c) disagree

9. After working all day, are you too tired to see friends?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no, not usually

10. Which of these statements would be most characteristic of you?
    (a) I'm an idealist
    (b) I used to be idealistic, but I'm not any more
    (c) I've never been particularly idealistic

11. How do you feel about this statement: "I welcome new challenges; life and work aren't very exciting if you never test yourself"?
    (a) I agree strongly
    (b) I've got nothing against taking on an occasional challenging assignment, but don't give me a steady diet of it
    (c) It's a crock; I just want to do what I have to do and be left alone; you know where you can stick your challenges

12. Do you do a lot of bitching at work: complaining about the people you have to deal with and the tasks you have to do?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Do you ever feel as if your job were overwhelming you—as if it were a wave ready to drown you? Are there days when you feel so lost that you either want to cry or just walk away from it all?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) sometimes
    (c) rarely or never

14. How do you feel about your salary?
    (a) I'm paid fairly for what I do
    (b) I deserve more pay for the work that I do

(c) If you want the truth, I'm overpaid for the work I do

15. Do you think you chose the right career for yourself?
(a) yes, definitely
(b) yes, although I sometimes think of other fields I might have been just as happy in
(c) I sometimes have doubts about having chosen the right career
(d) I often have doubts about having chosen the right career

16. Do you catch cold more frequently than you used to?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Do you have any other physical complaints more frequently than before (headaches, nagging backaches, trouble sleeping, etc.)?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. Do you feel powerless?
(a) yes, very
(b) somewhat
(c) no

19. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Where I work there's so much office politics and brownnosing that it makes me sick"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

20. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "I've got so much diddly-shit work, paperwork, and busywork to do that I barely have time to accomplish the job I'm supposed to do"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

21. Do you get enough support from your superiors?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Has your job turned out to be pretty much as you envisioned it would be when you first started working?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. If you had to do the same job you're doing now for the next 10 or 15 years, how do you think you'd feel about it by that time?
(a) I'd probably enjoy it
(b) I might not be crazy about it, but I'd endure
(c) I'd probably despise it

24. Do you often find that your mind wanders, that you're preoccupied? (You drive to work but can't really recollect anything about the ride, or you don't notice it's winter until six inches of snow are on the ground; somehow autumn slipped by without your realizing it.)
(a) yes, that's often true
(b) that's somewhat true
(c) that's not true of me

25. Do you find that you get angry more than you used to?
(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

Every possible answer on this psychograph has been awarded a point value listed on the table below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 105 points; the lowest is zero.

1. a-4, b-0	13. a-5, b-3, c-0
2. a-4, b-2, c-0	14. a-0, b-3, c-0
3. a-3, b-0	15. a-1, b-0, c-2, d-4
4. a-0, b-0, c-5	16. a-3, b-0
5. a-4, b-3, c-2, d-0	17. a-3, b-0
	18. a-4, b-2, c-0
6. a-5, b-0	19. a-4, b-0
7. a-2, b-0, c-5	20. a-4, b-0
8. a-5, b-3, c-0	21. a-0, b-4
9. a-5, b-3, c-0	22. a-0, b-4
10. a-2, b-5, c-0	23. a-0, b-0, c-4
11. a-1, b-0, c-5	24. a-5, b-3, c-0
12. a-4, b-0	25. a-4, b-0

If you scored 90–105 points:

Judging by your answers, you are in the throes (or on the verge) of a major case of burn-out. You've got all the symptoms. If you look back over the time you've spent on your current job, you may see that you've traveled the classic route to burn-out. The pattern for people prone to this syndrome usually goes something like this: they begin their jobs with an inordinate amount of optimism and enthusiasm; then, when results don't seem to come as fast as they'd like, they begin to feel a sense of stagnation. Stagnation breeds frustration as the grim realities become ever clearer. In the final stage of burn-out, frustration gives way to apathy as the victims simply give up fighting. And judging by your score here, that's where you seem to be headed.

You need a break. Take a vacation and use it to replenish your drained emotional resources. Think about your career. Is it time for a change? Can you work out some compromises that will give you satisfaction on the job without alienating your bosses and coworkers?

The good news is that you can recuperate from burn-out with a little rest and rethinking. The bad news is that it can strike several times in the course of a career; so you'll always have to be on your guard against it.

53–89 points:

While you're not yet a burned-out hulk like some of those in the category above, you seem to be headed that way. Before things get out of hand, you may want to step back and think things over. Somehow you have to work out a way to live with the realities and frustrations of your job. Focus on the good points and compare them with what you might expect to find on other jobs that you're qualified for. You may see that those other jobs are equally frustrating and dull. However, if a careful assessment convinces you that the grass really is greener in another job field, now is the time to prepare for a career change. Think about what skills and qualifications you'd need to make the change and then work out a plan for acquiring them. Once you've reached the final stages of burn-out, the apathy can be so great that you'll have a much tougher time getting out of your predicament.

16–52 points:

While you may not feel that you're burning out, your answers suggest that you could be in the initial stages of the process. The road to burn-out can be a long one; it might be years before you will suffer from a full-fledged case. On the other hand, the road can sometimes be surprisingly short. Burn-out could be just around the corner. Before you lose your sense of perspective (along with most of your friends), stop and review your career. Are you putting in exceedingly long hours? Is your early enthusiasm giving way to a feeling of stagnation? Try paying more attention to areas of your life that have nothing to do with work. Spend time with friends, take up a hobby, travel, pay attention to your lover (listen to her; don't just bang her).

0–15 points:

You seem to be in good shape. Congratulations. You may just be a lazy son of a bitch, but in any case you've apparently achieved a sense of equilibrium in your life. You do your job but don't let it dominate your life. You've probably come to the conclusion (perhaps without ever realizing it) that there's more to existence than a paycheck and career success. With your personality, you may not reach the very highest levels of career success, but you'll probably be happy. And that's a hell of an accomplishment.

"It's a laxative!"

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

Anyway, it is fact, not theory, that Weinberg lied under oath in two of the Abscam trials (he has been the principal government witness in most of them) when he said that he had *never* been rebuked by any FBI agents or government lawyers for any of his "techniques." Yet the criticisms of those techniques by the two assistant United States attorneys had indeed taken place in front of Weinberg and his FBI colleagues. Had the juries known about this, the con man's credibility as the government's chief witness might well have been gravely impaired. But government prosecutors said nothing as Weinberg lied. More of that Abscam odor.

All these indictments of the government and more will now be part of the record that various appellate judges, and eventually the Supreme Court, will consider. (Much of it became available only after the trials through persistent digging by defense lawyers in postconviction hearings on whether the defendants had indeed been given due process of law.)

Should the government's conduct be upheld, notwithstanding these redolent facts, the Abscam techniques—creating crimes, hiring criminals to manufacture other criminals, and the powerful "evidence" of the videotape—will surely be used much more frequently. And not only against politicians. More and more police are becoming intrigued with the possibilities of what they call "pro-active" law enforcement. That is, instead of reacting to a crime that has been committed or is still going on, why not stir up police business by using informants, as in Abscam, to invent criminal opportunities—and then the law-enforcement troops will see who sticks to the flypaper?

The Republican-controlled U.S. Senate, for instance, has already formed a new Subcommittee on Internal Security and Terrorism. What would prevent the FBI from planting informants, with miniaturized video equipment, inside a group protesting nuclear facilities? Late at night, warmed by wine or somewhat headier stuff, some of those present—egged on by the FBI's agents provocateurs—might well dream up a number of fanciful designs for stopping nuclear power and armaments; and later, with the "evidence" of the hidden videotape and the testimony of the informants, convictions would be obtained on various counts of criminal conspiracy. Nothing would actually have been done, but the defendants were "planning" certain crimes.

Such could be the legacy of Abscam. Or, as a high-ranking member of the Justice Department exultantly told me after the first Abscam convictions: "Just think of all the people in this country now who are never going to be sure whether they're being watched. Not only watched but put on videotape for a jury to see."

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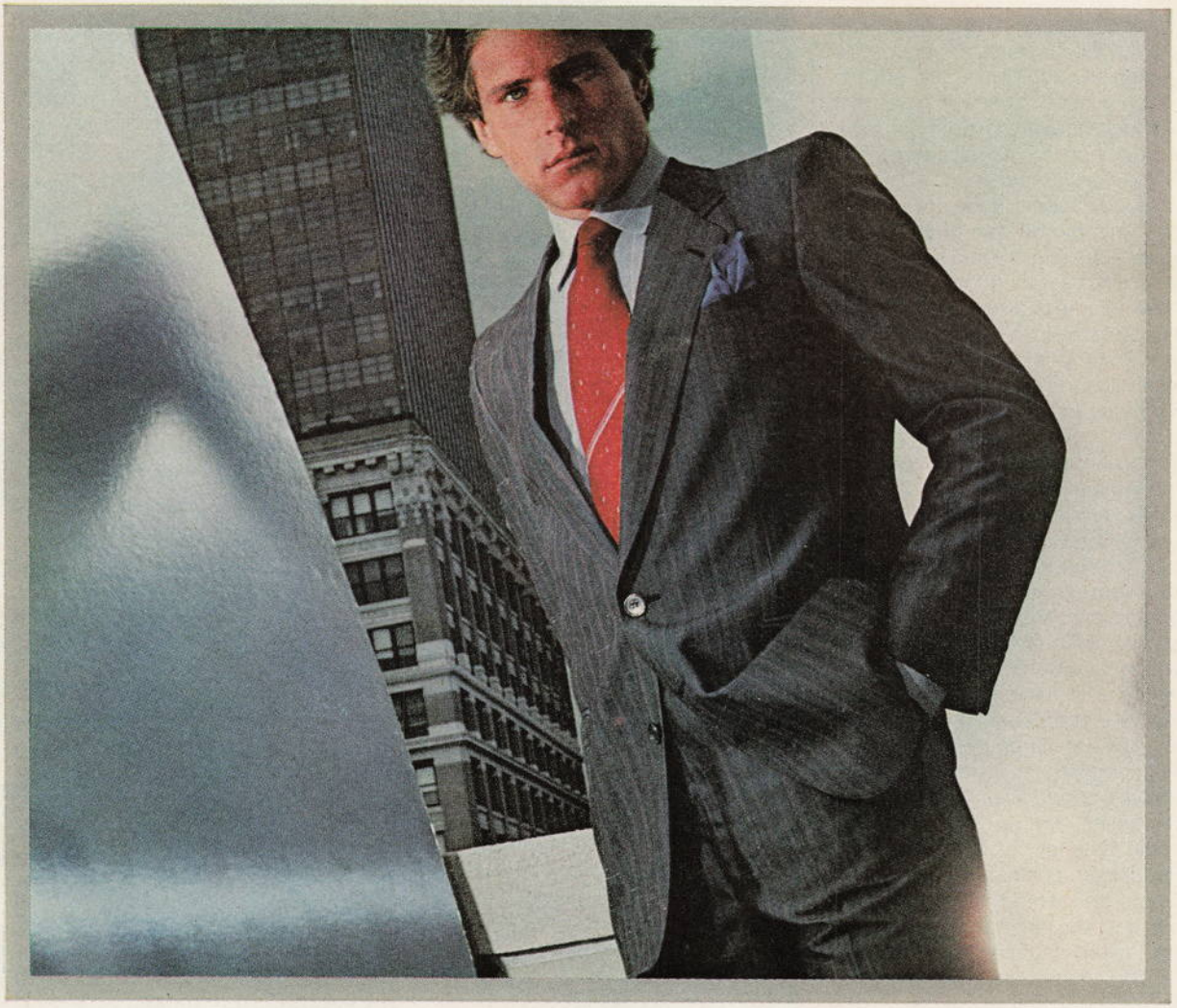
Designs for success from successful designers

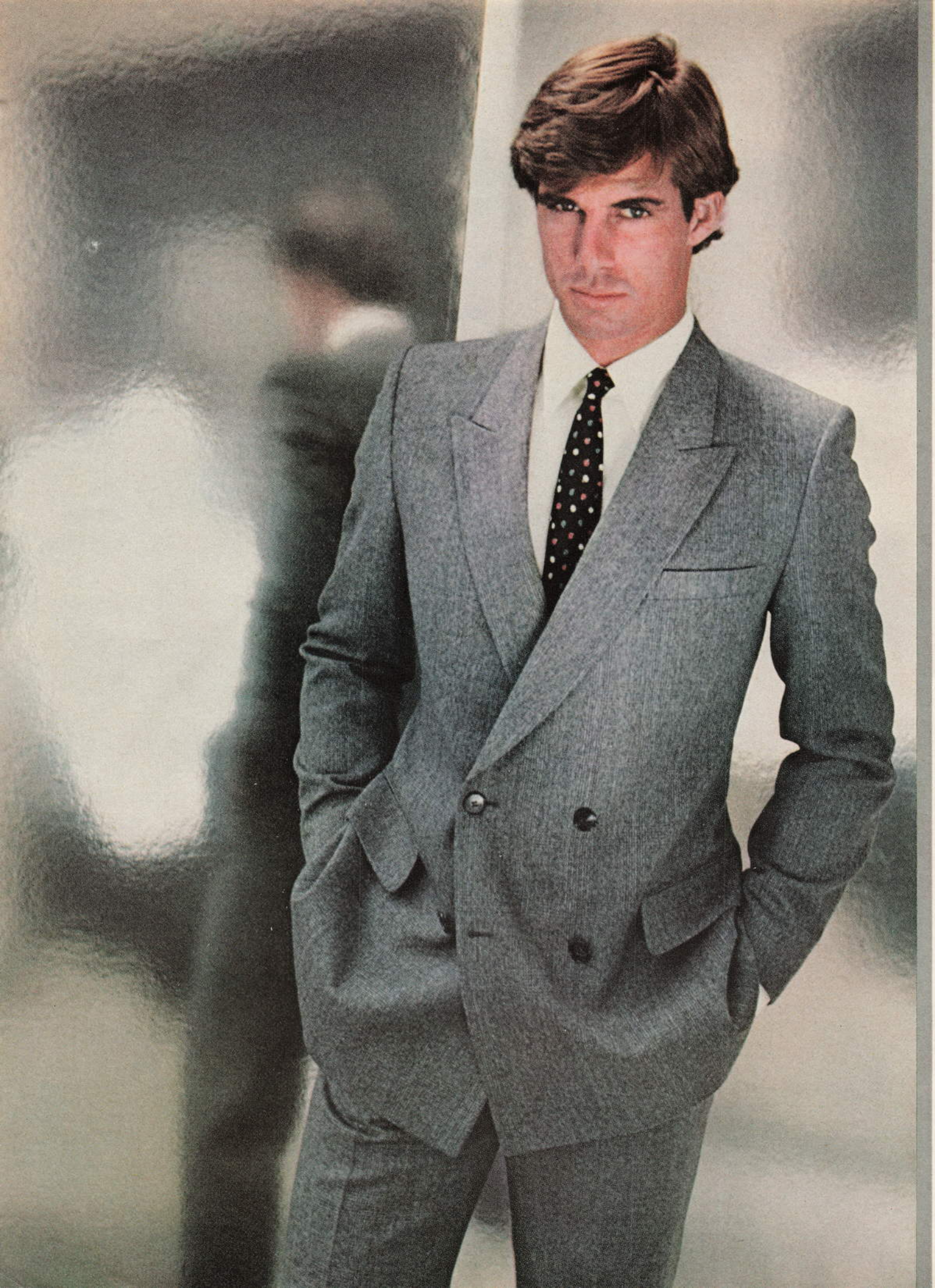
EXECUTIVE SUIT

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL



When the time comes for getting down to business, make it your business to be prepared. If you reach in your closet and find only an antiquated blue suit between your khakis and flannel shirts, put aside your résumé for a moment and get to work on your fashion profile. Success breeds success, and suits this fall are tailor-made for the man with designs on going places. The fabrics reflect a master's degree of quality, while the classic styling signals a return to long-lasting wearability. In keeping with the new conservatism, colors have come back to earth in muted tones of gray and brown, but you can still reveal a streak of individuality with a bright tie or a striped shirt. Take a step in the right direction by investing in a suit that shows you are dressed for success.

The height of elegant business dressing is well displayed (above) in this all-silk, dark-blue-and-burgundy-striped "sharkskin look" suit ($500) and silk tie, both by Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson. The pale-blue-and-white-striped shirt of cotton polyester is by Nino Cerruti. If you have your sights set on a big future, go for it in the silk-and-wool muted gray sharkskin-look suit (opposite page, left) with European padded shoulders ($400), by Lanvin of Paris. The striped tie, featuring shiny metallic threads, is by Vicky Davis, Ltd. The cotton-and-polyester shirt is by Nino Cerruti. The aspiring businessman who knows he has to keep an eye out for the competition (opposite page, right) is wearing a polyester-and-wool silver-blue sharkskin-look suit with peaked lapels ($325), by Adolfo for Leon of Paris. The red silk tie is by Vicky Davis, Ltd., and the cotton red-and-gray-striped shirt is by Nino Cerruti.



Conservative, but very stylish, is the message reflected by this all-gray worsted-wool plaid double-breasted suit (opposite page) with peaked lapels ($285), by Yves St. Laurent Menswear. The cotton tie is by Vicky Davis, Ltd., and the white cotton-and-polyester shirt is by Daniel Hechter. You are sure to make points in this lamb's-wool-and-alpaca gray suit (above, left) with notched lapels and flap pockets ($600), by Ross Graison Designs. The all-wool challis tie and cotton-and-polyester striped shirt are both by Bert Pulitzer. Upward mobility calls for self-confidence, and you can quietly display yours in the wool muted-gray-and-brown herringbone-stripe suit (above, right) with notched lapels and special-flap chest pocket ($165), by Gianni Versace Designs. The red silk tie is by Michel Cravats for Superba; the all-cotton striped shirt is by Bert Pulitzer.

Your future starts now, and you'll be ready for it in this all-wool double-breasted suit of brown-rust-and-green plaid (above), featuring peaked lapels and three patch pockets with inverted pleats ($800). Here it is worn with a rust wool-knit tie. Both suit and tie are by Dimitri of Italy. The cotton beige shirt is by Nino Cerruti. Good planning is shown in this all-wool glen-plaid suit (opposite page, left) with notched lapels and three flap pockets ($300), by Jean-Paul Germain. The cotton tie is by Vicky Davis, Ltd., and the beige cotton button-down collared shirt is by Bert Pulitzer. It's obvious that you will be taking care of business in the vested, muted pecan-colored suit (opposite page, right) made of polyester and wool ($185), by Allyn St. George. The cotton tie is by Vicky Davis, Ltd.; the light-brown-and-yellow-striped shirt of polyester and cotton is by Nino Cerruti.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 173.

LAST DAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

a few phone calls."

The first call went to Herr Doktor Wunderlin, chief prosecuting attorney of the half-canton of Basel-Stadt, friend of the late Amadeus Simonius. Von Amsburg very succinctly indicated that the German authorities had good reason to believe that an American by the name of Frank Rogers had been involved in the murder of Amadeus Simonius earlier this morning. In fact, the German authorities had had this American under surveillance for quite a time, since they had been tipped off that he was involved in some illegal arms trafficking. The local authorities believed that Rogers was traveling in a blue BMW with Frankfurt license plates.

The German foreign minister got to his Bonn offices shortly before normal closing time. He immediately called the head of the German Federal Police, the president of the Bundeskriminalamt in Wiesbaden, and asked to be informed within the hour of all the facts that had developed in regard to a murder case in Basel. He was assured that Interpol would be fully informed. He gave no reason for his interest.

At present Mr. Frank Rogers was absolutely on the top of the wanted list of both France and Germany, wanted for manslaughter of a public servant in France and wanted for murder, grand larceny, and bank fraud in Switzerland. In the latter country it was a toss-up whether murder or bank fraud was considered the worst of the three crimes.

Life is full of details that, unfortunately, divert one's attention all too often from one's primary mission. Von Amsburg looked at his watch. It was approaching seven. Germany was finally on its way back to the top. Where, this time, it would remain.

All thoughts but one of the American, Frank Rogers, disappeared as if the bothersome little man had never existed. The one fleeting reflection was one of pity: woe to the foreigner, especially an amateur, who was nailed by both the French and Swiss for killing one of "their own." Von Amsburg actually shuddered ever so briefly.

It was almost five when I woke up that afternoon. At first I was totally disoriented. Then, unfortunately for my peace of mind, I realized exactly where I was and why.

There was an unsure knock on the door of my bedroom, and then it opened very tentatively, and a voice said:

"Monsieur, sin'se wach?"

"Ja," I replied, and the woman now showed her head.

"S'isch Madame, au telefon," she said.

I pulled on my trousers, and the woman led me through the darkened house to a living room, where a bright fire was burning in the wood stove. She indicated the phone lying on an end table near the fire.

"Hello," I ventured in a voice that was both weak and shaky, for I knew that whatever was going to come from the other end of that telephone connection was not going to be good.

"Frank! Oh, Frank!" was all she could say at first.

"You can't believe what's happening here," she then said.

"I believe. How bad is it? I mean, the man—the French one . . . ?"

"Also dead."

"Goddamnit!" I said.

"He had four children," she said.

"Sabine, for God's sake! I did not exactly do it on purpose."

"Forgive me, Frank. I didn't mean it that way. But you cannot believe how worked up the people are. Not just the authorities. The press got hold of this, and your name, your picture, your everything, is all over the place. What are you going to do?"

"Get the hell out of here, that's what I'm going to do."

> All I know is that word is out that when they get you, be it here in Switzerland or in France or in Germany, you are to be held incommunicado and kept that way more or less forever.

"And go where?"

"South America, I guess. I mean, that's where they go, isn't it? Or Costa Rica."

"How?" she then asked.

"I don't know. But we've got to figure this out very quickly." I paused. Then: "That is, if you still want to."

"I said to stop it. Now . . . listen, Frank, I'm coming over."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm home right now. I could not stand it at the office any longer. They know about our past history there. And my father—he called. He tried to make it sound as if he were being, you know, helpful, but I could not help feeling that he was fishing around. My boss, Wunderlin, is personally in charge of you now. Even Bern has gotten into this thing, Frank. The French, Paris, Bonn—"

"Bonn?" I interrupted.

"The Germans were on the phone with Wunderlin when I left the office. The president of the Federal Office for Criminal Affairs, no less."

"What have *they* got to do with this?"

"I think you are going to have to tell me that, Frank," she answered. "All I know is that the word is out that when they get you, be it here in Switzerland or in France or in Germany, you are to be held incommunicado and kept that way more or less forever."

"Hold on," she then said. "Somebody's at the door. Look, I'm hanging up."

She did.

And left me standing with a dead phone in my hand in a strange house in the middle of Europe—with no place to go. Except—well, it had to be faced sometime. To prison. For a very long time. Unless I could get out of Europe and to a haven.

At seven the Swiss news came on. The third item was me. First my picture, a very recent picture; then a picture of the blue BMW, with a close-up of the Frankfurt license plate; then an appeal: if anyone had seen either the car or the man, at any time, day or night, the police should be informed immediately. If—future tense—anybody spotted this man, he should not be approached. He had killed two men already, was most probably armed, and it was felt that he would have no qualms whatsoever about killing again.

I switched it off.

About ten minutes later the phone rang again. I took it, and it was, of course, Sabine again.

"I can talk for only a few seconds," she said, "because I'm back in the office."

"I watched television," I said.

"Exactly. Now let me talk. I may be on to something. But it has to be a hundred percent. I want you to get rid of that German car. And right now!"

"How?"

"There is a dirt lane that follows the canal. Follow it for two or three kilometers and then dump the car in."

"How do I get back here after I dump the car?" I then asked.

"You walk, my dear. Walk. Remember how?" she said.

"Yessir," I said.

"Good. Now listen. I'm going to pick you up at exactly eight-thirty tomorrow morning. Be ready. Now put Madame Hélène on the phone."

"Look, she has no idea who I am. Why involve—"

"Put her on, Frank."

So I waved the phone at Madame, who had been standing in the doorway leading to the kitchen, listening, the whole time anyway. After Madame had taken the phone, she listened, giggled a few times, and then hung up abruptly.

All of a sudden I was feeling better. I mean, it seemed that Sabine was onto something.

The BMW started immediately. I backed it out of the garage, went all of ten meters down the road, and then took a left down the dirt lane running exactly parallel to the canal. I could see that Madame had already turned out the lights outside her house. I did not turn on the car lights. At first it was difficult, but fortunately there was about a three-quarter moon that evening and almost no cloud cover.

The whole thing proved remarkably simple.

In what seemed to be the middle of the night I thought I heard the phone ring. But it could just as well have been a dream, since I had fallen into a sleep that was so deep it must have approached the edge of a coma. At seven-thirty in the morning, however, there was no doubt that somebody was shaking me, gently, and that it was Madame Hélène. *"Se mien ufsteeh,"* she said. *"Vite."*

She wanted me to get up quickly. She was dressed in a heavy dress, a wool sweater, and a shawl; so obviously we were going to move out. Within less than five minutes Frau Hélène was in the kitchen, now wearing a sweater on top of her sweater and bearing what was obviously a man's ski parka and one of those small, flat briefcases with zippers on top. Both looked damned expensive.

Get going. Sure. But where? And how? And where was Sabine?

Madame Hélène wasn't talking, and the way she kept pointing to the clock, I was not asking any more. Leaning against the barn was the obvious mode of transportation: two bicycles, one bright red and new—hers—and a dusty old green one, mine. Madame Hélène put the briefcase in the carrier behind the saddle of the red bike and the suitcase in the carrier of the man's bike. We mounted, and off we went across the canal. A half-hour later, on the outskirts of the border town of St. Louis, we turned right again, following the sign indicating the direction of the aerodrome.

Aha! We were headed for an airport.

My faith in Sabine at this point was supreme. And well it should have been, for thus far all the arrangements—with the exception of that unfortunate incident which had resulted in the death of that French *douanier*—had worked out absolutely perfectly: the crossing of the border by stealth, the haven at Madame Hélène's, the dumping of the car, and now the exit from the territory where they would be searching for me via an internal French flight, which would not require my producing any passport.

Well, it was exactly nine-thirty when we reached the parking lot of the Bâle/Mulhouse airport. We went to the far corner of the parking lot and dismounted. I took off the parka and handed it back to Madame Hélène. She, in turn, gave me the expensive-looking briefcase with the zipper on top, which, together with the little black suitcase I had retrieved from the green bike, made me look like the typical businessman about to leave on an overnight trip. Everything I would need was inside the briefcase.

Then she turned around, took the right handle of the old green bike, led it over parallel to her bike, mounted, and started pedaling back toward the parking lot entrance. She never looked back.

I walked into the terminal. The check-in area was empty except for two girls be-

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hind the Air Inter counter, one man behind the Air France counter, and one girl and one passenger at the Swissair counter.

There were some plastic-covered chairs against the wall opposite the counters, and it was there that I sat down and opened the briefcase. The first thing out was a letter. Well, it was not exactly a letter. It was a typewritten message with no signature. More exactly still, it was a listing of the contents of the briefcase. They had been sealed in five envelopes.

1. One passport, French, in the name of Jean-Paul Mayer.
2. One empty envelope, prestamped, by which that passport should be returned. The address will be given later.
3. One confirmation of an airplane booking in the name of Monsieur Jean-Paul Mayer.
4. Two hundred French francs, to pay for that ticket.
5. Two thousand Swiss francs.
6. A telephone number to be called at exactly 11:15 A.M.

And that was it!

I forced myself back to what apparently was going to happen. I had a telephone number for Sabine, and she wanted me to call her in exactly one hour and thirty-five minutes. If I was going to call her from Paris that soon, there must be a plane leaving any minute now.

The only person available for information was the girl at the Swissair counter. So I started to approach her—and then something, some second sense, held me back.

"So open the envelope with the flight confirmation," I said to myself, "and then we can get this show on the road."

I did that, and the slip indicated that Jean-Paul Mayer was indeed booked on Flight Forty-nine leaving Bâle/Mulhouse at ten-fifteen on December 6—but the rest of what was printed there was not to be believed: the destination of Flight Forty-nine was Zurich, and the carrier was Swissair!

Very, very clever!

And very, very dangerous, let's face it. It was now 9:52 A.M. My flight would leave in twenty-three minutes. I ripped open the envelope containing the French francs, stuffed them into my jacket pocket, put the passport in my other pocket, got up, picked up the small black suitcase, and walked over to the Swissair counter.

"*A Zurich,*" I said.

"*Votre nom?*" she asked.

"Mayer," I replied.

She punched the buttons on the computer terminal, and out popped the ticket a few seconds later.

"*Cent quatre-vingt-sept francs, Monsieur,*" she said.

I handed her two one-hundred franc bills. She gave me the change and the ticket.

Next stop: the French *douane*. I walked up, put my suitcase and briefcase on the counter, reached into my left pocket, took out the French passport, gave it to the one who stuck out his hand. He flipped it open and shut it so quickly and so nonchalantly that when he tried to hand it back to me I just stood there. Then I grabbed it and pushed through the turnstile.

Less than a minute later Swissair Flight Forty-Nine was called, the dozen or so people in the lounge lined up at the gate, I lined up behind them, and within another few minutes we were all inside the Swissair DC-9.

We landed exactly on time—at ten-forty-five. I was the first to deplane.

"Okay," I said to myself. "here we go." I went over to one of the public telephones at exactly eleven-fourteen on the airport clock, put in one franc and eighty centimes, and dialed the number, and after just one ring, Sabine answered.

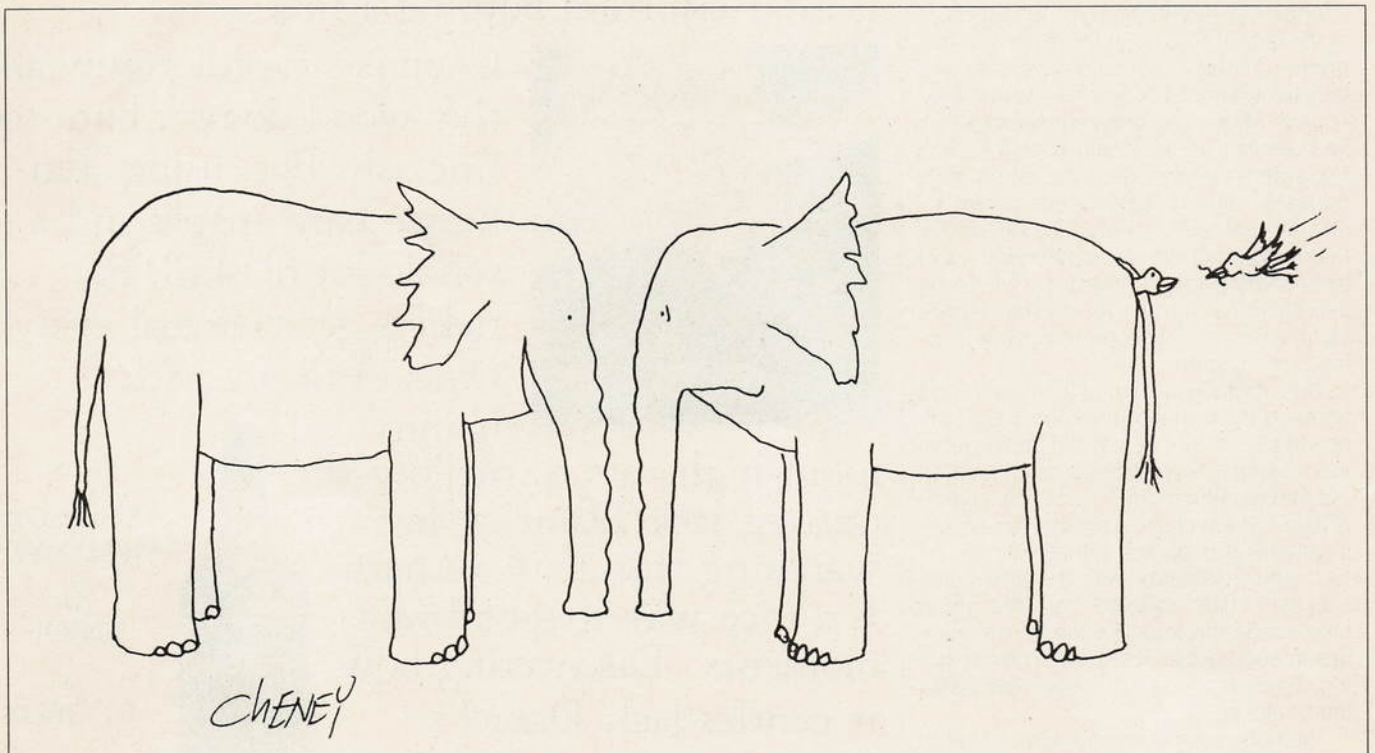
"It's me," I said.

"*Gott sei Dank,*" she said, slipping back into her native language to thank the Almighty. "Frank—I've got very good news. But I have very little time. This is a phone booth on the street right downstairs from the office, and I can't stay here long. Now, listen. Send the passport back right away. I'll give you the address."

I wrote it on the envelope. The envelope already had Swiss stamps on it. I put the passport in and sealed it.

"Go over to the Swissair ticket counter in the transit lounge. If I recall correctly, it is adjacent to the bank of phones where you are now standing. There is a Swissair flight—Number One-hundred, if I am correct—that leaves every day at noon. For New York. Get on it."

"New York!" I screamed.



"I have good news for you . . . you don't have hemorrhoids after all."

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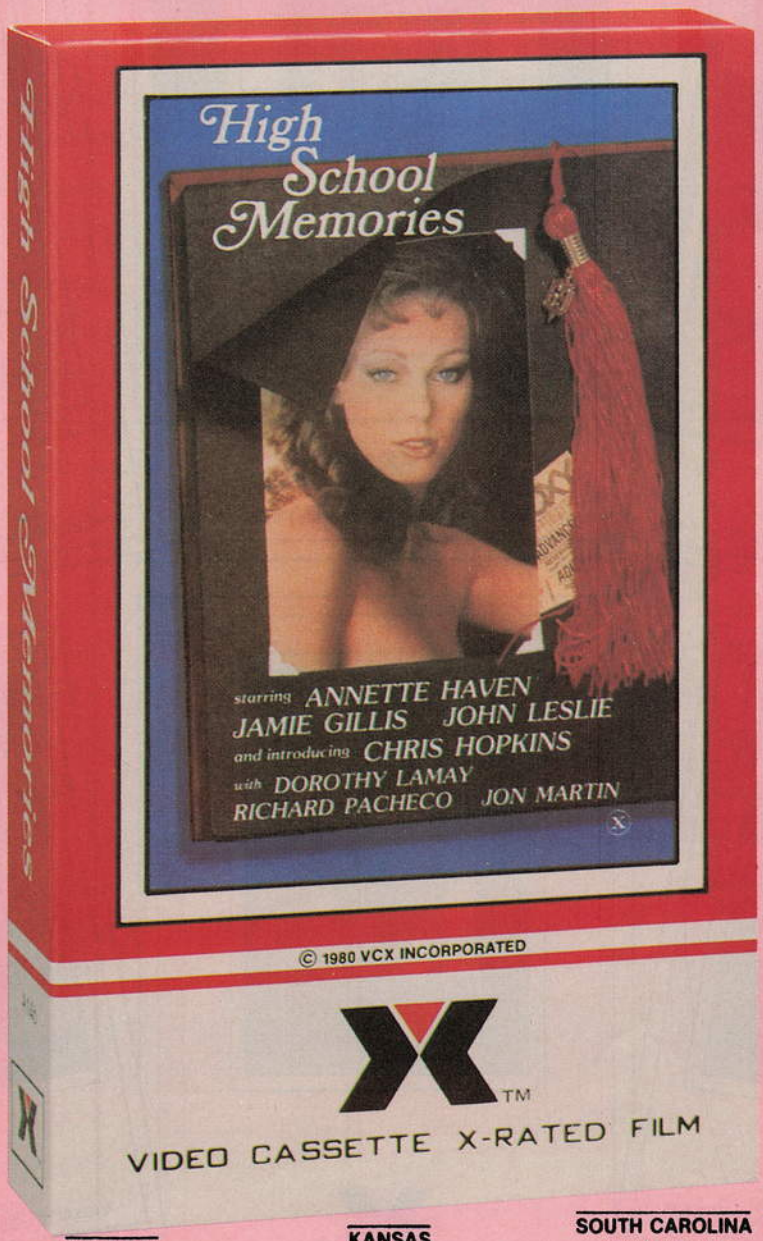

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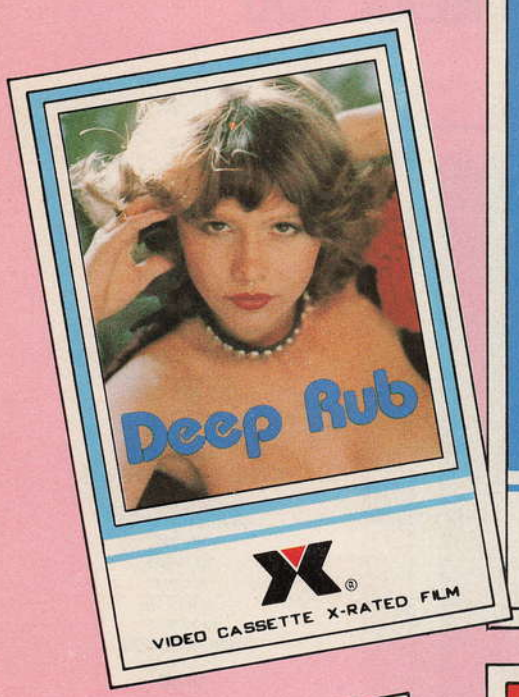

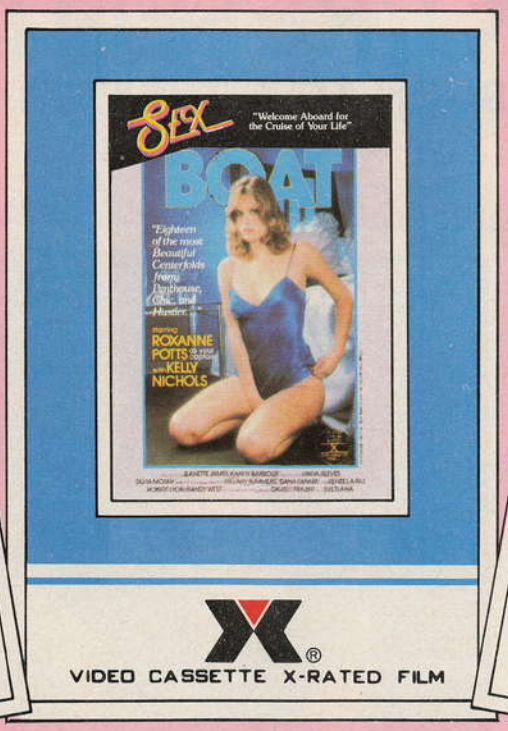
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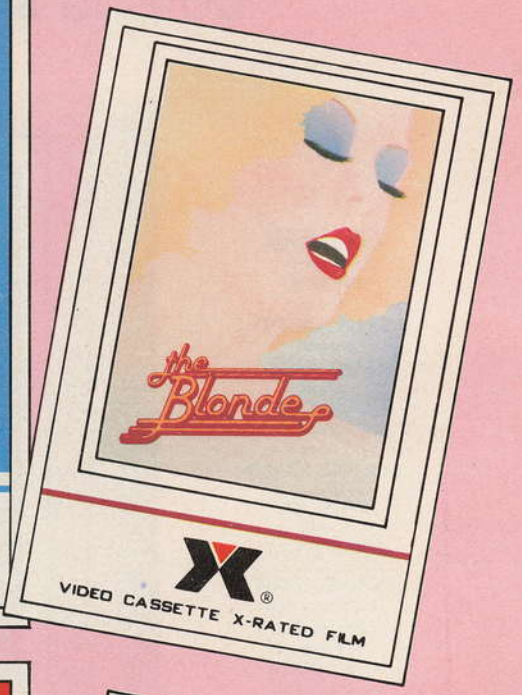

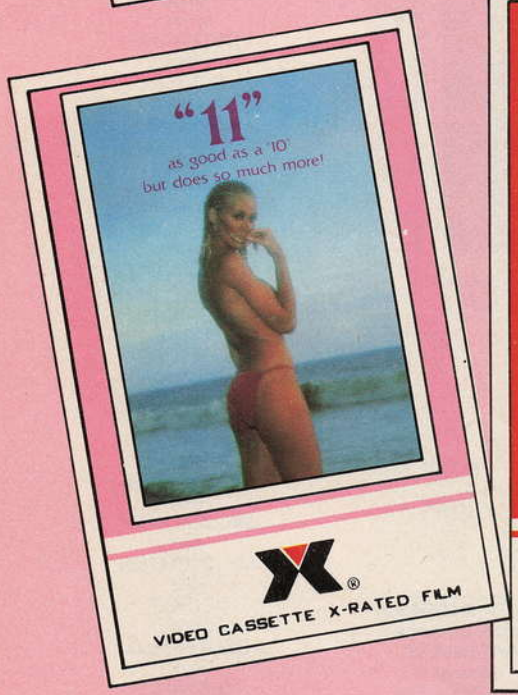

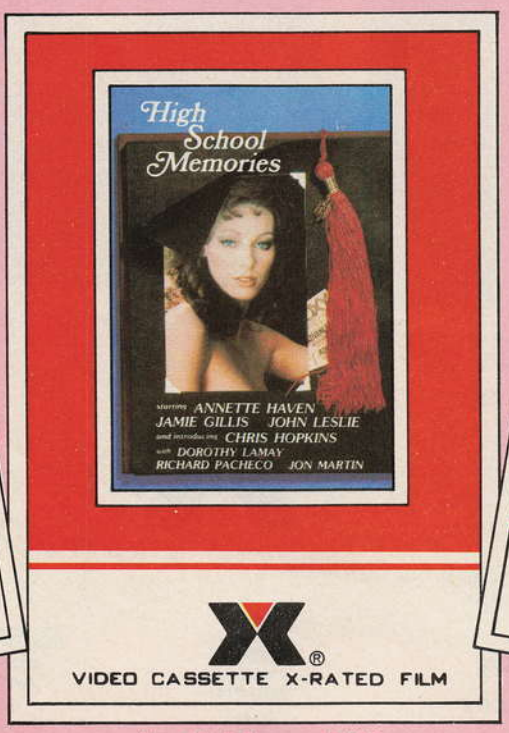

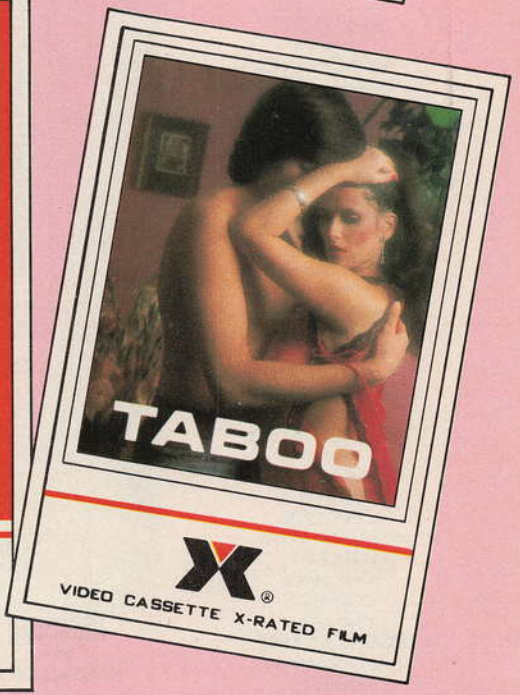

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"Do what I say, Frank. Otherwise—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "What name do I give to Swissair?"

"Your own. And you also will have to show them your passport. You still have it, don't you, Frank?"

I patted the left breast pocket of my jacket. It was there.

"I have it. But, Sabine, they'll get me."

"They won't!" she yelled. "Those girls behind airline counters are the most mindless twits on earth."

"But why not just keep going with the French passport?"

"Because, you dumb bastard, a Frenchman needs an American visa in his passport before they will let him into the United States. And he must show that visa in his passport to the airline people; otherwise they will not issue him a ticket, or in any case, they won't give him a boarding pass."

It made sense.

"How did Madame Hélène get all that stuff?" I asked, as if it really mattered.

"I telephoned her very early this morning, and she came over on her bicycle and picked up the little briefcase. I simply could not risk personally crossing the border.

It was already eleven-twenty-five, and Swissair Flight One-hundred was being called for boarding on the public-address system.

"To New York," I said.

"Yes," she said. "In eight hours. Oh, Frank, I'm going to go home and just pray for you."

Then: "There is somebody outside the booth," she whispered. "I'm going. Just get to New York, Frank," she whispered with a hoarse intensity that was almost scary. "Get to New York!"

And she hung up.

The second call to board Flight One-hundred came on the loudspeaker just as I walked up to the Swissair counter.

"Still got seats on the New York flight?" I asked.

"Do you have a reservation?" she asked, the twit in blue with the golden Swissair insigne in her lapel.

"No," I said.

"Let me check," she said. Then asked, "Which class?"

Knowing it was stupid, I replied, "First."

She punched the keyboard.

"We have space. Seat Seven-B."

"Fine."

"That will be one thousand three hundred and eleven francs," she said. "And your passport, please."

I counted out fourteen from my bundle of twenty hundreds, and then reached inside my jacket for my passport.

This was it.

She did not even open the passport! Why should she? Americans don't need visas to get back into their own country.

So now all that was necessary was to get on the plane and off the ground. The lineup was short, but now that departure time was getting so near, all of a sudden I started to get nervous again. So every time the line moved up a person, I gave a glance back. And then I was inside the DC-10. I gave the steward, male, my boarding pass, and he pointed to his left and said, "Five rows up, sir."

My seatmate arrived then. I seemed to have gotten the luck of the draw. It was female and not too old, or young, and not bad-looking. And when it said, "Excuse me" as it moved in, there could be no doubt about the American accent. Good.

"Going home?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, hoping that my voice, which cracked a bit when I spoke, did not sound too nervous.

"So am I," she said. "And glad to get out of here."

Jeezus. *She* was glad!

"What do you do?" I asked.

"I'm a doctor. A gynecologist. Was at a conference here in Zurich. On tampons."

"Don't bother with too many details," I said.

She laughed.

"May I buy you a drink?" I asked.

I waved the stewardess over rather regally—they hate that, since you are supposed to wait until they decide to do you a favor—and got two vodka martinis on the way.

Then the meal came, and it was actually a rather good one. When the meal was over, we had a Benedictine, then got some blankets and pillows and were ready for a snooze if the movie proved to be as lousy as most movies are on airplanes. Well, the movie came on, and it was a remake of one of the classic American films of the 1970s, *The Silver Bears,* starring a now older but even better Michael Caine and a somewhat chubbier but even sexier Cybill Shepherd.

By the time we got to Lugano in the movie, I was starting to feel more than slightly mellow, thanks to the recent rather high alcoholic intake. Then somebody tapped me on the shoulder. It was the steward.

He leaned down and in a very quiet, rather heavily accented voice said, "Would you please come with me, sir. Someone would like a word with you."

"Who?" I said, trying to think.

"Two gentlemen," he answered.

"Not interested," I said.

"I'm afraid they insist," he said.

"Tell them to bugger off," I replied, not sure whether he was familiar with the second verb in that sentence.

The steward backed off.

Then another tap on the shoulder.

"Come with me, sir," he said. "I'm the captain."

I got up. He indicated that I should go up front ahead of him. So I did. In the space between the partition upon which the movie screen is mounted and the cockpit itself, where the stewardesses usually hang out, there were two men standing and obviously waiting for us.

"Let's make sure," the captain said.

He turned on a flashlight and pointed it first at the photograph in the newspaper

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Editor's Note: In the July 1981 fashion feature, the correct price of the underwear by Eminence on page 146 is $13.00; on page 148, $11.00.

and then right into my face, the son of a bitch.

"Are you Frank Rogers?" asked the captain, finally getting to the point.

"That's right," I replied.

"You have the nerve," the Swissair captain continued, pronouncing "nerve" as "nerff," "to come on this plane?"

"Nerff?" I asked. "What's that? I got on this plane with a ticket like everybody else, one that cost me about thirteen hundred Swiss francs."

"That's enough," the Swissair captain said. "I am in command of this aircraft, and don't you forget it, Rogers."

Then to the two Swiss civilians: "I want you to keep him right here."

I to the two Swiss: "Touch me just once and you're going to get hit."

I to the Swissair captain: "I'm going back to my seat now. Don't try anything, Buster, or I'm going to put this entire plane into an uproar. You don't really want that, do you?"

He didn't.

I went back to Row Seven, Seat B. Laura was sleeping.

Ten minutes later the steward returned.

"The captain would like to speak with you again, sir."

"Why not?" I said and got up and followed him.

"Mr. Rogers," the captain now said, obviously having decided that even though I was a despicable killer, a crude American, and God knew what else, there was no sense in riling me up. "I have been in radio communication with our chief of operations in Zurich. He has been on the telephone with the criminal authorities in Basel. I have been asked to relay to you a number of messages and a request."

"Go ahead," I said.

"The chief message is this: Within the past hour you have been formally charged with murder by the chief prosecuting attorney and examining magistrate of the half-canton of Basel-Stadt, Dr. Wunderlin. An international arrest warrant has been issued, and I have been asked to act in accordance with that warrant and detain you, sir."

"I see," I answered.

"I have been further asked to inform you that no jurisdictional problem is anticipated with the French since you are being detained, essentially, on Swiss soil, since this is, of course, a Swiss-owned-and-operated aircraft. Thus there can be no doubt that the authorities primarily responsible for you now are those in Basel and not the French. Do you understand all this?"

"I do. Indeed, I do."

"Where are we exactly?" I asked.

"Two hours, more or less, from Kennedy," he replied.

"So you are going in on schedule?" I asked.

"Of course," he said.

"I see. What's the game plan for us?"

"I think it's a bit early to go into all the details," the Swissair captain replied.

"I must say, I feel a bit faint," I said then and tried to look as faint as possible.

"Perhaps a glass of water?"

"I think I should probably lie back a bit. And maybe take a shot of insulin. I'm diabetic, you know, and susceptible to diabetic shock when subjected to emotional stress."

Now the Swissair guy turned pale. He sure didn't want a premature corpse on his hands.

They moved me out of the cockpit and back to my seat in a matter of seconds.

"Laura," I said and shook her a bit. "It's Frank Rogers. I'm in rather big trouble," I continued, "with the Swiss authorities."

"I gathered something was wrong," she said, now totally alert.

"Let's get right to the point before they come back to get me again. They are going to try to keep me on this plane and take me back to Switzerland."

"They can't do that!" she exclaimed.

"They had me trapped up front; so I told them I was a diabetic and going into shock because of the stress."

"Are you?" she asked, now looking directly into my face.

"No. My wife's diabetic—it's really nothing serious, but I know enough about it to fake it."

"You want me to help you fake it even better," she asked.

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"Exactly."

"Stewardess!" she said to the girl hovering in the aisle just behind us, obviously with instructions to watch me.

"Get two blankets and two glasses of water. Right now. And help this man put his seat back."

Almost immediately I was half horizontal and packed into two blankets and sipping water and almost choking on it from the glass being held by my seatmate. She had her own little black satchel, as doctors always do, and with great ado got the stewardess to retrieve it, got out a syringe and swabs, and squirted some water, or something, into me.

"Don't worry. It's harmless," she said. "Maybe you might consider groaning now and then. This is usually accompanied by rather sharp abdominal pain, heavy breathing, vomiting."

"I'll try," I said.

About ten minutes later the captain came up the aisle.

"Will you help us deplane him at Kennedy?" he asked.

"I'll take care of him getting off and when we're inside the terminal," she volunteered.

"Thank you," he said, having now washed his hands of this dirty little man—me—and avoided getting involved in what was developing into a potentially very messy situation.

And after that nothing happened. We approached Kennedy, made our landing, pulled up to the gate; the door opened, and I walked out, draped in a blanket, followed by my seatmate doctor, who was carrying two black suitcases—hers and mine.

Then the two men stepped up to us.

"Federal Bureau of Investigation," both said, and they both showed me their identification.

"Are you together?" they asked, looking at Laura.

"No," she answered and immediately rejoined the line that was still coming out of the airplane and moving toward immigration control. Gone.

"We were contacted by Interpol about forty-five minutes ago, and they informed us that a certain Frank Rogers was on board this aircraft and asked us to detain him for questioning. They also relayed us a picture on the teleprinter."

He showed me a picture of me.

"Are you Frank Rogers?" the spokesman for the FBI duo then asked in a formal tone.

"I am," I replied.

"You are a citizen of what country?" he then asked.

"The United States," I answered, and for some reason, both of the men were somewhat startled.

"You are an American?"

"I am," I answered.

"Do you have your passport?"

"I do," And I got it out and handed it to him.

He glanced at his buddy and then said to me. "Would you mind waiting just a minute or two here with my associate, sir?"

About five minutes later the partner returned and handed me back my passport.

"They tell me it's valid, Mr. Rogers. Thank you very much. Sorry to have bothered you."

"What?" I said.

"You are free to proceed, sir. Again, I must apologize for any inconvenience we may have caused you."

"I thought Interpol had a warrant out for me?" I said, not quite believing any of this.

"The Swiss have an arrest warrant out for you, Mr. Rogers. And the French," he stated.

"Interpol—"

He cut me off. "The United States does not belong to Interpol, Mr. Rogers. The Bureau does, however, exchange information with Interpol and acts on certain requests on a voluntary basis. I have just spoken with our office, and they have authorized me to tell you that we will inform Interpol in Paris that we have spoken to you, and that you are in New York. That is all. We are authorized to do nothing further. So again, Mr. Rogers, we do hope that we have not caused you any inconvenience. Good-bye, sir."

And they walked off!

I got into the lineup for Immigration and gave the official my passport, and he waved me on to Customs. There I realized that I had absolutely nothing to declare. The only thing that I *had* had, past tense, was the little black suitcase, and my seatmate, no doubt totally disturbed by what was happening and not realizing what she was doing, had walked off with it, just as she had walked off the airplane carrying it for what was supposed to be her patient.

Then she saw me and waved. And she had a big smile when she saw that I was alone. And she held up my little black suitcase.

And then somebody else waved at me, frantically.

My wife!

The next few minutes were very mixed up. And then my wife and I were in a cab and headed for midtown New York.

"You're safe, Frank" were the first words she said once we were alone in the back seat.

"I don't understand this," I said.

"Frank, you're trembling. Take it easy. You're safe," she repeated.

"I expected to be on the way to jail right now," I said.

"I know. I've talked to Sabine."

"Who put the fix in?" I asked, now beginning to grow paranoid. "Patterson!" And I yelled his name so loud that the cabbie started to look nervously at us in the rearview mirror again. "Those bastards have got me again!"

"Frank!" And now Nancy's voice was way up there. "Cut it out. Gawd, they've really gotten to you, haven't they!"

"It's just that somehow I thought I might beat the bastards," I said.

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"Frank, you have. You won't believe it. I can't believe it entirely, yet. But I know there is no error. You've beaten them, Frank. Now all you have to do is ruin that bastard Patterson once and for all."

"How?" I asked.

"In the hotel," she said. "It's too good to tell quickly."

She had splurged. We had a one-bedroom suite. The first thing she did when the bellman had left us was order four vodka martinis from room service—two for her and two for me. We had been married so long that her doing this was automatic.

The second martini was almost gone, and I was as relaxed as I had been for the last two weeks.

"I'm going to say this just once, Frank. I don't want to know anything about Sabine. Nothing. All I know is that she has probably saved your life. And thus, to a good degree, also mine. That's all."

"Fine. But—"

"She had to get you out of Europe, but to where?" Nancy continued. "What she needed was not just a temporary haven, a place where one bought time, but a permanent haven, and one in which your future safety was absolute.

"Then she remembered a case back in the early 1970s—at least, remembered hearing about it. She called the American Embassy in Bern, and they said the only documentation in Europe that might help her was probably in the library of the American Embassy in London.

She deliberately took a slug of vodka and then resumed.

"Sabine could obviously not go to London—she was busy taking care of you. So she called me. I got the call at two yesterday morning in California, so she must have called around ten A.M. yesterday, local Swiss time."

"Go on," I said.

"She told me to go to Washington, immediately. And she told me exactly where to go. She would make an appointment for me by telephone at the law firm of Saxon, Ross, and Dunbar on Dupont Circle."

"Okay. Now, goddammit, Nancy, let's get to the point finally."

"All right." She got up and went over to her suitcase, opened it, took out an envelope, opened that, extracted a document, and handed it to me.

"Read it," she said.

Dear Mrs. Rogers:

We are pleased to render to you our opinion concerning the construction of the treaties of extradition between the United States and Switzerland and France. The United States Supreme Court has noted that the principles of international law recognize no legal right to extradition apart from treaty. Factor v. Laubenheimer, 290 U.S. 276 *(1933). We have enclosed copies of both the Swiss treaty and the French treaty.*

The second paragraph of Article I of the Swiss Treaty of 1900 provides:

"Neither of the two Governments, however, shall be required to surrender its own citizens."

You will note substantially similar language in the United States—French Extradition Treaty of 1909, namely:

"Neither of the contracting parties shall be bound to deliver up its own citizens or subjects under the stipulation of this convention."

In 1936 the United States Supreme Court in Valentine ex rel U.S. v. Niedecker, 209 U.S. 5 *considered this language. In that case France requested the extradition from the United States of two native-born citizens of the United States who were charged in France with offenses listed in the treaty. Following their arrest for extradition proceedings instigated by the French government they applied for* habeas corpus, *contending that the president of the United States had no constitutional authority to surrender them to France because the treaty excepted citizens of the requested state. The Supreme Court agreed, holding that there is no legal authority for the U.S. to surrender its own citizens.*

The Office of the Legal Adviser of the Department of State has informally advised us that they consider the language of the Valentine *case to govern their interpretation not only of the French treaty but also of the Swiss treaty.*

We conclude, Mrs. Rogers, that your husband, as a United States citizen, would not be extraditable by either France or Switzerland.

We enclose a statement for legal services in the amount of $5,000.

Sincerely,
Saxon, Ross, & Dunbar

"Unbelievable!" was the only thing I could say.

"It is absolute," Nancy said. "just as Sabine thought it would be."

I got up, went over to my wife, put my arms around her, and said, "Nancy, I'm home to stay. And I mean that in every possible way."

"I know," she said.

> We were contacted by Interpol about forty-five minutes ago, and they informed us that a certain Frank Rogers was on board this aircraft and asked us to detain him for questioning.

We both slept fourteen hours straight that night and then spent a weekend on the town in New York.

By eight o'clock Monday morning I was showered, shaved, and dressed; so I went down to the lobby to get the *Times*. Back up in the room, I retrieved the black valise from the bedroom closet and then sat down at the small table in the sitting room, ready to prepare my campaign of putting one very big spanner in the works of Herb Patterson, Graf Otto von Amsburg, and consorts.

Nothing much on the front page that day; so I turned to the business section almost immediately. There it was: "MISSILE DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION ANNOUNCES SUSPENSION OF ITS PRESIDENT." Then there were three paragraphs. The first said that the suspension announcement had been in the form of a one-sentence statement issued Saturday by the chairman and founder of MDC, Mr. Herbert Patterson.

The second paragraph stated that the man involved, Mr. Frank Rogers, had apparently become involved in some very bizarre occurrences in Europe. It went on to say that the Swiss authorities had confirmed that a warrant had been issued for Rogers's arrest in connection with the death of one of the foremost international corporate lawyers in Switzerland. It was further alleged that Mr. Rogers was also wanted by the French authorities in connection with a border incident that had resulted in the death of a French official. No confirmation of this could be obtained.

The final paragraph stated that the present whereabouts of Mr. Rogers was unknown.

I picked up the phone. When I got the *Times*, I asked for the business editor, giving my name.

"Yes?" he answered.

"This is Frank Rogers," I said.

"Are you—"

"Yes."

"I see. Well, what can I do for you?"

"I'd like to see you," I said.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Right here in New York," I replied.

"Let's say eleven," he said. "You know where we are?"

"Yes," I said.

"See you then."

All right. Now for the goodies. I picked up the black valise, laid it out on the table beside the telephone, and opened it. It was packed with large sealed envelopes. No videotapes, it seemed, though. Can't win them all, I thought.

Then I noticed. Each envelope had the emblem of the Swiss Bank Corporation on the left-hand top corner, the three crossed keys. Peculiar.

I lifted out the top two envelopes. I slit the top of one of them with a pen, carefully. I peeked and then ripped it open. The envelope contained nothing but tightly packed stacks of money: five-thousand-franc bank notes. I ripped open the next envelope. Same thing.

There was a small envelope stuck between the stacks. I opened it. It contained a short letter addressed to Simonius by Rudolph Koenig of the Swiss Bank Corporation, confirming that the Swiss-franc equivalent of two million dollars exactly had been withdrawn from Account Number 76-48-73-2, the account of René Van der Kamp, over which Simonius also had signature rights.

Hold on, I thought. That must have been the account into which the two ten-million-dollar transfers were paid, and then out of which the two ten-million-dollar payments, less ten percent, were distributed to our "friends" in NATO to make sure of the vote for MDC. Obviously the whole thing had been a charade—Simonius mistrusting Van der Kamp, wanting to ensure that the "secondary" payments were actually made from Van der Kamp's account, and so forth and so on.

So I now had the two million bucks. But I did not have one single document or one single videotape. Nothing. Nothing but money.

Nancy walked into the sitting room right about then, smiling at me while wiping the sleep from her eyes. The smile stopped almost immediately the moment she saw my face.

"Now what?" she asked quietly.

"Look," I said.

"Are they real?" she asked.

"They're real," I replied.

"So what's wrong?" she asked.

"That's it. That's all I brought with me. No documents, no evidence—just money."

Then: "I've got an appointment at the *Times* at eleven. To tell them the whole thing," I continued. "Here."

I handed her the business section, pointing to the article. She read it and shook her head.

"Forget it, Frank," she said.

"What?"

"Forget the *Times*. They probably won't even listen to you. 'Bizarre,' it says here. They'll think you're crazy. They know you're a crook. It says so right here in their paper."

"They'll listen," I said.

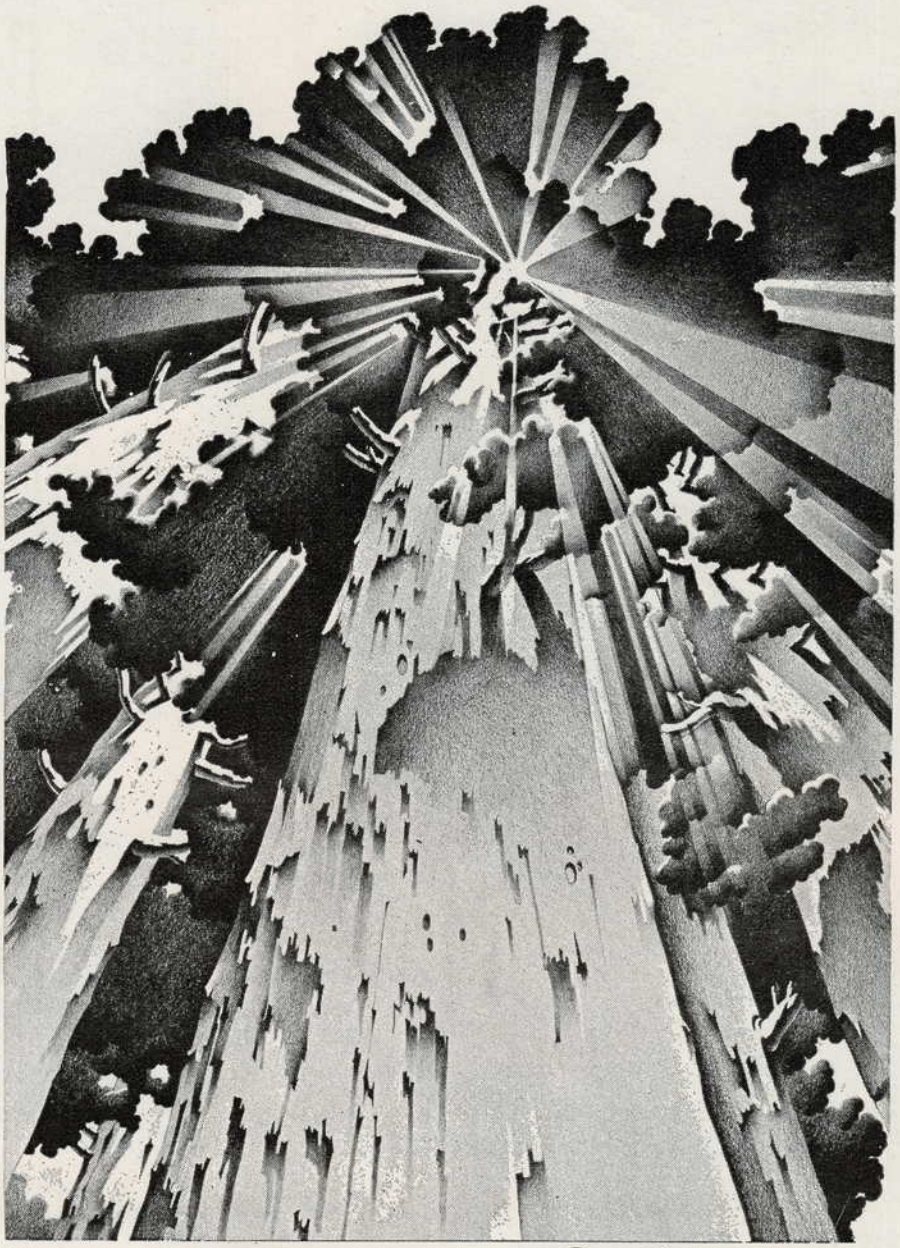
I went at eleven. The man listened for fifteen minutes, his face saying nothing. Then he asked for some documentary proof. I told him I had none. He asked me if it was true that I had killed the lawyer in Switzerland. I told him it had been an accident. He asked me if I had been involved in that other incident in France. I told him it also had been an accident. He suggested that I turn myself in. He also suggested I consult with a doctor. He said he was sorry. And he ushered me to the elevator. And he did not shake my hand when he turned his back to me and walked off.

We took the afternoon plane to San Francisco.

By seven that Monday evening we were back in our house in Woodside.

I never left that house for three months. They'd won, as they always do.

In the time it took to grow this tree, we grew a country.



Be careful.

SMOKEY Ad Council

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Not many would disagree that summer is one *great* time—the hot sun, warm sand, invigorating ocean waters, pool parties, all-day barbecue bashes, minimum clothing, and maximum exposure. If, like most people, you threw caution to the winds of the lazy days of summer, you will more than likely end up paying for your playing. That same wonderful sun and cool salt water exact a high price from your face, skin, and hair. Chlorine and the higher air-pollution index don't do you any favors either. However, you can do yourself a big favor by taking stock of the damages and starting a program to right your wrongs. Take note of the advice offered here and then take advantage of the TLC of the products listed here, and you'll be on your way down the road to recovery.

Let's take it from the top. If you're afraid that the next time a woman runs her fingers through your hair will be the last time you ever see her, you're wasting time just worrying about it. Shaving your head is not the answer, but a haircut to get rid of the dead ends gives you a good head start. The next step is repairing what is left. Dry, damaged hair should be washed as often as necessary to keep it clean, but use a low-detergent shampoo that has something soothing like lanolin added. Never use plain soap! Protein shampoos are definitely worth checking into. While they don't actually feed nutrients to your hair (only your diet can do that), they do have conditioning effects, plumping damaged hair and smoothing split ends.

While we're on the subject of conditioning, let's see how that helps mend the error of your ways. Conditioners coat the shafts of hair and fill in the breaks in the scales. They are not a cure-all, but they do camouflage well and make hair appear softer and thicker while protecting it from further damage. Most conditioners are applied to wet hair right after shampooing, left on for a minute or two, and then rinsed out. Until your hair is back in tiptop shape, you should condition every time you shampoo. Hot-oil treatments take a little more time, but it's time well spent, because they improve hair for a longer period than simpler conditioners do. The treatments are easily applied at home. After a few weeks of intensive hair care, most problems should be under control, and you will be on your way toward having a great-looking head on your shoulders.

Let's face it. No matter how great that suntan looked in July, by September the glow is gone. What is there in its place is a lot of dead skin cells and the genesis of some—if you prefer—character lines. Charles Bronson may get away with the weather-beaten look, but chances are you won't. Dead skin is dry skin, dry skin is aging skin, and aging skin doesn't look rugged; it looks old. That's the bad news; the good news is that it's not difficult to save face.

Dry, flaky skin should be washed only once a day. When the weather turns cooler, that's all that's really necessary. Don't use acne soaps that contain sulfur and tar or irritating deodorant soaps. If your face is drier than the Mojave, avoid soaps altogether in favor of "imitation" soaps and rinsable cleaners, which won't do further damage. Don't use an astringent!

Perhaps you think that moisturizing is for women only. Let us remind you that what's good for the goose is good for the gander, and moisturizing is your best protection against looking like a sun-dried prune. After washing and shaving, rinse your face well to remove every trace of soap and shaving foam. Towel-dry your face but remember that the best time to apply a moisturizer is when the skin is still damp. The logic is simple—moisturizers don't actually put moisture into your skin but retain what is already there, acting as a protective film throughout the day. Of the two types of moisturizers—water based and oil based—the oil based is better for dry skin, because it has a heavier texture and therefore gives more protection. If you feel that you're worth the little bit of extra effort, pamper yourself with a moisturizing facial mask that you yourself apply at home. With a jellylike base, often including proteins, it packs a one-two punch of cleaning and moisturizing skin.

Those of you not singing the how-dry-I-am chorus might want to try an abrasive facial scrub two or three times a week. It sloughs off outer skin cells, combats acne problems, and helps even out uneven or "muddy" complexion tones. But don't suffer delusions of Dorian Gray; you will still require moisturizing after the scrub.

To get the best out of the rest—that beautiful body of yours—consider a loofah sponge. It's a fibrous vegetable sponge that you can use in your shower or bath to remove any flaking skin and traces of your has-been suntan. Old suntans die an unattractive death; don't let them linger. The best philosophy is "Out with the old and on with the new."

Now that we've told you just where to start, get started! Take advantage of these products, and you won't be singing those postsummertime blues for long.

FOR DRY, DAMAGED HAIR

Adolfo Hair Cleanser, Braggi Conditioning Hair Thickener, Braggi Hair & Scalp Conditioner, British Sterling Daily Shampoo & Conditioner, Pierre Cardin Shampoo with Protein, Clinique for Men Clean Scalp Shampoo, Monsieur Houbigant Musk Natural Protein Shampoo, Monsieur Givenchy Conditioning Shampoo, Royal Copenhagen Balsam Hair Conditioner, Jovan Sport Scent After-Sport Shampoo, YSL Hair Conditioner, Revlon Flex Balsam and Protein ph Correct Shampoo

FOR DRY, DAMAGED SKIN

Aramis 900 Face Conditioner, Yardley of London Liquid Soap with Aloe, Givenchy Gentleman Moisturizing After-Shave Cream, Clinique for Men Exfoliating Lotion Plus, Lagerfeld Protective Moisture Cream, Nino Cerruti Lotion Moisturizer, Chanel for Men Protective Skin Conditioner, Shorell for Men Cleansing Formula, YSL Face Protection Cream, English Leather Creamy Flo-Soap, Jan Stuart for Men Night Moisturizing Crème, Jan Stuart for Men Protein Gel Masque

Repairing the ravages of the summer sun

RESTORATION PROJECT

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LE BAUBE

Audi has been flirting with the idea of a sports coupe for the American market since beginning to jazz up its Fox sedans in the mid-1970s. But it was not until this year's introduction of the new Coupe that Audi could claim to have produced a truly separate sports model.

The Coupe uses chassis parts from the 76-horsepower, four-cylinder Audi 4000 sedan; the 2.1-liter, 100-hp, five-cylinder engine from the 5000 sedan; and squat new coupe bodywork that is shared with the four-wheel-drive Audi Quattro rally racer. The result is like no other Audi you've ever driven.

The Coupe's wedgy bodywork features a low hood, high tail, and steeply raked windshield. A wraparound air dam under the bumper and soft rubber spoiler on the tail help bring the Coupe's drag coefficient down to a commendable 0.39. That makes it the slickest Audi ever, giving this relatively large 2,500-pound, luxury-loaded coupe official EPA fuel-economy figures of 21 mpg in the city and 36 mpg on the highway.

The five-speed manual transmission is exceptionally long-legged, with overdrive ratios on third, fourth, and fifth gears, and it is mated to an extremely low final drive ratio of 4.46:1. This novel combination makes the Audi a quiet and economical turnpike cruiser but one that still provides good performance when you rev the engine and use the gearbox vigorously—as one should with any sports coupe.

Zero-to-sixty time is a respectable 10.4 seconds, and top speed is 109 mph. The Coupe's forte is carving up hilly, twisting roads, where the light-alloy wheels, grippy 60-series European Firestone tires, and finely tuned suspension combine to provide agile handling that belies the car's 62 percent-38 percent front-to-rear weight distribution. This nose-heavy stance is due, of course, to the Coupe's front-wheel drive, a system that Audi helped to pioneer half a century ago.

One little-appreciated advantage of front-wheel drive can be seen in the vast trunk that is hidden away under the tiny rear deck of this Audi. With no conventional drive axles or differential to be accommodated, the trunk stretches from the high rear window to below the bumper, with room enough to stand, say, a garbage can upright. The trunk lid goes right down to the bumper for easy loading. The only trunk release is on the driver's-side doorjamb.

The flexible front air dam is a practical consideration, since it will not chip or crack if it comes into contact with steep ramps or high curbs. The large air-extractor vents on the Coupe's rear flanks not only give the car a pleasing spaceship appearance but also provide really thorough flow-through ventilation.

The interior of the Coupe is a typically Teutonic combination of comfort and restraint. The tweedy cloth bucket seats may be the most comfortable chairs ever fitted to a standard production car. The cushions are firm and supportive and are flanked by deep bolsters that hold your thighs and back in place during fast cornering. The height and angle of the driver's seat cushion can be adjusted separately from the angle of the seat-back. Together with the usual back-and-forward adjustments, these clever seats eliminate any need for an adjustable steering wheel.

The front-seat passenger will find an illuminated vanity mirror behind the sun visor, and rear passengers are treated to two unusually deep storage bin/armrests that take up the space that opening rear windows would otherwise occupy.

There is a quaint little sunshade over the rectangular instrument pod, which is flanked by two rows of high-tech rocker switches. In addition to the expected speedo, tach, water temperature, and gas gauges, there are dials for battery voltage, oil pressure, and oil temperature on the center console. These are supplemented by ten warning lights—11 if you order the optional bun warmers for the seats.

Fuel injection, cruise control, remote-control outside mirrors, rack-and-pinion power steering, leather-covered steering wheel, and halogen headlights are all included in the base price of $11,875. This is about the cost of a clunky Buick station wagon or Cadillac Cimarron. Options include stereo sound system, air conditioning, automatic transmission, rear wiper and washer, heated and electrically operated outside mirrors, power windows, central locking system, and sun-roof—all of which add up to a Mercedes level of luxury and comfort at less than half the price.

The new Audi Coupe combines the interior space of the larger sedan with the sleek aerodynamic styling of a sports car.

AUDACIOUS COUPE

BY WADE HOYT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

SEDUCE A WOMAN WITH ONLY YOUR EYES!

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

ways was and still is a refuge for the oppressed of other nations. They come to our country, seeking freedom. The type of freedom your publication and other publications like yours offer is *sexual* freedom. Sexual freedom which is actually sexual perversion and oppression.

You promote the idea that pleasure is man's main purpose for existence. Eat, drink, and be merry—that's what life is all about. This is a small, self-centered way to live, and it leaves one empty and unfulfilled and eventually in despair.

Someone once said, "Only one life, it soon will pass; only what's done for God will last." I say amen to that. Life is too short to waste on indulgence in self-gratification. I believe the Lord has given us a precious gift, *life*, and this gift should be used for high and noble purposes. Jesus said, "Feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty, visit the sick, help the poor, put clothes on the naked. Freely you have received, freely give." Jesus said that this is what life is all about and that the truly happy person is one whose life is God-centered, not *self*-centered.

I wonder if, when *Penthouse* is sent out each month, filled with sexual overtures and physical gratifications, the staff and employees feel real satisfaction. If so, it is a satisfaction gained from contributing to America's moral decay and encouraging young people to seek unnatural and degrading forms of sexual thrills. Is there satisfaction gained in publishing accounts of acts that break many of God's commandments, such as "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife"?

There is a Bible truth that says that what a man sows, so shall he reap. If you sow seeds of corruption, you will someday reap corruption. There is a coming payday for all deeds done in this life.

The publishers of *Penthouse* and other sexually oriented magazines may be filling their pockets with money now, but what a price will be paid for the so-called good life! I wonder if it is worth it.

I don't expect that my letter will be printed or that anything will change because of it. But I have contributed a different point of view for your "Feedback" section, one that you have never had and one I think is an indication of what the future holds.—*Fred Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.*

Editors' reply:

As we state every month in the beginning of "Feedback," the column "is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest." We welcome dialogue and opinions critical as well as favorable. In any case, we also maintain that the "views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially."*

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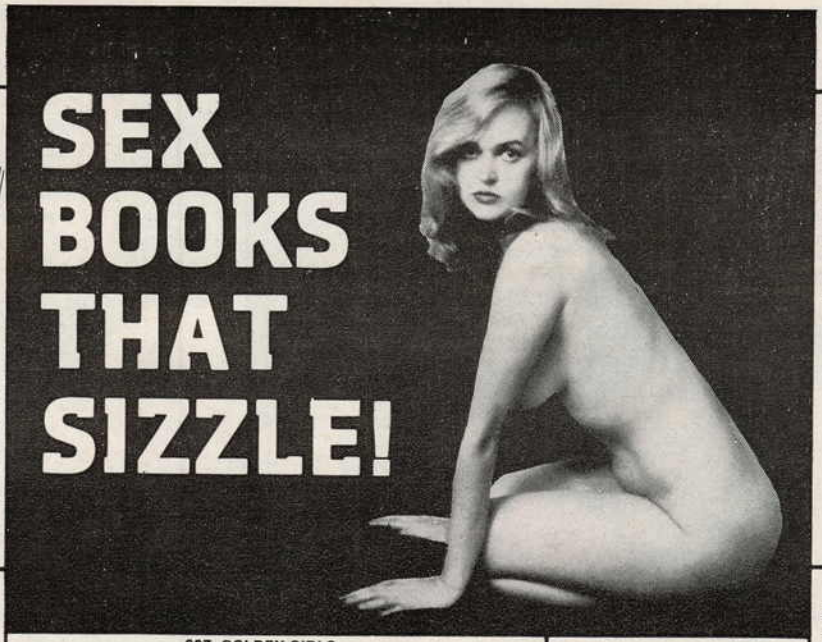

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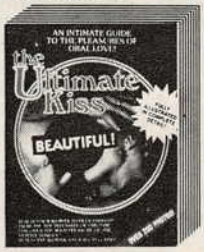

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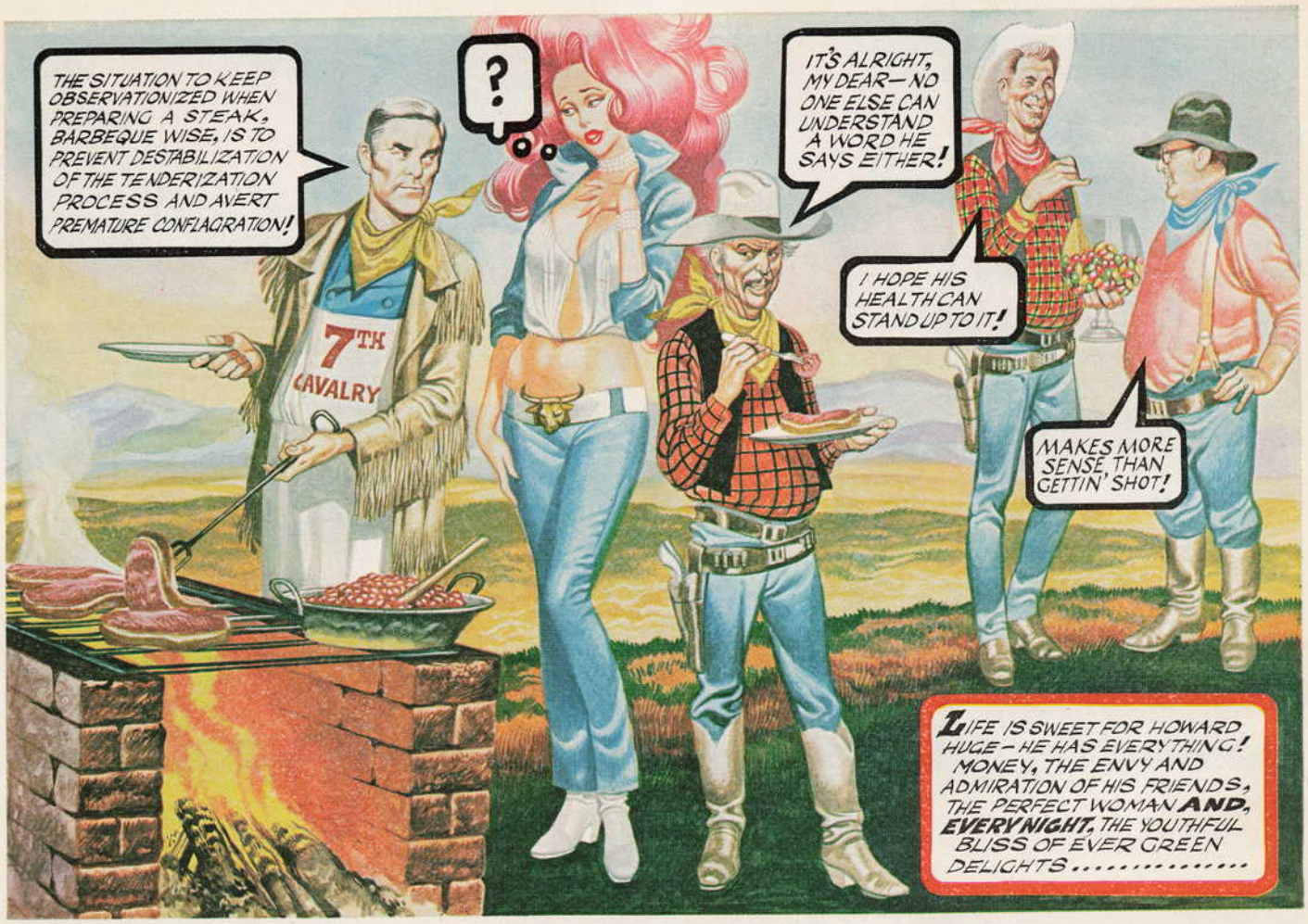
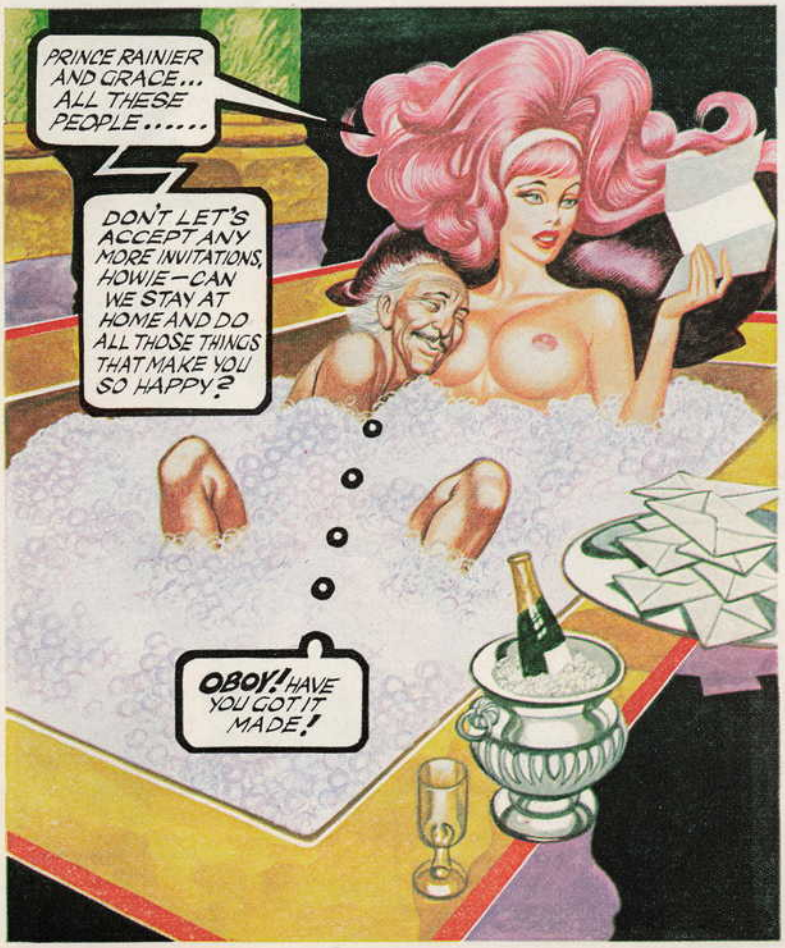
Sweet Chastity
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
TO A FANFARE OF SCREAMING T.V. AND NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, SWEET CHASTITY HAS ARRIVED IN NEW YORK. TO CELEBRATE, HOWARD HUGE HAS ARRANGED A CHAMPAGNE AND OKAPI BRUNCH FOR A FEW INTIMATE FRIENDS. SO HE WANTS TO SHOW HER OFF — SO WHO WOULDN'T?
YES — BUT WHY DO THEY HAVE A MOVIE ACTOR PLAYING THE PART OF THE PRESIDENT?
I MUST REMAIN LOYAL TO LOIS LANE!
IT'S DISGUSTING! ANYONE WHO LOOKS LIKE THAT OUGHT TO BE BANNED!
I GIVE HIM THREE WEEKS!
AND WHERE IS UNCLE VINCENT?
ER... HE SENDS HIS APOLOGIES — COULDN'T MAKE IT, I'M AFRAID!
D'YOU KNOW VERE DEY KEEP DER BEER?
ON YOUR WAY, MEDIA-MAN!
FORGET THE OKAPI — TRY THIS CHEESECAKE! I BROUGHT IT IN WITH ME!
SORRY! MY OWN IMMEDIATE PROBLEM IS HOW TO GET RID OF A JELLY BEAN!

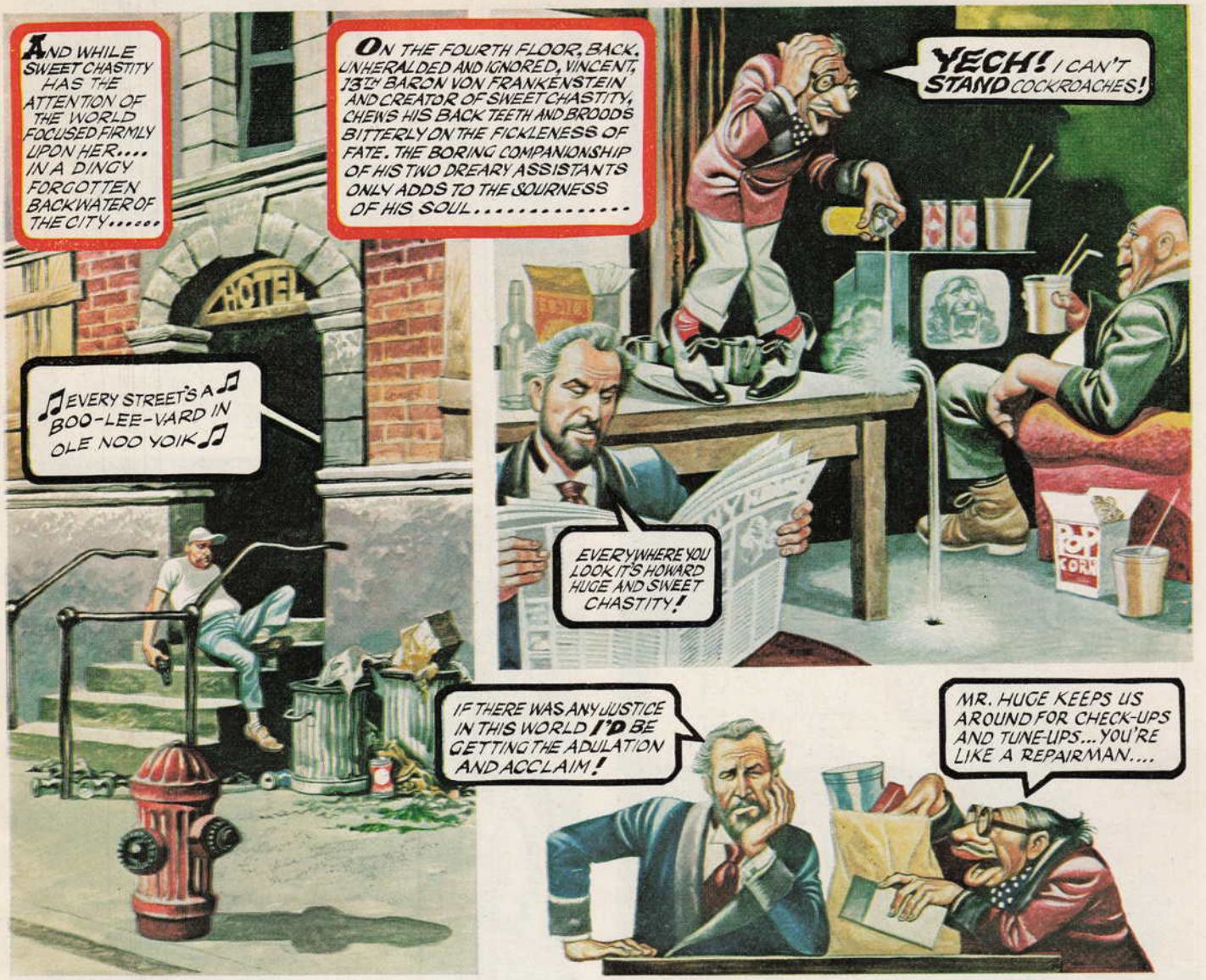
ARE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF, SWEETNESS —LIGHT OF MY LIFE?
AIWA
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CITY! I LOVE IT! EVERYONE IS SO FRIENDLY!
HOWARD
enjoy Coca-Cola

YOU CHOOSE, BELOVED — WHATEVER MAKES YOU HAPPY!
Menu
I DON'T LIKE THIS... HE SEEMS TO BE GETTING SMALLER AND WEAKER EACH DAY!
TODAY I BURNED THE HOUSE DOWN! I WRECKED THE CAR.....
..AND SEDUCED YOUR BROTHER! I ALSO PUT POISON IN YOUR COFFEE!
THAT'S THE FINGERBOWL!
THAT'S NICE, DEAR!


THE SITUATION TO KEEP OBSERVATIONIZED WHEN PREPARING A STEAK, BARBEQUE WISE, IS TO PREVENT DESTABILIZATION OF THE TENDERIZATION PROCESS AND AVERT PREMATURE CONFLAGRATION!
7TH CAVALRY
?
IT'S ALRIGHT, MY DEAR— NO ONE ELSE CAN UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS EITHER!
I HOPE HIS HEALTH CAN STAND UP TO IT!
MAKES MORE SENSE THAN GETTIN' SHOT!
LIFE IS SWEET FOR HOWARD HUGE— HE HAS EVERYTHING! MONEY, THE ENVY AND ADMIRATION OF HIS FRIENDS, THE PERFECT WOMAN AND, EVERY NIGHT, THE YOUTHFUL BLISS OF EVER GREEN DELIGHTS.....


PRINCE RAINIER AND GRACE... ALL THESE PEOPLE.....
DON'T LET'S ACCEPT ANY MORE INVITATIONS, HOWIE— CAN WE STAY AT HOME AND DO ALL THOSE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU SO HAPPY?
OBOY! HAVE YOU GOT IT MADE!

IS SHE ASLEEP, ODDBALL?
YES, SIR, MR HUGE!
THANK HEAVEN! YOU'D BETTER MAKE A RESERVATION FOR ME AT THAT REJUVENATION CLINIC IN ZURICH — I NEED A COMPLETE OVERHAUL!


AND WHILE SWEET CHASTITY HAS THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD FOCUSED FIRMLY UPON HER.... IN A DINGY FORGOTTEN BACKWATER OF THE CITY.....
ON THE FOURTH FLOOR, BACK, UNHERALDED AND IGNORED, VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN AND CREATOR OF SWEET CHASTITY, CHEWS HIS BACK TEETH AND BROODS BITTERLY ON THE FICKLENESS OF FATE. THE BORING COMPANIONSHIP OF HIS TWO DREARY ASSISTANTS ONLY ADDS TO THE SOURNESS OF HIS SOUL.....
HOTEL
♫EVERY STREET'S A BOO-LEE-VARD IN OLE NOD YOIK♫
YECH! I CAN'T STAND COCKROACHES!
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK IT'S HOWARD HUGE AND SWEET CHASTITY!
POP KORN
IF THERE WAS ANY JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD I'D BE GETTING THE ADULATION AND ACCLAIM!
MR. HUGE KEEPS US AROUND FOR CHECK-UPS AND TUNE-UPS... YOU'RE LIKE A REPAIRMAN....
HE'D NEVER LET ANY NORMAL DOCTOR LOOK AT HER
I KNOW! I KNOW!
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
HA-HA-HA! HEE-HEE-HEE! I LOVE...
...BUGS BUNNY!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CINECINECENTROQUATRO STUDIOS IN ROME, AWESOME WELLS, THE GREAT FILM ENTREPRENEUR, HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE.....
I AM NOT COME MERELY TO LAY THIS GREAT INDUSTRY... THIS FRIEND...THIS DIVINE DINOSAUR TO REST...NOR DO I WISH TO ENGAGE YOU IN YET ANOTHER MORONIC POST-MORTEM ON ITS CLICHÉS, ITS LIMITATIONS, ITS FALTERING ILLUSIONS...
TAKE NOTICE! AS A CREATIVE MEDIUM...MOTION PICTURES ARE EXHAUSTED, DEAD, POOPED OUT!
YES! AN INDUSTRY THAT ONCE FED SO RAVENOUSLY ON LIFE NOW DODDERS ALONG IN PALLID IMITATION...
MY NECK IS KILLIN' ME!
SHHH!
THE HALCYON DAYS OF HOLLYWOOD MAY HAVE PASSED...THERE'S NO DENYING THAT...BUT THE SMELL OF DEATH ENRAGES ME...DRIVES ME TO THE DARKEST LIMITS OF MY CREATIVE POWERS...IT SUMMONS STRANGE IMAGES OF NEW DIMENSIONS IN FILM MAKING...IT PROVOKES ME...
TO MAKE THE GREATEST... NAY, MOST INCREDIBLE FILM EVER CONCEIVED OF...ONE THAT TRANSCENDS THE VERY MEDIUM ITSELF!!!
YOUR BACKERS ARE HERE, SIR!
AH! THE NEW MEN OF POWER! DID THEY MANAGE TO FIND A SPACE TO PARK THEIR CAMELS?
I CAN PROMISE YOU 200% ON YOUR MONEY, COMPLETE BANKING DISCRETION AND...
WHEN DO WE GET TO SEE TITS!

LATER.....
FORGET IT!
HI, CHIEF! JUST TRYIN' OUT -ER- AUDITIONING SOME EXTRAS FOR...
WELL-YOU NEVER KNOW?
THE WORLD'S GREATEST STARS WILL QUEUE FOR THE SMALLEST PART IN THIS FILM, BUT ONLY ONE WOMAN ON EARTH CAN GIVE IT LIFE!!!
SWEET CHASTITY... NUMBER ONE FEMALE PERSONALITY OF THE CENTURY!
WE MUST ASSUME, HOWEVER, AN INALTERABLE REFUSAL ON HER PART!
TALK ABOUT THE WRONG MOMENT!
SHHHH! HE'S HAVING AN INSPIRATION!
THE PLOT THICKENS! THE PULSE QUICKENS! THE BLOOD RACES! TAKE A TRANQUILLIZER UNTIL NEXT MONTH!

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

would like to make $250 for a couple of hours of work. (At the time I didn't know what the girls did at the parties.) I told him I wouldn't mind making $250. Then Gary said he didn't think I would be interested. He told me what the girls had to do and said if I knew of anyone to let him know. I insisted I needed the money and that I could do it.

He tried to talk me out of it at first. But I pointed out that I didn't know of anyone else and that the party was only two days away, and if he didn't find someone, he would lose a great deal of money and his reputation. Besides, I said, "I'm a grown woman, and I'm not a virgin, and I like sex." (I'm 19 years old, and Gary has been married to my older sister for five years). He finally said that if I really wanted to, he would let me. He said I would have to pop out of a cake, do a striptease, and then have sex with four guys.

He then told me to follow him to the back room, where his photo studio is. He said he needed to take some pictures of me to show the guys paying for the party, because he had to get their approval before giving me the job. There he opened a closet, pulled out some sexy clothes, and told me to put them on and call him when I was ready.

There was a long evening dress, a pair of high heels, a lace bra that fastened in front, a pair of string bikini panties that tied on both sides, a G-string, a pair of black silk hose, and a garter belt. I figured that this was what I was to wear for the striptease at the party, but I didn't know why he wanted me to put on the underwear at that moment, since it would not be seen under my dress in a picture. After I got dressed, I called Gary in. He said I looked great and took a few pictures. Then he walked over to the stereo and put on a record but didn't play it yet. He asked if I knew how to do a striptease. I said I'd seen it done and thought I could handle it. He then turned on the stereo and told me that he could get the other pictures he needed while I was stripping.

I didn't expect this, although I don't know why. I just stood there, stunned by his suggestion and not knowing what to do. He turned off the stereo and asked what was wrong. I said, "You want me to take my clothes off in front of you?" He said, "If you can't take them off in front of me, how are you going to take them off in front of fifty to sixty guys who will be at the party?"—and he would be at the party also. So I said I'd do it.

Gary turned on the music again and told me to take off everything except my shoes, hose, and garter belt. Once I had my dress off, Gary began taking pictures. The more I took off, the more pictures Gary took. When I finished, Gary said I had done real well but that he needed a few more pictures of me. He told me to turn my

back to him, spread my legs, and then I should bend forward until I could see him from between my legs. When I did this, I could tell he had an excellent view of my ass and pussy spread wide open. Next he told me to lie on my back, spread my legs, and then play with my tits while he slid a finger into my pussy. He then said that he had taken enough pictures and that I could get dressed.

As I got dressed, he asked me if I liked to suck dick. I said, "What kind of a question is that to ask?" He said he had to know, because the guys at the party were going to want blowjobs from me and that if I wanted the job I'd better answer his questions. I said, "Yes, I like it. In fact, I enjoy it." He then asked me if I liked to swallow the come. I said I didn't really like it but had swallowed it before. He said that I would swallow it, every drop of it, and would act like I loved it. He then asked if I had ever fucked more than one guy in a night. I told him that once I had been with two guys at their apartment, gone into the bedroom with one and fucked him, and, when he was done, let the other one come in and fuck me. He said, "You've never done it with two at the same time, like fucking one while you're sucking the other?" I said no. He said he didn't know how these four guys would want to do it but that I might have all four at me at the same time. Then he asked me if I like to get fucked in my ass. I said it was okay and that if I was turned on enough by the man doing me, I even enjoyed it.

Gary then said that the clients were paying for two hours and that the popping out of the cake and striptease would take almost a half hour. I could hardly wait for the big event!

When I popped out of the cake the night of the party, there were at least 50 guys watching me, and doing the striptease in front of them was really turning me on. When I finished, I went to another room and waited on the bed. A few minutes later two guys walked in and took off their clothes. One of them got on top of me and slid his dick into my already wet pussy, and the other stood at the side of the bed and told me to suck his dick. We had just gotten started when the other two walked in and took off their clothes. They came over to either side of the bed, and I grabbed their dicks and started to jack them off. I was being paid to do something I would have done for free.

About ten minutes later the one in my pussy came, and about a half minute later the second man came in my mouth while a third shot his load over my tits and stomach. I swallowed every drop of come, wiping up the come from my tits and stomach with my fingers and licking it up. Next I got on top of one guy and inserted his dick into my pussy. My ass was at the edge of the bed, and another guy greased it up and slid his dick in. I sucked the dick of a third guy, and the other one just watched. After they had all come, they left the room, leaving only the groom to be with me for the remaining time. We fucked the rest of the time until Gary walked in and said that the time was up. For me the time had gone surprisingly fast.

On the way home Gary asked me how I had liked it, and I told him anytime he needed a girl for a party again to let me know. If he needed a "party girl" again, I was eager to be of service.

Through all of this, my brother-in-law never made a pass at me, though I wish he would have. I would really like to get him in bed. I think he's afraid to, because he thinks I might tell my sister. I guess I'm going to have to tell him I want him to fuck me, but I'm afraid he might turn me down, which would definitely hurt. What do you suggest?—G.S.

The picture session and party seemed to get your brother-in-law pretty excited. Maybe he's just a voyeur and gets his kicks out of watching the new girls do their act. If you really want him, however, I'm sure he can be had. Just make sure there aren't a bunch of clients around to make him feel self-conscious. Regarding your fear of being found out, I wouldn't worry. So what if somebody discovers your affair with your brother-in-law. Neither of you seems in danger of losing a good reputation.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

cock and he gradually lowered me more and more onto him. I couldn't get enough of his kisses or his big hands all over me but especially his huge poker being stuffed inside me. I gasped with pleasure as more and more of him entered me until I felt his balls caressing my ass, and then I knew that he was all mine—every inch of him was snugly inside me. I completely abandoned myself to his overwhelming dominance and masculinity as he brought me to a series of mind-blowing orgasms too numerous to count. I squirmed and squealed with delight as he released his hot load of come inside me. I collapsed in his arms, panting for air.

There is no way that I could have hoped for a more complete sexual awakening than I received from that wonderful man, and when he suggested to me that we become permanent partners by becoming roommates, I was nodding my head up and down before he could get all of the words out! We've been living together for almost four months now, and our lovemaking is as exciting as it was that first night. This man whom I find so desirable is mine any time I please, and I could not possibly be happier. I enjoy your magazine immensely. Keep up the excellent work.—*Name and address withheld*

Love in the meantime

It's a Sunday morning, and I'm sitting here writing to an old friend about a fantastic screw I had yesterday. By the time I finished my letter, I thought its contents would look good in your "Penthouse Forum." You don't have many letters from us women, and I thought your readers would enjoy a different point of view.

I recently met my man through the company I just started working for. I'll call him Pete. He's happily living with someone and plans to marry her if things work out. But that's not my concern. We started talking on the phone several times a day, and we both immediately felt the vibrations and knew it was just a matter of time before we got together. This letter is about one of those times.

Friday morning Pete called me at work, and during the conversation I mentioned that I love to eat. He instantly replied, "Eat what?" I had meant food. But I told him I'd like to take his thick cock in my mouth and eat him. It must have been the right answer, because he invited me over to his apartment the following day.

Bingo! I was in seventh heaven all afternoon at work because I knew what was in store for me. So, the next day, Saturday, I worked until one in the afternoon and then drove to his apartment. I had plenty of time and was so horny I couldn't wait to get there. I could feel my cunt getting all wet and juicy just thinking about him. I could sense my cunt lips slipping back and forth as I got into the elevator. Every few seconds I felt a drop come out of me in anticipation. I was really looking forward to this. His apartment door is opposite the thirteenth-floor elevator, and as my elevator door opened he was standing there inside his apartment, with the door ajar, waiting for me. He looked so inviting standing there, naked from the waist up.

I walked right in. We looked at each other and didn't even bother talking—there was only one thing on both our minds. I went into his arms, and we started kissing. I love the way Pete kisses. His lips are so soft and his tongue so warm as he probes my mouth. He has a way of running his hands through my hair that just drives me wild. His dark beard feels so soft against my face—I just can't get close enough to him. We went straight to the bedroom. As we lay down on his platform bed, he pushed my head down toward his big cock. I couldn't wait to take it into my mouth. All he was wearing was jeans, and when I slipped them off he was totally naked and his dick was just lying there, begging to be kissed. It felt so warm and tasted so good. I kissed his triangle of hair and slowly moved downward, eventually taking his half-hard cock into my moist, hot mouth. Soon he was in my mouth all the way, with my tongue massaging the head against the roof of my mouth.

I positioned myself between his legs

and sucked his balls, moving to each side to lick and suck every square inch. I was licking under his balls when I brought his legs up so his knees were bent. I slowly moved down toward his butt. My tongue couldn't get enough as I found his ass hole and sucked on it—pushing my tongue in and out, probing all around it. I can imagine how good it must have felt for him.

He took off all my clothes and laid me down as he sucked my tits—his mouth was soft and warm, sucking me and at the same time hurting me. But it felt so good. I didn't want him to stop. I could feel his beard against my tits and his hard dick against my thigh. He got between my legs, and I raised my butt to meet him. He rammed his thick, huge member into me. I was so wet he went right in—God, it felt so good! I raised my legs and wrapped them around his waist so I could feel every inch of him. I fucked him good. I wanted to feel his hot come fill me up. I twisted my hips round and round, grinding my cunt into his every thrust. We were breathing so heavily, and I knew he was close to coming, so I gave him all I was worth as he started moaning. Then he came, thrusting deep inside me while I contracted my cunt muscles to pull him farther into me until he was finished.

We rested a little bit and caught our breath while we smoked a joint. I wanted more and could have gone on all day. I rolled him on his back and took his soft, come-soaked dick into my mouth, sucking up his goodness as he put his fingers up me—finger-fucking me. I sucked and licked him till he was hard again. I was really feeling the pot now, and it felt like I was eating him for an hour. I was really getting into it—there was no place I'd rather have been. My mouth had never opened up so wide before, and he tasted so inviting. I sucked him up and down, deep into my throat, taking up every inch of his thick penis. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I straddled him and guided him into me. His thickness filled me up, and I thought I was going to split. I started riding him. I lay down and nestled my head into his soft shoulder as I brought my knees up against his sides. I moved my hips up and down, starting slow and moving faster and faster. I knew I was going to come any minute. The faster I rode him, the more fantastic it felt. I thought my insides were exploding as I came, holding him so tight, and continuing until I could feel him coming again.

Totally exhausted and spent, I lay there, thinking that if I had not taken the job I would never have found this guy who has such an effect on my nervous system. I was sorry when I had to leave that afternoon, and I couldn't help wondering how much energy he would have left for his girl friend that night!

I know if this letter gets printed he'll recognize it, even with the minor changes. And when he's sitting in his office at work reading this month's "Forum," I hope he'll think of me.—*Name and address withheld*

Too much to dream

In the past I never believed the letters in this column, but recently I became involved in a steamy love triangle that changed my mind. My roommate, Dave, and I—my name is Pip—attend a medium-sized university in west-central Illinois. After several pussyless weekends Dave and I decided to hop in his Delmont and book up to the local fraternity bar to try our luck. After slamming down several Kamikazes, Dave turned to me and said, "Don't be too obvious, but check out that long-legged, double-breasted mattress thrasher at the end of bar."

Glancing down the bar, my eyes met hers, and I procured a raging starch-on. After calming my swollen member, we strolled down to the end of the bar to meet this young skippy, who was, strangely enough, alone. Being somewhat shy myself, Dave decided to take control. After introducing us both with perfect pacing, Dave asked her if she would like to leave this dive and split to our pad to fire up some Oaxacan Buds. To our surprise Lisa countered with, "Only if we pick up some booze on the way."

En route to our place, several sexual innuendos were exchanged, and at that moment Dave and I knew we were in for a sizzling ménage à trois.

Once the three of us were back at our pad, I flipped on my mint import copy of "Blueberry Hill," and Eric loaded a few bongs of our killer smoke. After several bongs and a few drinks Lisa exclaimed, "Boy, is it hot in here!" and without hesitation lifted up her sweater to unleash two of the firmest titties that these boys had ever laid eyes on. As the rhythmic pulses of the fantastic music took control, Dave leaned over and inserted Lisa's already erect nipple into his open mouth. In a matter of moments, my trousers were about my ankles, exposing my putter in all its circumcised splendor. As Dave and Lisa removed each other's clothing, I began to frantically choke my chicken. While Dave set out on his expedition to her fertile love valley, she seductively motioned for me to land my Piper between her moist, parted, cherry-coated lips.

In one smooth stroke she engulfed my sequoia, which prepared to drop its seed. All the while Dave had his hand in the cookie jar and was preparing to shoot this babe a nut. As Lisa was swallowing my ejected manhood, I looked behind me to see Dave maneuvering to spike it into Lisa's end-zone. I had roomed with Dave for a couple of years, but this was the first time I had ever noticed how well endowed this machismo dude really was. As I removed my cock from her mouth, I noticed, to my surprise, that my ejaculated love rod was still hard as granite. As Dave began to penetrate her premoistened dumper, the viselike grip of her anus forced him to prematurely pop his cap, leaving Lisa moaning for more. With Dave limp as a chimp, I answered her cries with my still stiff lightning rod, which began to probe her quiv-

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After rhythmically fucking for what seemed like an eternity, we came to a tumultuous climax, shaking feverently. As she exploded, she screamed the rather cryptic phrase, "God, Bird, Change!" With a rush of blood gushing to my respective head, I passed out cold. The effects of good dope, booze, and sex had taken their toll on all of us, it seems, because Dave had passed out also.

Upon waking in the morning we found that our little firecracker had gone. Yet after finding her still-moist panties, we knew we had not had too much to dream last night.—*Name and address withheld*

One and only

I was 18 years old when I experienced my first sexual adventure. I am fairly attractive, with reddish brown hair and soft blue eyes. I am a little bit shy, however, and I guess that is why I remained a virgin so long.

I had a crush on one of the teachers in my school and had fantasized about the two of us many times. He taught industrial arts, and his class room was right next to one of my classes, so I got to see him every day. Peter was a ruggedly built man of about six feet tall. He had dark brown hair that swept gently across his brow. His eyes would twinkle when he smiled, and he greeted me every morning. Little did I know that he had been very attracted to me as well for quite some time.

One afternoon I had to deliver some mail to his office. It was late in the afternoon, and there were only a few people left in the building. As I entered his office, I closed the door behind me. He was sitting at his desk, and he rose up to greet me. He said that I looked really pretty today. I don't know where I got the nerve, but I moved over by his side and kissed him on the cheek to say thank you. I turned to leave, when I felt his hand on my shoulder. He gently turned me around and planted a loving kiss on my waiting lips. His lips caressed their way to my ear and softly whispered that he would like to see me later that afternoon. He asked if I could meet him at his boat, which was moored at the harbor about a mile and a half from the school grounds. We could have real privacy there. I agreed to be there within the hour.

I went home and changed clothes; I put on my swimsuit and hurried out the door. All the way to the harbor, I could feel the adrenaline racing thoughout my entire body. He was waiting on the dock for me. He ushered me over to the deck of his vessel and down into the cabin. We had to be careful about being seen alone together because of his job. He could have gotten into a lot of trouble if he were seen by the wrong person.

Once we were in the cabin, he threw his arms around my waist and began to nuzzle my neck. His moist lips inched their way from my throat up to my mouth. His tongue began to explore every inch of my mouth. The passion of his kiss was almost more than I could handle. I was beginning to feel my love juices flowing and soaking my bikini panties. His massive hands reached over and began to fondle my plump, eager breasts. My nipples had already grown quite stiff. With one hand, he untied my bikini top and let it slip to the floor. His lips began to suck my ripe tits, and his hands slowly removed my bottoms. He looked up at me with the most sensuous-looking eyes that I have ever seen.

His arms swiftly picked up my naked form, and he laid me on his berth. As he lay down next to me, I could feel the heat of his body entering me and capturing my soul. His moist lips began to journey from my neck, down over my stomach, and found my anxious thighs. His tongue crept its way up to my hot, dripping cunt, and he began to drink my golden juices. The sensation was new and totally wonderful. As he explored every inch of my box, I could feel an overwhelming force beginning to surge through me. I wasn't sure, but I figured that this must be an orgasm, my very first orgasm! I felt so relaxed and so wonderful.

He lifted his face from my happy box and smiled with delight at having given me such pleasure. He inched his way back up

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to my neck and began to nibble on my ear. Slowly he moved on top of me, and I could feel his rock-hard cock pressing against my pubic bone, pulsating as it became engorged with blood. I could feel the juices beginning to flow into my aching thighs. I could wait no longer, I reached down and removed his pants. I could not believe that a cock could be so large. A few drops of moisture had begun to seep from its massive head. I was filled with apprehension and desire. I could not imagine such a large tool fitting into my orifice.

He was aware of the fact that he was the first man I had ever been with in this way. He told me not to worry; he would be gentle with me. He continued to explore my mouth with his tongue. He carefully placed his nine-inch rod at my opening. Slowly, he played in my juices with the head, and I began to feel warm all over. With gentle pressure, he guided his cock into my anxious box. I could feel the slight strain of the muscles at the entrance of my vagina as he pushed his way into my virgin hole. The combination of pain and pleasure was overwhelming. Soon he began to pound against my pubic bone with all his might, and I could feel every inch of my body beginning to respond to each thrust. It was as though a tidal wave were forming inside of me and was about to crash down on my legs. My breathing became very heavy, and he knew that I was about to have an orgasm. He quickened his tempo to match my breathing, and we came in a burst of fury. His rod was throbbing inside of me, and our juices were mingling together.

His body sank into mine, and we lay in each other's arms for hours. It was such an incredible experience. He had found a woman inside of the little girl that I used to be. When we had to part, he promised that we would get together often. He told me that it was the most touching sexual encounter that he had ever had. I was all aglow inside and out. We have been together for eight years now, and each time it is truly a wonderful, fulfilling experience. We love each other very much, and we should have a wonderful future together.—*Name and address withheld*

Road mates

I've had a few sexual encounters while hitchhiking cross-country but none that compares to this past summer's escapades. My friend Russ and I left our small hometown in Maryland for the West Coast in late September. After days of disappointing rides, we were more than surprised to be picked up by two sensuous women in a van.

We found Carly and Mimi to be as amiable as they were beautiful, and as we offered them our last joint to show our appreciation, they said, "Put it away. We have plenty." As Mimi bent over to reveal her stash, I couldn't help but admire her svelte figure adorned by her flowing blond hair. She must have known that her well-sculptured breasts came into my view as they brushed my bare thigh, but she coolly sat up and filled the bong, keeping her intentions a secret.

Obviously, bikini-clad Carly was getting along with Russ in the front seat, because she was having a hard time driving with her eyes glued to his now bulging crotch. The effects of the pot became apparent in the girls' behavior, and we knew this wasn't going to be a a slow ride. As we shared talk of traveling, the pot and Lynyrd Skynyrd on the stereo seemed to melt our inhibitions. By this time we had developed quite a thirst. Carly remembered a bottle of whiskey was under her seat, and Russ eagerly volunteered to search for it. "You may need more room," she suggested as she spread her legs invitingly.

Mimi took Carly's lead and offered to show me arond the back of the van. I didn't have to be a sleuth to know what that meant. So I took her clue and reached over to untie her halter top. As Mimi's left hand reached for my ass, her right hand pulled the curtain, and Carly's now convulsing body disappeared from view. Since everybody had forgotten about the whiskey, I had to seek some other refreshment. By this time Mimi had unzipped my pants and gasped in disbelief at my nine-and-one-half-inch rod. "I could never take all that!" she said, but I detected an adventuresome note in her voice, and I was

confident her petite five-feet-two-inch frame would meet the challenge. With barely a second's pause she went down on my incredible hulk with amazing expertise.

As inch after inch slid down her delicate throat, I experienced a sensation I had never known before. No woman had ever taken all of me, but this brazen beauty was gobbling me up as if it were her last meal. My pleasure was intensified even more when the van suddenly hit a very bumpy road. We had run off into the sand, and it was just too much to contain. I shot my whole wad down her throat in a scream of ecstasy. But my moans were matched by Carly, who had been brought to a powerful orgasm through the skillful use of Russ's tongue. The van rolled to a safe stop. There were no obstacles to hit, fortunately. Carly and I had orgasmed simultaneously, though with different partners.

A few seconds of silence were broken when Russ pulled the curtain and asked if we were all right. He had barely spoken these words when he was stunned by the sight of Mimi's tight ass, beautiful bare tits, and wet crotch, which had soaked through her unzipped shorts. Mimi gazed at his still-erect meat, which had seen no relief, then at my limp one-eyed worm, and I knew it was my turn for the front seat.

In no time at all Russ and Mimi were fiercely locked together, and Mimi was helplessly moaning under the powerful thrusts of Russ's nine-inch jackhammer. I found Carly still panting, her bathing suit at her feet. I had brought the bong with me, and we silently shared a bowl. The sight of her huge, glistening breasts and her still-wet cunt resurrected my enormous manhood. Carly and I made some small talk, but it became increasingly obvious we had other things on our minds. Finally Carly reached over and kissed me long and hard, and I caressed her enticing curves. My hands and mouth couldn't keep off her large, erect nipples. The shaking and moaning from the back of the van increased our appetite for each other.

But Carly stopped suddenly when I spread her before me. "Do it this way," she purred and rolled over, revealing the most beautiful ass I had ever seen: full and round like I like them. Using the overflowing juices from her sopping toaster, I lubricated her back door, digging deeper and deeper with my rock-hard power drill while she cried out in ecstasy and fingered her love button. My hand vigorously massaged her back, rear, and then her entire body while she bucked uncontrollably. "Harder, harder!" she gasped breathlessly. "Tear me in two!" We came together in an explosion of pleasure.

All four of us by now were emotionally and physically drained. I found the bottle of whiskey, and we finished it as we reached the beach. We all bathed in the nude and spent the warm night together on the beach. The next day the girls left as quickly as they came.—*Name and address withheld*

Opportunity knocks

I've always thought your "Forum" letters were rather farfetched, but recently my attitude has changed. I'm a student at a large western university and have been brought up by a conservative family. Until recently, I've been rather unexposed to sexual experiences, my only fulfillment being masturbation to your arousing pictorials.

I was spending a rather boring Thursday night studying when I was interrupted by a loud crash coming from the room below me. Arousing my curiosity, I decided to investigate the situation. I walked downstairs, and as I approached the room, I noticed the door was slightly ajar. I quietly opened the door and hesitantly turned on the light. To my amazement I saw two naked bodies embracing beside an overturned couch. Neither one of the couple noticed my presence. This might have been due to the fact, which I would learn later, that both of them were very wasted on some fine snow. Excitedly, and without even thinking, I approached the sex-starved lovers, and to my astonishment I recognized my pledge brother (I'll call him

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THE BEST OF FORUM LETTERS

READ IT IN BED!

Brett) driving home his swollen nine-inch joy-rod into his well-endowed girl friend (I'll call her May).

They were fucking in the basic missionary position (a position which I would soon learn), and as I got closer to them, May noticed me. In addition she noticed my huge erection bursting at the zipper in my pants. I could already feel the warm semen running down the inside of my leg as my hog ached to explore the divine depths of her hot pussy! She brazenly reached out for me, and her face expressed a want for me and my now enormously large dick. Brett seemed to be pleasantly surprised by the whole affair and in fact invited the idea of a threesome.

As he continued to fuck May, I quickly disrobed myself and approached May with my love stick pointing at her cunt. Brett rolled off of May and lay flat on his back. Quickly, May enveloped his rock-hard cock with her wet mouth and began to make her pussy available for doggy-style entry. Seeing this, I got down on my knees directly behind her soaked pleasure cavern. She reached behind her with her right hand and guided my aching muscle into her tight vaginal orifice. God, what an amazing feeling! I instinctively began to gyrate my pelvis in harmony with hers, and quickly I felt my first legitimate orgasm approaching.

Meanwhile, Brett was blowing his wad all over May's face. As he became limp, May removed my almost-orgasming organ from her tantalizing twat and rolled over on her back. She spread her legs so wide that I could actually see inside her gaping cunt! I quickly rammed my hog into her hole and almost simultaneously blew my load. I swear that I must have shot in her at least 20 times with my love juices. She ached for more cock and neither Brett nor I could immediately give her our dicks because of limpness. She grabbed my upper body and pulled me close, whimpering, "Eat me, lick my clit, make me come. God, I want to sit on your face!" Without hesitation, I dived into her muff and began to drench my face with pussy juice. She pushed me away and forced her powerful pelvis on top of my face. I moved my tongue faster than I'd ever dreamed possible and sent her into an indescribably powerful orgasm. I felt her ass quiver on top of my flickering tongue as she sighed with climactic satisfaction.

She may have had her share, but Brett and I had suddenly become ready for more sex as our love muscles rose with anticipation of pounding her hot hole. Brett stood up and lifted May onto his hard cock, guiding her pussy all the way, so he could maximize his penetration. Ignoring the situation, I sat back and pleasurably viewed the two experienced lovers. May, with a nasty and seductive look, turned her head and whispered to me, "I see two hard dicks, and I've got two horny holes . . . give it to me baby, butt-fuck me!" I hesitantly rose to my feet, pondering the idea of anal entry. Her persuasive manner overwhelmed me, and I drew near. I placed my steel-stiff dick between her cheeks and found her ass hole. I forced the head into her, and she responded with painful pleasure. I slowly slid the rest of my 11-inch ramrod up her butt and began to pump wildly, with both Brett and me fucking her. All three of us soon experienced explosive orgasms. We collapsed. We had exhausted ourselves in sexual gluttony, which has, for me, never been matched.

I quickly dressed and left the room. Brett and May remained naked, embracing on the floor, as I had found them. Please share this letter with your readers. My experience has made me a believer and, hopefully, this letter will convince a few others.—*Name and address withheld*

Two for the money

It has taken me a long time to write this letter to you, but I am glad I have, since I feel it is well deserving of your column. I enjoy your magazine immensely, especially the "Forum" section.

This past summer my friend John and I had jobs as lifeguards for a pool at an exclusive country club. The clientele of this club are usually old, rich, and snobby (though there are young ones also). The only reasons that we like to work there are

the great tans we receive, good pay (it could be better), and a lot of rich, bitchy snatch. Most times we work the same hours. This works out great so that one of us can cover if something comes up (and I mean up)! Well, let me tell you my story.

John and I were working one Saturday morning during late August. We were shooting the breeze by the pool and trying to think of something to do for the afternoon, since we both got off at one. We figured we'd call our girl friends and head to the beach. As we were talking, this broad—about 35 years old with a body that didn't stop—came up to us and propositioned us. I almost shit, and I think John did, too. She said that she had been watching us for a couple of days and wanted to have sex with us. She said that she thought we were extremely good looking and, as she gazed at our crotches, well built. I was almost frothing at the mouth from her words and her glances. She was beautiful. "Of course," she said, "I'll pay you." I still couldn't believe what was happening, but my cock began to stir, which assured me she was not kidding.

John asked her why for money (I think we would have done anything for this beauty), and she replied that it was a fantasy that she wanted to fulfill. I caught John's eyes, and he assured me he was all for it. I said yes, and we made plans to meet her at her house at about 1:30 P.M. She then turned and walked away as the two of us stared at her backside—nicely tanned in a small, black bikini. I quickly dived into the pool before I embarrassed myself. John was right behind me.

John and I are both going into our senior year at college. Though I have known him a couple of years, we have become very good friends. We met at tryouts for the swim team during our freshman year and then became roommates. We became very active in sports at school and sex. We are both average-looking, with good builds. This is more noticeable as we concentrate on our summer tans. People often mistake us for brothers. I guess because we both have blond hair.

When we got off work, we took quick showers and threw on cutoffs and jerseys. We arrived at the address—a fence-enclosed mansion—at exactly 1:30 P.M. and were greeted at the door by Laurie. She was wearing a short, white robe, which just barely covered her. Needless to say, the two of us were speechless once again. We all had a beer as she gave us a tour of the mansion. The servants were off for the weekend, and her husband was on a business trip to Europe. We began to relax a little. We quickly became familiar with each other, she asking most of the questions. As we sat by the pool, she gave us each a hundred dollars—to be her "sex gods." This was really going to be an interesting afternoon, I remember thinking. We stuffed the bills in our pockets.

After about an hour of bullshitting (and a couple of beers), she suggested we strip, which we quickly did without any questions. She stared at us for a couple of minutes; then she stepped toward me. Her hands touched my shoulders, going down my chest to my navel, then back up. Her eyes hadn't left my cock, which was now at half-staff and eager for business. I would have grabbed her had she not switched her attention to John. She rubbed him the same way, then stopped as he became aroused. She led us over to a mat that had been placed by the pool, and she removed her robe. She had a beautiful body—nice legs, ample breasts, and black pubic hair. I couldn't control myself any longer. I kissed her gently on the lips as my fingers massaged her tits. She was moaning softly as her hands searched for my cock—which by this time was fully erect.

John approached her from behind and started to grind himself into her ass, his cock sliding between her cheeks and legs. As we went down on the mat, I knelt between her legs and began to feast. She moaned softly. John placed his cock in her mouth, and she lapped at it with excitement. My tongue was in and out of her like a piston, sucking on her lips and her clit as her juices flowed over my face. My cock was ready to blow its wad, so I quickly mounted her and began to pump for all I was worth. She began to shudder and

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moan, then contracted—in her first orgasm. John and I were still going strong and were really pumping into her. I felt myself ready to come, so I gave one last thrust. I groaned and tensed as my orgasm went through my body and I unloaded my jism into her cunt. She moaned again as another orgasm raked her body. I lay there a moment. Then I heard John grunting and yelling that he was coming as he exploded into her mouth. She continued to moan as John's come dripped from the corners of her mouth. We both withdrew our cocks from her and basked in the heat of the hot sun and good sex.

After a few minutes Laurie got up and dived into the pool. John and I were right behind her. We fooled around in the pool for about 20 minutes, joking with each other as well as pawing each other. She decided we all needed another beer and went to get it. John and I decided that this wasn't bad for a hundred bucks—and were hoping for more fun. We got out of the pool to dry off. As we sat by the pool in conversation, Laurie began to rub baby oil on her body, then decided that she wanted to give us both a massage. We were game for anything. John and I stood there as she applied the oil to our bodies. "First," she said, "I want oil all over your bodies so I can see what my Greek sex gods look like." She started with our faces, then progressed down to our toes. Our cocks started to stir as she rubbed them gently. She then kissed our cocks and stood back. She stared at us for a couple of minutes, then remarked how fantastic we looked with the sun beating down on our bodies. She loved the way our blond bushes glistened in the sun and gave each of our balls a quick squeeze.

Our tans really looked great on our slick bodies, as did the contrast of the whiteness around our groin areas. This was the first time that I realized she did not have a white band where her bikini was. I guess with a pool and privacy like this, you may as well sunbathe nude. John really looked like a Greek god as his sex began to stir. She pulled us toward the mat and made us lie face down. She began to rub John's arms, then his shoulders and neck, across his back to his ass. She was moaning softly. She paid special attention here as she poked her finger in and out of his hole. He was squirming with excitement, and so was I. She then proceeded to do the same to me. My cock was stiff against the mat, ready to be relieved. We turned over, and our cocks stood straight up. She took turns sucking off each of us, bringing us just to the breaking point, then stopping.

Then she surprised us when she said that she would give us another fifty bucks each if we continued to massage each other and make love while she watched. I was leery at first and began to protest until I felt John's hand on my chest. He slowly circled my nipples and massaged them gently. He was looking right into my eyes and saying, "Why not?" The feeling was great, but this wasn't right. He took one of my hands and ran it down across his chest to rest on his thigh. A shiver went through my body as I began to relax and get excited. My mind was asking a million questions, and they were only answered by feelings. He sat up over me, with his legs on either side of my body and his cock hanging over my chest. It was beautiful-looking. His fingers massaged my shoulders and chest strongly yet gently. My hands clutched his back muscles and pushed hard. John winced, and I released the pressure to a gentle motion. It felt good. His eyes told me it was okay. Laurie didn't say anything. He moved back down my thighs and rubbed lightly.

My cock stirred as he passed over it, electrically touching his cock. The excitement increased as sweat flowed out of my pores. My eyes never left his. He stroked my legs, then moved his fingers up the inside of my legs. He moved to my cock. I wanted him to take me, but I couldn't say anything. He touched it gently, then rubbed it harder. My eyes closed as he bent down and kissed it. I thought I was going to explode. His mouth surrounded the tip, and another shudder went through me. The feeling was fantastic. My cock went deeper into his mouth, then out again. I didn't want these fantastic feelings to be wasted on me alone. I wanted John

IN THE SEPTEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

HOW TO MEET WOMEN

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XAVIERA

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to enjoy it also. I stopped him and turned myself around. Now it was my turn. I held his cock in my hands, just staring at it. He had already replaced my cock in his mouth, and the pleasure began to flow through me again. I tasted his cock, and a drop of come sliding from the slit. I licked him up and down. He was hard as an oak. I kissed his sweaty, hairy balls, then sucked them hard, savoring the taste and feeling.

He reacted to my touch and sucked me harder. The feelings were indescribable. The two of us became more excited. I went back to his cock. In and out. Harder. Suck. I could hear myself moaning as I felt the pleasure of John sucking on my cock as I sucked harder on his. The concentration was deep as I sucked his cock and rammed my own in and out of his mouth. He did the same as the excitement mounted. We were squirming all over the mat, swimming in each other's sweat. It wasn't long before I felt my orgasm rise, then rip through me. My cock spasmed, and my come shot into his mouth. He moved his head away as I continued to unload. My body was still contracting, and I sucked him quicker. My hands were on his tight, muscled ass, pushing as much of him into my mouth as possible. His body tensed, and he screamed as his cock exploded into my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could and continued to suck him off, for it was a feeling I didn't want to lose. I finally rolled over. Laurie came over to the mat and kissed us both. It was now time to cool down with another plunge in the pool.

The newfound sexual activity of John and myself has brought us to ecstasy a number of times since our rendezvous with Laurie. Of course, we are always on the prowl for eager beavers (there's nothing like a sweet, wet pussy). The money we made that day came in handy.—*Name and address withheld*

Invitation to a firing

I never thought the letters in your "Forum" section could be true. They all seem to be from college students, and I didn't believe anybody could have that wild a sex life. Not even a student! That is, until a recent experience of mine.

I entered the world of work right out of high school and at the age of 19 worked for a large corporation in a small midwestern community and had a fairly reputable job. I shared my office with two working partners, Don, a 27-year-old, and Lynn, who is approximately 24 and a ravishing beauty. We all got along very well. Don and I were always teasing Lynn with sexually suggestive statements, naturally in good fun. She handled it well, coming back with the statement "Just wait! Someday you're going to get yours." In return we'd harmonize, "Oh, really! We can't wait!" Lynn, a recent divorcée with only our sexually oriented comments to fill her needs, knew, as we did, that sooner or later this was bound to take its toll.

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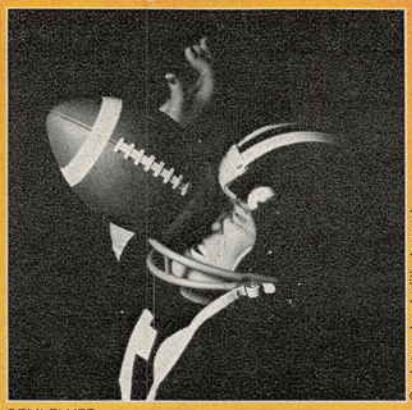
Wide World Photos

THE MYSTERY OF 544 CAMP STREET



Sculpture by Judith Jampel

SEMI-FLUFF

Gottfried Heinwein

VOYAGERS

The Mystery of 544 Camp Street—During the summer of 1963, an ex-marine named Lee Harvey Oswald began distributing pro-Castro propaganda in downtown New Orleans. The pamphlets were stamped with the return address "544 Camp St., New Orleans, La." However, the small, weather-beaten building was the headquarters of violent *anti*-Castro organizations, which were connected with the CIA and the Mafia. In this exclusive excerpt from the forthcoming Harper & Row book *The Fish Is Red,* investigators Warren Hinckle and William W. Turner explore the implications of the mysterious ties linking Oswald, the Cuban fascists, the CIA, the mob—and the man who shot Oswald on television, Jack Ruby.

Voyagers—Dr. Roger Cavendish is not his own man. Years ago tiny microelectrodes were implanted in his brain by the Russians. Now on a small tropical island where an alien spacecraft is being tracked by American and Russian delegations, Cavendish is at the mercy of the KGB agent who monitors his every move. Ordered to kill one of the Americans, Cavendish seems to have only one way to disobey. Political intrigue and the continuing drive to communicate with alien beings are deftly combined in this excerpt adapted from Ben Bova's novel *Voyagers*, published by Doubleday.

Semi-Fluff—For those of you who believe that baseball is about as exciting as watching paint fall off a ceiling, fall brings the great relief of college football. Flasks in pockets and tickets in hand, students and alumni flock to their stadia to cheer their teams on to glory. However, not everyone can be a winner, and yesterday's heroes are tomorrow's goats. Worse, they can find themselves—again or for the first time—on our annual list of "The 20 Worst College Football Teams." The renowned Lawrence Linderman peers into his crystal football and for the fourth time predicts abject failure for 20 lovable underdogs.

Sexual Malpractice—In the beginning there was alimony. Then Michelle Triola sued Lee Marvin, and the law invented palimony. And of course there was Billie Jean and that girl in Malibu—some dared call it galimony. Now meet Stock Battner, Hollywood heartthrob and number-one box-office sensation. He's also the first man in the country to be sued for—sit down on this, America—sexual malpractice. Yes, now you, too, can be hauled into court for such bedroom fiascoes as premature ejaculation, impotence, priapism, and just plain lousy sex. And wouldn't you know it started in California?

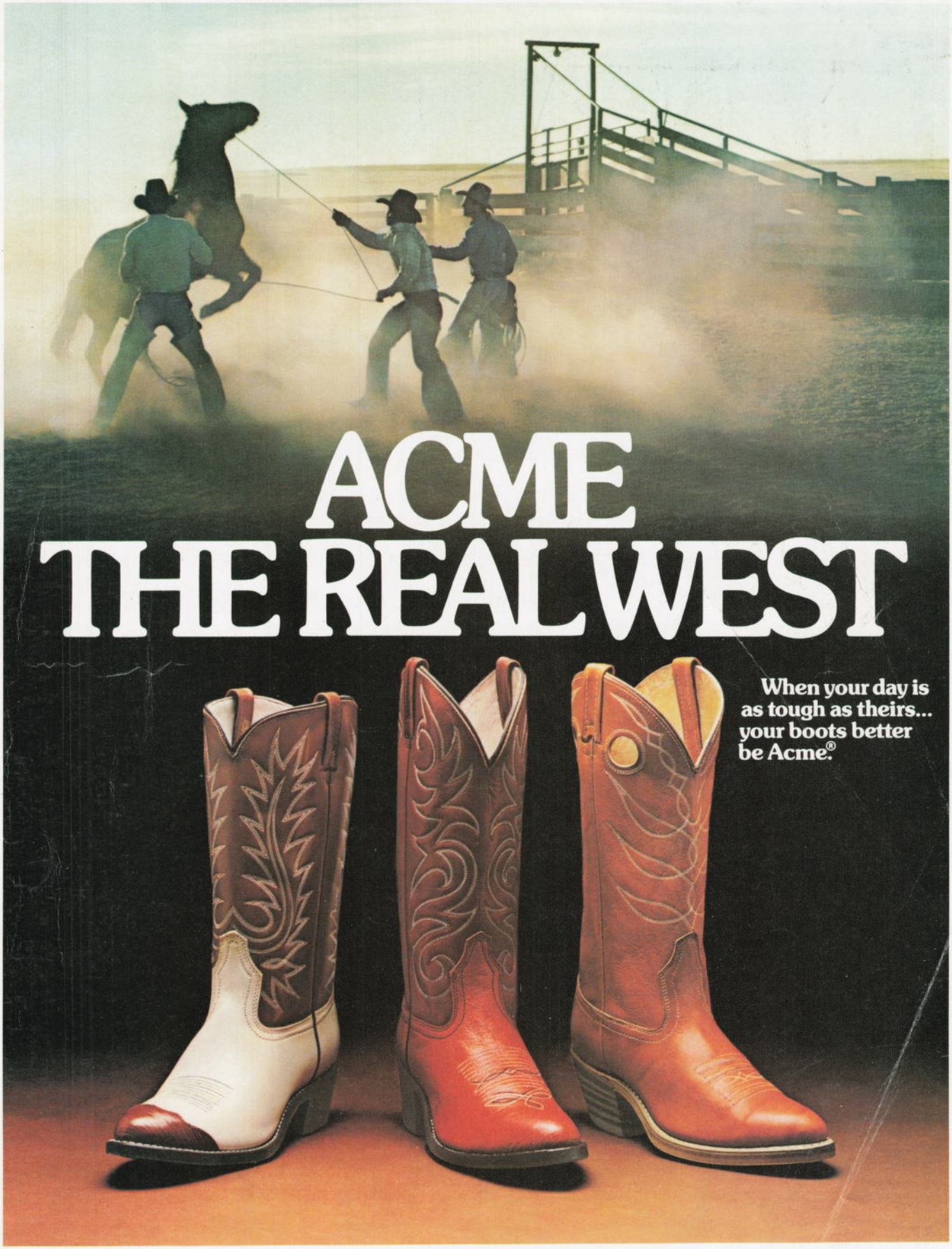
a break, Lynn entered the office saying, "Boy, this sure has been a long, hard night." Don answered, "Lynn, what you need long and hard is a twelve-inch cock!" And I said, "Well, the only way I can help is if I cut off three inches." Then, to our surprise, she got up walked over to the door, locked it, and shut off the lights, saying, "Prove it!" She then walked over to where we were sitting and said, "Come on, boys, talk is cheap! How about some action?" Don and I sat there dumbfounded and said nothing. Then Lynn opened her shirt to the most beautiful set of 36-D tits I have ever seen. She had a firm nipple erection and said, "Lick me!" Next she stripped off her tight blue jeans and revealed her already sexually moist panties. Before I could move, she was on her knees in front of me, opening the fly of my bursting pants.

Not to be outdone, Don went around and buried his face in her steaming, wet pussy. I could see by her eyes each time his tongue crossed over her swollen clit. "Fuck me, fuck me. Oh, please fuck me. Fuck me hard . . . Please!" With an invitation like that Don lost no time in repositioning himself and began to slowly slide his erect tool into her dripping pussy. As each inch gained her respect, her eyes opened wider and wider. As he hit bottom, her eyes closed and she gasped, "Now I'm in heaven . . . !" With her mouth still working on my hot cock, she sensed I was nearing the edge of reality. Suddenly I felt my anus tighten, and I began to ejaculate hot, molten sperm into her awaiting mouth. I watched it drip from her beautiful mouth.

Suddenly we heard keys at the door. We froze when an unsuspecting young beauty opened the door. Not losing her composure, she shut the door and said, "Why wasn't I invited?" She began to undress, saying, "I haven't seen this much cock since I snuck into the boys' locker room." Her nickname was Bush, and as she pulled down her panties, I learned why. Before me was the most beautiful black bush of hair. With Don and Lynn already locked in a 69 position, Bush and I began to make time. Her pussy was soaking wet and needed a good pounding. I slid in, throbbing with passion, and rode her as she bucked like a wild bronco, her tongue darting in my ear.

Without warning the office door flew open, and in walked our supervisor, who has no sense of humor. Needless to say, Don and I are no longer employed with that firm. As for Lynn and Bush, they were both offered and accepted secretarial jobs in the front office. (I'm sure they will be able to handle them, even though neither can type.)—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.



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